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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOL. LI. OCTOBER, 1885—JUNE, 1886.

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

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"*Unum meum genus innotuit, nomen Rodolphi VACHERON
Constantini SUMMITIS, ornatissimo PATRIS.*"

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$1.20 per volume, 25 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
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OCTOBER, 1885.

No. 1

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '86.

CHARLTON M. LEWIS,

CHARLES W. PIERSON,

EDWARD J. PHELPS,

ARTHUR L. SHIPMAN,

EVANS WOOLLEN.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

MOST of us entered college with great ambitions and ideals high though vague. Most of us have not realized our ideals, nor been able to gratify our ambitions. Yet we all feel quite as ready to project careers for life out in the world as if experience had not shown us how bitterly hopes are disappointed. It is but natural, perhaps, for us to suppose that one's later success will be proportioned according to his success in college; yet it is a mere commonplace to say that it seldom happens so. Is it true? A partial experience of college life and fair acquaintance with college men suggests to me that the degree of a classmate's future success is by no means unpredictable; but that the system of college rewards leads us to impose a narrow meaning upon the word "success;" to give too little credit to the man of ideas and to trust too much to honors on paper.

It is quite possible for a young student to go through college, giving thorough attention to all the work that the Faculty demands of him, and winning ever so many coveted honors, but yet at graduation to find himself in the truest sense a ruined man. We all can point out such

unfortunates, and their career is suggestive in reference to the old question: "What becomes of our valedictorians?" I have no desire to be one of this class of students, and certainly we need not look among such for successful men.

It is commonly urged that those who will certainly succeed are the men of one idea. The blood in our veins is the blood of men of one idea, who long ago exiled themselves from England for the sake of it. Among such men, only men of the same stamp, they say, can prosper. Such, by the way, is the theory that the present Yale system of electives tries to foster. Each boy of eighteen or twenty is advised to concentrate all his energies upon some one point of attack. There is every encouragement for him to work well at language, mathematics, or political science, no encouragement whatever to study language, mathematics, *and* political science. The course that this specialty system of optionals blocks out for our future lives is a narrow one. The man who makes its policy his own will go through life with all possible practical success, perhaps, but will find in his old age that he has laid up for himself and posterity nothing but a vast store of potential bread and butter.

He is the Philistine against whose dominion Mr. Arnold has been preaching so long. I am not speaking of the man with checker-board trousers who says he "presumes likely," and has not learned to discriminate between the proper functions of knives and those of forks. The real Philistine rampant is the man who has a few stock ideas, and is always ready and eager to put them to a practical application. He never sees beyond them, never even stops to think that there may be anything beyond them worth looking at; and he has acquired them not through reasonable study, but either by an unquestioning faith in tradition or by his own method of interpreting his own rather limited experience.

Such men possess the quality of push; and it is push that makes one known, in some ways. But I protest against the system of inspiring growing boys with ideas of

push and nothing but push. To the class of men that boys so trained will form, I fervently desire not to belong. Certainly we count them out in our search for successful men.

But look about you and you see numbers of men of undoubted talents who never appear on honor lists, and do not care to. Yet they are the men whose friendship you value most; and you are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they are achieving the most genuine success. I know to what danger some of them are exposed. That elderly acquaintance of ours who in his youth was recognized as one who might easily be first in his class, has flattered himself through his manhood that he "might be" first in many things; and now in his age he is still spoken of among the lists of great might-have-beens—or perhaps he is never spoken of at all. But the friends that I mean are the men whom we value not for what they might be but for what they are.

Some men listen eagerly to the annual Fourth-o'-July orations filled with patriotism and bathos, and come away imbued with the spirit of them; they never doubt but that the patriotism and the bathos are really justice and sublimity. Some men, at the theatre, listen with a soulful intentness to twopenny sentimentalities about honor and undying love, and then break out into enthusiastic applause. These men are the Philistines and not the men of many ideas.

An instance to show what sort of ideas I mean, will be in point. Ideas on religion, well digested, are an indispensable feature in the make-up of the man who seems to me a success. True, in a college where there exists a law allowing the expulsion of any student who declares doubt of the divine authorship of the Bible; where an instructor does not dare to say that right and wrong are relative, for fear it will be heard of; where we are compelled to receive weekly spiritual food which may or may not satisfy our hunger; where free discussion of this topic does not thrive, and the men who are fixed firmly upon anything are for the most part fixed as the spirit of the university desires.

These men have done well. But there are also a few who do in private just as earnest thinking, and have reached just as clear and firm opinions of different stamp. These few also have done well. Both classes are, it seems to me (so far), prospering in their college life. About all others I am not so sure.

Men with broad and reasoned ideas on this subject, and on all subjects, are the men in whom are to be found the elements of success. They have, I trust, their hobbies, but they are not all hobby. These men we love because they are genial; and we admire them because we cannot help it. The word "success" is much abused; but the kind of success that these men will achieve, in spite of their failure to appear on the college roll of honor, seems to me the better kind. In the race for what commonly goes as class distinction there are many handicaps, and the world ought not to be surprised when, later on, they find the winners to be not the only ones who are fleet and strong.

If you have so stored up in your mind either facts or fancies that you feel inclined and competent to acquit yourself well in some chosen work, do not be altogether discouraged if you have been in other respects a social and intellectual failure. You are doubtless doing the best you can. On the other hand, if you have attracted the admiration, the respect, the love, of lovable and admirable men, then you need not feel the least regret that you could not always explain your μ 's and ν 's, nor analyze that H_2SO_4 .

THE BOSTON MOB.

WE have just chanced upon the notices of two new books, which are likely to be of great interest to this generation—they are the lives of William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown, brought out by such respectable houses as the *Century Co.*, and Roberts Bros. The story of the agitation in which these men figured and of the civil war which followed, has now taken its place fairly in the history of our century; and we have reached that place from which we look back upon it, with the mingled feeling of calm criticism and of keen personal interest—such, perhaps, as the English lad of the 17th century may have had who heard from his own father's lips the story of Marston Moor, or of the Jewish lad of the century before our Christian era who listened to the tale of the struggles of Judas Maccabeus from the lips of one of his followers. This life of Garrison, with a notice of which we began, will have an unusual interest for many people just now, from the fact that the 29th of this month is the fiftieth anniversary of that important day—important to him and to his cause—when he was mobbed in the streets of Boston. As we look back upon them, those early days in our history are of the greatest interest. Let us recall them. The city of Boston at that time was largely given up to trade, a great part of which consisted in the exportation of cotton and the importation of rum. That brilliant company of men who have since made the city famous as a literary and philanthropic center were dreaming away their student days in the quiet of Cambridge; or, like Sumner, wandering among the capitals of Europe. In that city "King Cotton" held a powerful sway; the church was so weak that Emerson, speaking to theological students, deplores the death of faith in society; the moral atmosphere was heavy and stifled, betokening a coming storm; the anti-slavery movement was in its weakest state, arousing no interest in, and having no influence over, the com-

munity ; in the church, in politics, in society, the interests of trade were all powerful. Such was the condition of affairs in the city when Garrison moved to it from Baltimore. He was a young man, twenty-three years old, with no friends ; but his soul was on fire with a sense of the hatefulness of slavery. He looked to the church for support, but was turned from ministers' doors. He sought an opportunity to speak, but no platform was open to him. At length he hired a small gloomy room and began the crusade alone by the publication of a paper called "The Liberator," whose motto was "Immediate, unconditional emancipation," and in it he made manifest his purpose : "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

Consider a moment what he was undertaking. He was a poor, uneducated lad, utterly friendless in the heart of a large city, with no assurance of the great help which afterwards came to him in the younger generation, with no moral sympathy from the church, without even the support of constitutional law. In his weakness he came to proclaim a great moral truth, and doing so stood pitted against a prosperous and united trade, against a conservative and even hostile society, against the great political parties of the day, against the church, even against the constitution—and he conquered them all. I do not recall another such instance in history—O'Connell's hands were upheld by three million Irishmen ; Garibaldi and Mazzini were the leaders respectively of a large army and of an immense secret society ; Martin Luther spoke the religious sentiment of Germany and of a powerful sovereign ; Hampden was the representative of a strong and wealthy party ; Cobden was supported by the entire manufacturing and middle class of England. But, in the time and place, this boy was utterly alone, and with a fierceness that seemed not unmingled with despair, he flung out his burning words against the church, the state, and society. "Look," said he, "I am surrounded and overwhelmed with icebergs. What language can I choose sufficiently hot to melt a single soul into sympathy?" In the gloomy

little room, assisted by a single negro boy, he wrote and printed the paper, by which means alone he was able for the time to carry on the crusade. And it was not in vain, for it had gradually found its way among the scholarly young men of the town. Emerson, Lowell, Sumner, Phillips, Higginson, already were touched by the passionate appeals and the fearless denunciations. And there were noble and high-born women, who gathered at Mrs. Chapman's, and elsewhere, and organized themselves into a society to aid in crushing out the great evil. And so it was that this lonely youth *had* made himself heard, and had won support and confidence—as well as hatred. The latter feeling it was which the large majority of Boston's citizens had toward him. He had assailed them unsparingly, with a fierceness of vituperation which only an O'Connell or a D'Israeli could equal. And now, in place of universal apathy and deadness of soul, the city was aflame with this burning question. On the one hand wealth and all the interest it represented struggling to put down this boy, and on the other the little band of men and women, many from the highest social class, who were determined to stand by and support him. The visit of Thompson, the English abolitionist, to Boston had aroused the opponents of the anti-slavery movement into a determination to crush it out, so that when the woman's branch of that society met for a public meeting on the evening of October 21, 1835, Faneuil Hall was packed with an infuriated, but well dressed mob. The Mayor was there to urge the ladies to retire, but they were filled with too stern a spirit to fail at so important a crisis. Garrison poured out upon the throng his bitterest denunciation, until the fury of the mob passed all bounds and he was dragged from the platform, his clothes for the most part torn from his body, and, with a rope about his neck, led through the streets to a fitting place for execution. From this fate he was saved by the timely intervention of the authorities and lodged in prison for safety. Remember, this was not the rising of the down-trodden poor against their oppressor or of an outraged community against an evil doer. It was the unre-

strained rage and hatred of the rich and respectable citizens of a Christian city against a young man who had the courage to tell them of their sin. He was greater at that moment than Savonarola, for in the supreme trial he remained calm and steadfast. In that day's service he reached a moral plane on which even Luther rarely stood.

From that day the anti-slavery movement grew with astonishing rapidity. As the mob swept up Court street a young lawyer stood watching it and wondering at this attempt to crush free speech in his beloved city. He was rich, aristocratic, brilliant, and of unusual beauty. With all this prestige he came to stand at Garrison's side and to consecrate to their common cause the matchless power of his eloquence.

And so we look back upon those stirring days, rejoicing that the story is being repeated in our time and justly estimated. Times of reformation are full of harshness and bitterness; and reformers apt to be intolerant and narrow. So did Garrison seem to men, yet the sources of his power lay in a calm certainty of the justness of his cause. The sweetness and the harmony of his home life were never disturbed by the storms which raged around him. As we have seen him in his latter days driving his old black horse in from Cambridge, there shone from his face a spirit of gentleness and benignity, such as we picture in the faces of old saints. Miss Martineau says that he was the most bewitching man she had met in America—all gentleness and peace. Whoever speaks lightly of the early abolitionists in Boston is very far from the truth. Those who gathered at Mrs. Chapman's were from the most aristocratic and cultivated families of the city—Phillips, Lowell, Emerson, Curtis, Sumner, were among them, and ladies whose high social standing was manifest in the charm of their manner and the seriousness of their spirit. They were bound together in a great service which called for earnest action and for bitter denunciation; but we know that the gentleness of their inner life was never touched by the bitterness of their assailants or the personal discomfort of their position.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

The saffron slippers of the fleeting day
Left traces on the western waters,
Traces in the western sky ;
There, thought I,
Flowers grow and mark the way
Where the Days, old Time's young daughters,
Pass away,—but not to die,—
To lands unknown to rime or story.
Time, the earthly tyrant old,
Mars not the unshadowed glory
Of the Land of Gold.

Westward out of the weeping evening sky
Came, flying by, a little swallow ;
Flying by, he called to me :—
“ See,” said he,
“ From the dying world I fly
Whither you can never follow,
Far across yon molten sea.
Ha ! you men will still be sighing,
When the time now young is old,
That you cannot, too, be flying
To the Land of Gold.”

He flew out gaily to the fading west,
Mocking the mockery of his laughter.
Lost, lost and alone you die,
Then thought I ;
I myself, I ween, laugh best,
Laughing not at all till after.
Out upon the ashen sea
Wings will soon begin to waver,
And your tale is shortly told.
Little swallow, you can never
Reach the Land of Gold.

THEODORE HOOK, IMPROVISATOR.

THE wit whose reputation depends solely on good things said, is little known beyond his own generation. His ready genius may be the life of the salon, the dining hall, or the club; his bon-mots may please hearers, through whose veins courses the bluest blood of the land; yet his name cannot outlive the memories of his contemporaries. His talents, indeed, are current coin, convertible into present reputation and social success. Society must be amused, and the man who can accomplish this end is sure of its favor while his powers last. The brilliant conversationalist whose gay jests and keen repartee can bring a smile to every face is, for the time-being, a social magnate. Rocket-like he rises above the crowd, showering bright sparks beneath; then sinks and is forgotten. The plodding author, on the other hand, slaves thanklessly on, in actual want it may be, and only on his death-bed learns that the world has at least recognized his worth. His name, however, will not die; while the city's quondam favorite, once lapped in luxury, applauded by titled patrons, a very autocrat at the club, has soon passed altogether from men's minds. He has left nothing lasting behind. His irresistible stories and happy hits that have reduced a whole table of social grandees to convulsions, lose their fascination when unaccompanied by his inimitable rendering. Indeed, on paper many of them seem almost commonplace. His hold on the world's notice has perished with him, and as fame was won quickly, so it has died.

Though of this pyrotechnic order, Theodore Hook's genius was too broad and too real to allow his name ever to sink into absolute obscurity. To catalogue the different fields into which his versatile powers carried him, would be a long but far from wearisome task. In brief, however, one might safely pronounce him a ready wit, a brilliant improvisator, and a successful journalist, novelist

and playwright. But it is not in these capacities that we would judge him. One other talent he had in perfection, and this alone we shall discuss as possessing from its very rarity a peculiar charm in this money-mad age.

No surroundings, however depressing, could check his inexhaustible flow of humor. When presented before the Vice-Chancellor for matriculation at the university, and asked if he were "prepared to sign the thirty-nine articles," he coolly replied: "Oh, yes, sir, forty, if you please." And again, later in life when but just removed from the office of Treasurer of the Mauritius under the false charge of peculation, he was setting out on his return voyage to England, and Lord Somerset asked if he were "returning for his health," the incorrigible fellow answered: "Yes, they thought there was something wrong in my *chest*." In repartee his wit never failed him. Indeed we are nowhere told that he ever met his superior. His brain was always on the alert, and worked with marvelous rapidity. On this point one biographer has told us that "everything that could be done in a hurry Hook did well." What he most sadly lacked was the capacity for sustained effort. Could this have been added, his talents would have ranked him high in the literary catalogue to-day. He was always over-fond of society; naturally, however, for it was there that his powers shone to best advantage. So real a drawback to the accomplishment of anything lasting did this prove, that we may say, justly though regretfully, that he sacrificed all possibility of reputation for the good things of present life.

The power of successful improvisation is an extreme rarity, and in this fact probably lies its peculiar charm. That faculty Theodore Hook possessed to a wonderful degree. But by improvisation understand not musical composition, but the extemporaneous production of verse. One biographer does indeed style Hook a brilliant pianist, and it is a fact that he commonly improvised accompaniments to his rhymes, but it is not this that astonishes us. No man probably has ever been gifted with a readier talent for weaving together witty verse, replete with keen humor,

telling hits, and not unfrequently true poetic sentiment. Picture to yourself a crowded salon. The Marchioness of Hertford is entertaining the most aristocratic guests that London in season can assemble. Mr. Sheridan has already heard exhibitions of Hook's marvelous genius, and his praise has whetted the curiosity of his fashionable friends, until the entrée even among the most exclusive has been granted. To-night his protégé will be allowed an opportunity to exercise his phenomenal powers for the amusement of no less a personage than the Prince Regent. The young wit, not the least disconcerted, seats himself at the piano, runs over the key board, and in an instant launches into stanza after stanza of brilliant verse, with as little appearance of effort as if memory alone were taxed to bring the words to his lips. The audience are fascinated. The Prince vows he must hear Mr. Hook again. Society takes the young improvisator under its wing from that moment, and again and again at suppers and dinners laughs and wonders at his wit. At parties, where most of the guests are strangers to him, except in name, he composes most amusing verse, introducing it may be the name of every person present, or some trifling incident connected with each that he has noticed during the evening. Yet it is all done in such perfect good taste, and in such a harmless vein of humor, that offence can never reasonably be taken. Not a gesture, not a peculiarity in manner or dress, escaped him, and all in some way told in his productions.

As an example of his marvelous originality and readiness in working awkward names into verse, a quotation is preserved, into which he introduced the name of a young Dane, Mr. Rosenagen :

" Yet, more of my Muse is required,
Alas ! I fear she is done ;
But no ! like a fiddler that's tired
I'll Rosen-agen and go on."

Matthews, Terry, Liston, and others prominent in the theatrical profession, were always to be counted among Hook's bosom friends. He had been thrown with them first, when years earlier his youthful genius had bent its

energies toward the stage. There it was that he had won his first laurels. His operettas and farces "took"; in great measure, perhaps, because he was fortunate enough to secure peculiar talent in their rendering. He wrote pieces specially adapted to his dramatic associates, and the partnership, it is needless to say, was successful. His versatility soon turned him into other channels, however, and in after-life his early enthusiasm had changed into positive aversion to the stage; still, with pardonable inconsistency he held fast to his old-time favorites. A jolly company they were, and many a night of mirth was passed *inter pocula*, while wit flowed as freely as the wine. It was on some such occasion that Hook sang the verse quoted below, which shows that all his improvisations were not devoid of poetic feeling. The rays of the new day's sun were just tinging the east, when Hook, who had already exerted his powers more than once, was prevailed upon to seat himself again at the piano. His ideas seemed to run in a more thoughtful vein, and each stanza was pointed with the words "good night." During a pause the first quivering sunbeam stole into the room, and the singer, suddenly looking up and seeing a child's eyes fixed intently upon him, addressed to him this final verse :

" But the sun see the heavens adorning,
Diffusing life, pleasure and light ;
To thee, 'tis the promise of morning,
To us, 'tis the closing *good night*."

" The effect of this momentary impulse," says one who heard him, " was indescribable ; it was indeed a touching moral wherewith to conclude one of those joyous days of which he was the centre and soul."

In this particular province Hook had no rival. Our intractable language in his hands moulded itself to whatever form his wit suggested. It was not, to be sure, a talent of the highest order. The greatest return it could bring was short-lived reputation ; yet it is not in this light that we would criticise it or its possessor. If it advantaged him little, it was nevertheless invaluable to society. Wherever Theodore Hook went, sunshine and mirth were

sure to attend. He lived in an atmosphere of humor and no occasion was cheerless or solemn enough to draw him from it. For this alone, the pleasure he afforded all about him so generously, we must give him the praise he merits. He lacked ambition sadly, and made but poor use of the other talents nature had vouchsafed him, but he filled a position in the world, and an important one, and men felt at his death that they had suffered a real loss.

C. H. Ludington, Jr.

AN EPISODE OF SILVER MOUNTAIN.

IT was in the early part of July, 186-. We were passengers in the U. S. mail coach that plied daily, with intermissions for snow storms and landslips, between Sonora and Silver Mountain City. The long, weary pull of the past day had met its golden reward in plenteous muffins and venison steak at the hostelry of Mr. Blood, and in the comfortable assurance there given us that the Pacific was now thundering six thousand feet below us, and that the summit was but half again as high. Some of us, to whom the quivering heat of the foothills and lower ranges had seemed less endurable than the odor of sanctity and sandal wood in which our celestial fellow travelers were, as usual, napping, had hitherto kept the interior; now, however, in the cool of the day, we had left them to their dreams, and were all assembled on the roof.

One must visit this wilderness at night to appreciate the intensity of its solitude and desolation. By day, the woods are full of life and color and variety; the giant pines are comrades that never weary us. But now we have risen higher; the luxuriant verdure of the undergrowth is replaced by a ghostly mantle of whitened and withered branches; the dark firs nod like funeral plumes. Beautiful they still are, as they stand in all their symmetry and grace against the fading light; but it is the pale

beauty of death. We are rising along an elevated slope ; far down and away to the right stretches, mile after mile, a dismal gulf—a tangled waste of ridge and cañon, granite crag and gloomy forest—all now wrapped in the darkness of the gathering night. Behind us, the sky is still afire ; the snowy peaks ahead are flushed with a responsive glow. Among them, in the dimmest south, towering above the intervening gloom, stands, on a pedestal of lava, a vast dome of granite, cleft asunder in the midst by some huge convulsion ; behind and through this mighty gateway a solitary cloud is gleaming, bathed in the full splendor of the parting rays.

As we rounded a projecting elbow our thoughts were called back from heaven to earth by a somewhat abrupt transition. The remaining light just sufficed for us to discern a number of masked figures springing, apparently, like the children of the dragon's teeth, from the ground before and beside us. It showed us too plainly into what company we had fallen ; while the glittering rims of several six shooters made it equally clear that resistance on our part would be hopeless. I need not describe all that followed ; the usual formalities were gone through with ; and as I escaped without great loss, without doubt the affair would have become confused in my recollection with several others of a similar nature in which an unkind fortune has made me an unwilling participant, had it not been for a little incident that followed. Pockets and express-box had yielded up their contents, and the trunks—two unassuming little ones—were next attacked, when the attention of all was attracted to a nervous, anxious-faced little woman, the only one in our company. She had given up her purse and watch with a good grace ; but now she was down on her knees, begging and imploring these ruffians to spare her trunks ; for, she said, they contained her bridal dress—she was to be married that very night. Bandits in real life are apt to be rather a soft-hearted race ; the trunks remained unopened, and our entertainers vanished down the gulch.

Is it possible, thought I, as we moved on, that this sim-

ple, impulsive little woman, with her shabby dress and care-worn face, and her rapt devotion to every flower and pine-cone by the wayside is so excellent an actor? But soon we are dashing in and out among the weird lava crags of the summit—and then the long descent, down, down into the cañon, the moon lighting up the granite rocks with an uncanny glare, exaggerating tenfold the dark gulf below and the massive height of Silver Peak beyond. Presently, as the cañon opened out, scattered lights began to twinkle beneath; and a final plunge brought us at full gallop into Silver Mountain City. At so late an hour even this gay town was sunk in sleep and darkness, save when a blaze of light and a shrieking of violins issued from some subterranean “palace.” A few sleepy loungers still lingered in the bar-room of the El Dorado House to witness the event of the day, and were amply rewarded by being the first to hear of our mishap. I noticed, too, when I assisted the heroine of our adventure to alight, that her arrival was not unexpected; a tall, bushy-bearded miner had stepped out from the shadow, and, with a word or two, was leading her into the little parlor of the hotel.

My business at Silver Mountain did not detain me long, and the next morning found me embarking on the stage for my return. What, then, was my surprise to find the trunks in their old place, and my acquaintance ensconced in her accustomed corner. Was her story really, then, a ruse? I could not believe it; for that face was still more care-worn, and those great red circles about the eyes—yes, she was weeping still. Presuming on our acquaintance, I inquired what trouble had broken up her plans; and though hesitating at first to take a stranger, even an elderly one, into her confidence, her distress at length got the better of her reserve.

Her's had been the honest, hard-working, little-earning life of a New England hill town—a life that makes the hands rough and the face prematurely wrinkled and old. But her lot had been even harder than that of so many thousands of her much-toiling sisters. Her husband—a man of much native shrewdness and energy, but other-

wise utterly beneath her, had ended a course of persistent brutality towards her by entire desertion, and she had not been slow to appeal to the laws of her native state, so complacent to all in her situation. Then she had settled down to the unlovely existence of a district school-teacher in the town of her birth ; but the social conditions were too harsh for her ; her friends, who at first recognized her in a pitying way which was infinitely bitter to her, soon dropped her altogether. Again her pride had come to her assistance, and driven her to seek a dwelling place in a land where the wrongs she had not done might not be counted against her. After many disappointments she had found a situation in a far corner of the mountains, and as mistress of a country school she seemed destined to pass her years. But rest did not come. Her love for the man who had wronged her was smouldering still. She had no friends—she had not the faculty of winning them ; her neighbors, few as they were—for houses were not the commonest thing in Berryvale, treated her with respect, but did nothing to cheer the lonely little cabin behind the red school-house. With all her capacity for suffering, too, she was peculiarly susceptible to impressions from things about her. She missed her native hills and woods almost as much as sympathizing friends. To look out from her window upon that still, vast forest, upon mile after mile of scarred and fire-swept ranges, became to her an agony almost insupportable. And then that dreadful mountain, with its bleak precipice, and its vast, snowy summit. She had heard with a shudder one day the story of the Indian girl from whom the mountain received its name ; she, the prophetess of her tribe, among whom that mountain was held sacred and unapproachable, had wandered away one day to reach its summit, and was found long afterward where she had been overtaken by a bitter storm. Often it seemed to our poor, morbid little school-ma'am that the cruel mountain would lure her sometime to a like fate with Shasta, the White Maiden ; but then there would be no one to search for *her* !

Newspapers were not so frequent in Berryvale then as

now, and were regarded with a superstitious reverence in direct proportion to their rarity. What an amount of pleasure to read those long columns of advertisements—those huge lists of people with every conceivable “want,” and to busy one’s self with imagining what manner of men they were, and what one might do to meet each demand. But that particular one “wanted a wife, by a widower in good circumstances,” etc.—who could it be? What if *she* were the person wanted? Yes, she *must* do something to relieve the dreadful monotony of her present life. Her husband was dead; she was sure of that, for had not his friend written and told her so? Do not judge too harshly of her; it was curiosity, without doubt, that led her to write—in an assumed name, of course; but one letter led to another; and a few weeks later found this little bundle of inconsistencies in a distant quarter of the state, on the Copperopolis and Silver Mountain stage.

What then? Did her new lover refuse her? Her heart sank with a strange misgiving as he led her into that little parlor; and then, as he turned smilingly upon her—oh, shame on her folly and unfaithfulness—it was her long dead husband that stood before her! And did he not take her in his arms and beg forgiveness? Not he! Prosperity had not softened his heart, nor had adversity broken her pride. All the old sense of wrong and bitterness was uppermost in that moment; she would not listen to a word from *him*!

And now she was returning—to what? Her position was lost, her scanty savings were all spent upon her journey; I could see, though she made no appeal, that I was the only friend who could assist her. As I was about to leave the state I could do little for her; but I gave her a letter to an acquaintance in the city, from whom I afterwards learned that she had never appeared.

Years afterwards I passed again through Silver Mountain; but what a change had come over the once thriving camp. The engines and crushers of the great quartz-mill down the cañon stood grim and rusty in their places; the unpainted houses were grey and weather-beaten; well had

it earned its name through the country round about—the Silent City. Only one person remained to tell of its downfall—our host of the El Dorado; he, as he informed me with a melancholy croak, was too poor to move away. I could not but think of that lonely little life with which I had been thrown in contact for those few hours. Was it, too, as desolate as this? Perhaps it was best, after all, that she had not stayed to share the ruin of another.

John N. Pomeroy.

GOETHE'S PHILINA.

THERE are certain famous works in fiction which hold an undisputed place in the front rank of literature, and yet are not read so widely as their reputation would seem to warrant. Possibly Wilhelm Meister may be included in this class. Many refuse to read it simply because Goethe is its author; since even at this late and liberal day, English and American readers have not quite overcome their aversion to that man of genius. Naturally enough, those who are least familiar with his writings are most strongly inclined to condemn him; or, perhaps, it would be better to say that those who do condemn him are, with few exceptions, found to have but a slight knowledge of his works. This indefinable feeling—half fear and half repulsion—is passing away, but it still remains in a shadowy form.

The present century owes a heavy debt to Thomas Carlyle; among many other things, it owes more than it has yet acknowledged to his indefatigable efforts toward bringing the treasures of German literature within the reach of English readers. He worked with his natural earnestness to accomplish this end, but his seed fell for the most part on stony places or among thorns. In some minds it sprang up quickly and withered away for the biblical reason, or in others it was choked by the dense thorns of

lower literature. But where the sower was so tireless, some seed must fall into good ground and bring forth fruit. Most English readers at that time knew Goethe only by name; they knew of him, and many had no desire for a closer acquaintance. The Truth-seeker made himself unpopular by translating and forcing upon them the works of the man who had been Germany's idol for so many years.

Wilhelm Meister is likely to be disappointing on a first perusal; especially if we read it—as we read many novels—merely to interest ourselves. There is no plot worth mentioning; no dramatic intensity; little to excite our feelings of sympathy or hatred; and as the translator says, “The hero is a milk-sop, whom with all his gifts, it takes an effort to avoid despising.” There is not a single character in the book that we can unreservedly admire; few enough to admire at all. It was evidently never intended to rouse the passions of the reader. The novel is a photograph of life; a panorama, in the strict, derivative sense of that comprehensive word. It is one of the wealthiest of Goethe's productions. Poetry, art, science, culture, the drama, literature and literary criticism, the lightest songs and repartee with the deepest philosophy of life can be found within its pages. It has a Shakspearian boundlessness. When one has finished Wilhelm Meister he has gained wisdom without the usual accompaniment of bitter experience. It is a cyclopædia of useful knowledge from a universal mind.

It may naturally seem strange that one should care to give more than a passing glance to Philina in a novel of this order. She is not one of the chief figures; nor is there anything in her character to inspire respect. Mignon is much more worthy of study, but, to tell the truth, it is hard to take much interest in her. She is too spiritual, too unearthly; we feel that we have nothing in common with her. She is so storm-tossed by passion, that we cannot restrain a feeling of dislike at her unreasonable outbursts of emotion. Worse than this, Mignon is an unfathomable mystery; she passes all understanding. Philina, on the

other hand, is one of the most natural characters in the world, and one that we instantly recognize. She can scarcely be called a spiritual being; the earthy alloy in her nature constantly rises to the surface. Moreover, she is in no way a remarkable or striking person. Light in heart and head, volatile, vivacious, graceful, pleasure-loving, she is perfectly incapable of great thoughts or of deep feeling. Dreadfully bored is she by earnest conversation or interminable discussions of culture and learning; and she always contrives to divert the minds of the company into a lighter vein. We are vexed with ourselves for liking her.

Bearing all this in mind, if Goethe had left out Philina from his great work, the first five books—which are by far the most entertaining—would have lost their charm, and even an idolatrous admirer of his genius would have become weary of wandering in such a literary Sahara. Her fascinating manners and sprightly conversation relieve and enliven the instructive but long-winded discourses. She offsets the other characters and thus gives us a clearer view of all. Her rippling laughter and overflowing spirits contrast strongly with the profound gloom which mantles the nature of Aurelia. Philina is thoughtless, good-tempered, full of sunshine; Aurelia is moody, morose, bitter, jealous. Nothing pains her so acutely as the careless happiness of others. Though she is deeply interesting, it is with great relief that we turn from her nature, so full of the wormwood of self-torture, to the harmless gayety and hopeful spirits of Philina. In striking contrast is the latter, with the short-sighted Mariana, the cross-grained, stupid Frau Melina, the lovely, emotional Countess, the calm, friendly Theresa, and the thoughtful Natalia. If there is no depth to her character, she is versatile enough to satisfy the most fertile brain. When the time hangs heavy on her companions, she always invents something to interest both them and the reader. Perhaps it is a pretended grave discussion with Wilhelm or Serlo, which always ends in laughter; or, perhaps, she will sing one of those beautiful songs which have added so much to

Goethe's poetic fame. When her smiling face first appears at the window, and with charming audacity she begs Wilhelm to part with his nosegay for her sake, it does not surprise us that the young man is a ready and willing victim. She certainly acts shockingly at times, but for some reason we cannot make ourselves angry with her. It is impudent enough for her to embrace the unyielding Wilhelm and shower her kisses upon him before the eyes of the public; but the situation is so extremely laughable that we quite forget the impropriety of the act. She is indeed a fair Donatello in her animal spirits and unrestrained gayety. A serious look distresses her. When Laertes—by no means a gloomy fellow—is looking from the window out over the fields, he grows thoughtful as he contemplates the mournful swiftness of the changes of time. Philina steals softly up to him, mocking him for the gravity of his countenance. "Do not laugh," he replies, "it is frightful to think how Time goes on, how all things change and have an end. See here! A little while ago there was a stately camp; how pleasant the tents looked; what restless life and motion was within them; how carefully they watched the whole inclosure; and behold, it is all vanished in a day!" Is Philina impressed by these solemn observations? Very deeply. She begins a song, and by her loveliness compels Laertes to dance with her about the room. "Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past," she cries, "let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing." Not the best of logic; but I fear the same attraction would find most of us no stronger than Laertes.

Philina positively refuses to recognize anything serious in life. She is not always in the happiest of circumstances; but like the Stoics, though for a far different reason, outward circumstances have no effect on her inward serenity. Thanks to her boundless powers of intrigue, she always contrives to ingratiate herself into favor with those who can better her condition. In this way, she maintains an unruffled temper. When the prospects of all the company, herself included, are dolorous in the extreme, she is appar-

ently unconcerned. After the cruel robbery of their goods and the wounding of Laertes and Wilhelm, when nearly all her companions are weeping and bewailing their fate, the dark picture is relieved by the amusing conduct of Philina, who, "sitting on her chest, kept cracking nuts, a stock of which she had discovered in her pocket."

This gay coquette is therefore indispensable to the narrative. Didactic novels must contain some feature to make them readable. She enlivens the whole work, and keeps it thoroughly interesting. Her youthful beauty illumines everything it beams upon, and her mocking laughter echoes in our hearts. Not until the fair one disappears, do we recognize the importance of the part she has played. Though the novel is still as instructive as ever, it does not hold one's undivided attention. One of its main charms has evidently vanished. Philina's character is nearly worthless, but in real life we find many able to forgive others for worthlessness if only they are beautiful and quickwitted. In that case one is so sure to be agreeably entertained in their company.

William L. Phelps.

NOTABILIA.

WITH the February number of Eighteen Eighty-six, St. Elihu begins his fifty-first year. Very many plans of celebrating the aged saint's birth-day have been suggested to the present editors of the LIT. There appeared to be but one which was not open to serious objection. This one the editors wish now to set before the college. They are indebted for the suggestion of it to a graduate editor, and they have received valuable suggestions in furthering it from various members of the Faculty.

It is proposed, as a pleasant way of celebrating the fiftieth birthday of the LIT., to issue next February, in place of the usual monthly publication, a Semi-Centennial num-

ber. The material for this issue will be furnished entirely by graduate editors. Nothing will appear in it except the contributions of Saint Elihu's former guardians. The number of pieces to be printed cannot as early as this be stated. It will not exceed, however, twelve in number. Eight of Yale's most distinguished graduates have already signified their willingness to write for the number, and it is probable that more will be obtained. The names of the contributors will be published in the November or December number of the LIT.

To the college this much only in this connection need be said. The fact that such a magazine as the LIT. has existed for fifty years at Yale is a matter of very deep college pride. It is due to the labor of the college men of the past that the publication has succeeded so well. It is in the power of present and future undergraduates to say whether it shall live another half century or not. The fact that during the past year literary magazines of the same general character as the Yale LIT. have sprung up at Harvard University and Williams College is significant. It shows that a literary spirit has by no means died out among college men. It is our earnest hope, therefore, that Yale men, particularly the members of the undergraduate department, will co-operate with the editors of the successive years in endeavoring to secure for the LIT. a brilliant future. This can be done. It is simply a question of individual effort.

The size of the college which it represents ought to furnish to the LIT. a larger list of contributors than it now prints in its index. Where are the journalists of the future? Where are the lawyers? Where are the doctors? Surely some of them are assembled every morning in Battell Chapel. They surely know that facility in expressing thought on paper is more easily learned early than late, more favorably in college than during the professional career. It is for such a purpose that the LIT. was constructed. Its standard is high. But we believe that there is many a man in Yale to-day, who seldom puts pen to paper, and who is yet able to raise the standard of his col-

lege magazine if he chooses so to do. It is upon such men that the future of the LIT. depends. The construction of it was an experiment at first. The maintenance of it is a responsibility now. No man can destroy the history of fifty years. But many a man can add to it. Let us hope that many men will add to it, that fifty years hence the college can point to the hundredth birthday of St. Elihu, that it can feel then the same pride in his past and the same hope for his future, which it feels now upon this his fifty-first birthday.

IT is not often that the LIT. ventures to criticize the college at large. Men usually know their own business better than any one else knows it. There are times, however, when a sturdy statement of facts will prevent many a bitter disappointment, which often follows a crisis. Men seldom realize that they are in an emergency until it is over. Presently they look back on past events and can see clearly just where they stood. Then comes in that everlasting "If." It is the material of which the floor of failure is paved. "If I had said such and such." "If I had done so and so." "If I had only seen clearly." That "If" is the beginning, the middle, and the end of the creed of unsuccessful men.

All this is called forth by the behavior of the college in regard to foot-ball. The indisposition of the undergraduates at large is simply deplorable in the very extreme. With what sort of justice can a man leave the hard work to his fellows, and then curse them if they fail? We wish to produce a successful foot-ball eleven? Of course. Well, then, can a man build a house out of nothing? Can anything, of any sort, in any place, under any sun, be constructed if there is nothing from which to construct it? Give the foot-ball management good material and it can begin to build well. Give it poor material and it can begin to build poorly. Give it no material and it cannot begin to build at all. The future condition of the eleven does not depend on the few men who go out daily to practice. It rests with you, my brawny, broad-shouldered friend, who

stay at home and anathematize men who are trying to do their duty. If Yale College does not care for foot-ball, well and good. Let it say so. If it does, its members will all have to take hold earnestly and pluckily, now, at once, and in a body. If failure comes through the inefficiency of our management we may open our mouths. If it comes, as it must come in the present order of events, through our own indisposition and unwillingness to work, we must maintain the shameful silence of men who have been beaten and cannot say a word, because their own conscience tells them that they brought defeat on their own heads.

PORTFOLIO.

Long time the moon had been in hiding
Somewhere up on high ;
Then I saw her white face gliding
Into open sky ;—

From another place of hiding
Somewhere in the night,
Came another fair face gliding,
Gliding into light :

Then into the darkness dipping,
Moon-face, dream-face, both went slipping
From my sight.

—When a great author takes his departure from this world, and the customary encomiums and laudatory editorials have been showered upon his fresh grave, a visible reaction occurs. Perhaps it is owing to the absurdity and indiscriminating praise in some of these eulogies, or perhaps simply to the depravity of human nature. Be this as it may, a numerous class of persons soon begin to inquire into the private life of the literary genius, ostensibly with the desire of knowing all that is possible about him, but often with the malicious hope of discovering some act or word not altogether to his credit. Nothing is too trifling to escape the prying spectacles of these

manikins. Possibly he may have treated a visitor harshly; or he may have driven a close bargain with his publishers; or he may have jotted down in a private letter some uncomplimentary remark about the public; or his manner of living may not have been in harmony with fashionable dictation. If their patient search is rewarded by discovering that the man of genius was after all human, these critics point with ill-concealed delight to their dirt-heap, and shaking their wise heads, agree that our hero certainly had wonderful talents for writing, but that his private life was, alas! sadly inconsistent with his published works. As the beam in their eye has the customary effect of belittling the genius as much as it magnifies the faults of the man they criticise, they tell us finally that after all the famous writer was not so remarkable, and that his works can not live. These shallow gentlemen may have one or both of two objects in view; they think by blackening the character of the witness to escape from the truths he has uttered; or, if we cannot give them credit for so much ingenuity, they wish to depreciate him in popular estimation simply because they are tired of hearing him extolled. This style of post-mortem criticism is very common; and we are pleased to call it judging the author as a man, in distinction from his merits as a writer. But this method is as illusory as it is contemptible; for how are we to estimate the character of an author apart from his works? they are the mirror of the man's soul, they form a clear image of his mind when it was working naturally. It is a strange substitute for justice to pronounce judgment upon a man for what he has said in moments of illness or vexation, and to forget what he has said to the world when in the full and undisturbed possession of his faculties. It is here that we see the real man, hear his genuine voice, and listen to his own ideas and opinions as they flowed freely from his mind.

W. L. P.

—A few days ago a New York fireman was struck by a beam from a burning building and fell from the ladder, on which he was standing, to the pavement. He was picked up, carried to a neighboring saloon, and in a few moments died. As he fell he uttered the words: "Oh, my poor mother!" What a world of feeling lay in those four words! I imagine that they are still ringing in that woman's ears. In the fall, during which the experience of a life-time may have rushed

through his brain, he had first thought, not of himself, but of his widowed mother at home. Time cannot erase from the mother's heart the eloquence of that tearful cry. It was an accident, an every-day incident in the life of a great city; a common fireman had been killed, a lone woman was left to mourn her son. Yet it seems to me that in this smoke-begrimed fireman was the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. A fall of a hundred feet had hurried him to eternity; yet, as he stood for the moment on the threshold of two worlds, his last pitying prayer was for the woman whose support and hope he was. Carlyle, with his carping criticism, may make us half believe that there is no real courage, nor manliness, nor virtue, in common men and common times. But sometimes, by some such homely incident, the truth flashes back to us and we are ready to again assert the innate nobility of human nature.

W. E. N.

—One evening, while reclining in nomadic luxury in our Chinese-lantern lighted tent, engaged in the fortunes of Amy Robsart, we heard the splash of water and saw a small sloop just anchoring off the point. It was a perfect moonlight night, not a cloud in the sky, not a breath of a breeze in the air, the water as placid as a mill pond and reflecting from its glassy depths myriads of twinkling stars. The silence was broken only by the gentle plashing of the ripples, caused by her anchoring, against the vessel's sides. Her white sails glistened and gleamed in the moonlight like giant wings and cast a sombre shadow on the dancing ripples below; her slender spars were distinctly outlined against the open sky, and a silken streamer trailed from the masthead. Beyond, silver rays from the new moon fell through the foliage of the old oaks on the Manhanset shore and played on the trim lawn by the hotel. All was peace and loveliness on earth and sky and water. Suddenly, from the sloop, the sole occupant of the inlet, came a strain of music—a soft, tender, dreamy melody, in the subdued thrumming so peculiar to the guitar. It was a melancholy love lay and, with the quiet and romance of the surroundings, could not but awaken sad reflections, bitter-sweet memories and pure resolves. For a moment it seemed an almost holy scene, and then—the charm had fled. A ruthless “ah, there!” had sprung from one of our “mob,” and an equally practical “stay there!” had come back on the wings of the night.

D. D. B.

—I had always cherished an ardent desire to visit Concord and see for myself that famous New England town which has exerted such a potent influence on the world of literature and thought. Accordingly, when the present owners of "Wayside," the home of Hawthorne's declining days, gave me a cordial invitation to spend a few days with them, you may imagine how eagerly I accepted the invitation. The history of Concord as the manger of American liberty, the seat of the Concord School of Philosophy, and the home of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson, Alcott, is too well known to bear repetition; but to relate the personal experience of an enthusiastic admirer of her celebrated men may not be out of place here. There is something in the very air of Concord which entices one to poetical musings—a serenity which harmonizes well with the calm demeanor of philosophy. On all sides beautiful views may be had of gentle slopes, undulating meadows and fields yellow with the ripening grain; for it was then verging on autumn. The lazy flow of the river, as well as the freedom from din and stir, which characterizes the spot, creates an impression of restfulness all-pervading. It was unalloyed pleasure to gaze on the house of the genial philosopher, or at the Old Manse, where he was born; to explore the unpretentious chapel, where the School of Philosophy are wont to have their feasts of wit and wisdom; or, finally, to be taken to the very recesses of the great romancer's castle. For what pleasing sensation can be compared with that which is born of admiration of the good and noble, and experienced by one who visits their haunts on earth? Who can help conceiving exalted views of humanity in the contemplation of such struggles and such triumphs, or fail to have his ambition purified and imbued with the spirit which animated them? I well remember the first night I spent at "Wayside" as the serenest and, therefore, happiest of my life. My room was directly under the tower in which Hawthorne wrote most of his later romances. My host, on bidding me "good-night," expressed the hope that I might derive some inspiration from close proximity to the delightful romancer's sanctum. I thanked him and retired. I expected nothing less than a condescending visit from his spirit, or at least a dream in which he should appear. But nothing of the sort. I had never slept so soundly as I did that night; everything was forgotten in that dreamless slumber that speaks of heaven. But all too soon the sun recalled me to earth with its cares and responsibilities. V. P. L.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The athletic records in this first "Memorabilia" of the new year can be neither written nor read with the usual satisfaction and pride. We are glad to begin with the

DeForest Speaking,

which was singularly successful. The prize was awarded to Mr. Cross, whose oration was judged one of the best delivered here in many years. The following was the programme:

1. John Cloyse Bridgman, - - - - - Cleveland, O.
Charitable Works and Institutions as judged by Political Economy.
2. Guy Ward Mallon, - - - - - Cincinnati, O.
Charitable Works and Institutions as judged by Political Economy.
3. Lucius Franklin Robinson, - - - - - Hartford.
The Future of the House of Lords.
4. Henry deForest Baldwin, - - - - - New York City.
The Origin and Duration of the Solid South.
5. Wilbur Lucius Cross, - - - - - Gurleyville.
Sainte-Beuve.
6. Eugene Lamb Richards, - - - - - New Haven.
The Future of the House of Lords.

On the next day, June 20, our last hope perished:

Yale vs. Harvard.

The game was played at Cambridge before at least 8000 spectators. Harvard played one of her strongest games, Yale her worst. The score follows:

HARVARD.								YALE.							
A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Beaman, 3 b....	6	0	1	1	0	0	0	Bremner, c....	2	1	1	1	6	3	6
Winslow, r. f....	6	2	1	1	0	0	0	Terry, 2 b....	4	0	0	0	4	1	1
Nichols, p....	5	4	4	5	1	16	4	Marsh, c. f....	4	1	1	3	2	0	0
Willard, i b....	6	1	3	5	7	0	1	Stagg, 3 b....	4	0	0	0	2	3	2
Allen, c....	5	3	1	1	16	3	2	Sheppard, l. f....	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Smith, 2 b....	5	2	1	1	2	2	1	Merrill, r. f....	3	0	1	1	0	1	2
Westling, s. s....	4	2	2	0	0	0	0	Stewart, i b....	3	0	6	0	10	0	1
Foster, l. f....	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	Hickox, s. s....	3	0	1	1	2	4	4
Edgerly, c. f....	5	1	1	1	1	1	0	Willett, p....	3	0	0	0	0	9	7
Total	47	16	14	17	27	22	8	Total	30	2	4	6	27	21	24

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Harvard.....	2	0	0	0	7	4	3	0	0—16
Yale	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

Earned runs, Harvard, 1. Two-base hit, Nichols. Three-base hits, Willard, Marsh. First base on balls, by Nichols, 3; Willett, 4. First base on errors, Harvard, 4; Yale, 1. Struck out, Nichols, 14; Willett, 5. Double plays, Stagg, Terry and Stewart. Passed balls, Allen, 1; Bremner, 5. Wild pitches, Nichols, 1; Willett, 3. Time, 2 hours 44 minutes. Umpire, F. H. Donovan.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

was delivered by President Porter on June 21st. The subject was "The Christian Ideal of a Successful Life," and the text was from II Peter, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth verses. In the evening of the same day

The Baccalaureate Praise Service

was held in Battell Chapel.

Presentation Day

was June 22. The class poem was by Charles Elbridge Cushing; the oration by Frank Robinson Shipman. At the conclusion President Porter announced the following

Prizes :

The Silliman fellowship, \$600, to Julius H. Pratt, Jr., '82 (the present incumbent).

The Douglass fellowship, \$600, to Wilbur F. Booth, '84 (the present incumbent).

The Berkeley scholarship, class of '85, \$55, for the best examination in stated Greek and Latin classics, John Loman, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Larned scholarship, class of '85, \$300, for pursuance of advance study under direction of the Faculty, Levi O. Wiggins, Newburgh, N. Y.

The Clark scholarship, class of '85, income on \$2000, for the best annual examination in the studies of the course, Herbert H. White, New Haven.

The Cobden Club medal for proficiency in political economy, class of '85, Paul I. Welles, Fayetteville, N. Y.; with honorable mention of Robert A. Sands, George A. Sanderson, and Walter F. Frear.

First prize for solution of astronomical problems, class of '85, Herbert H. White, New Haven.

The Scott prize in German, \$30 in books, Jonathan Barnes, '85, Springfield, Mass.

The Scott prize in French, \$30 in books, Charles W. Pierson, '86, Florida, N. Y.

Prizes in English composition, class of '87. First: G. H. Beard, J. Benetto, DeW. C. Huntington, H. F. Perkins. Second: W. A. Cornish, W. L. Phelps, J. U. Pomeroy, Jr., J. R. Sheffield. Third: Y. P. Lee, C. T. Morse, L. H. Peet.

The John A. Porter prize, Frank Strong, B.A., of the junior class of the Law department.

In conclusion was sung

The Parting Ode,

composed by H. L. Doggett.

The Class Histories

were read by O. P. Bright, William Scoville Case, of Granby, Conn., Lafayette Blanchard Gleason, of Delhi, N. Y., George Fitch Stacy, of Stacyville, Ia., and Charles Samuel Wiley, of Charleston, Ill.

The Class Ivy

was then planted at the Art Building, and

The Ivy Ode,

by J. R. Joy, was sung, after which the class, headed by Colt's band, marched to the residences of President Porter and ex-President Woolsey.

The Senior Promenade,

on the evening of the same day, if not the very pleasantest of all the senior promenades, was at least the pleasantest since 'eighty-six entered college.

The Alumni Meeting,

on the next morning, was presided over by Hon. Stanley Woodward, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Law School Commencement

was on Tuesday, the 23d. Vice-President Hendricks delivered the annual oration, his subject being the "Supreme Court of the United States."

The Yale-Princeton Exhibition Game

was a wretched affair. No good playing, no enthusiasm, none of the features which make such contests interesting.

PRINCETON.					YALE.						
	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	R.		
VanAusdale, r. f.	3	4	0	0	1	Bremner, c.	2	0	8	1	7
Edwards, 2 b.	3	2	5	1	0	Terry, 2 b.	3	2	0	2	0
Moffatt, c. f.	2	2	4	0	0	Marsh, c. f.	3	3	2	0	1
Shaw, c.	2	2	10	2	14	Stagg, 3 b.	0	1	1	2	0
Harris, 1 b.	1	0	7	0	0	Sheppard, l. f.	2	1	2	0	0
Bickham, p.	2	1	1	15	7	Merrill, r. f.	2	2	0	0	0
Blossom, 3 b.	0	0	0	0	3	Stewart, 1 b.	0	1	11	0	0
Cooper, s. s.	1	2	0	4	0	Hickox, s. s.	1	1	1	3	3
Clark, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Willett, p.	0	0	1	8	5
Total	15	14	27	22	25	Total	13	11	*26	16	16

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Princeton	1	1	4	3	0	4	2	0	0—15
Yale	0	2	3	0	3	3	0	1	1—13

Earned runs, Princeton, 4; Yale, 1. Total bases, Princeton, 22; Yale, 14. Three-base hit, Edwards. Home runs, VanAusdale, Moffatt, Marsh. First base on balls, Princeton, 1; Yale, 3. First base on errors, Princeton, 5; Yale, 7. Struck out, Princeton, 6; Yale, 9. Passed balls, Shaw, 9; Bremner, 3. Wild pitches, Bickham, 2. Time of game, 2 hours 35 minutes. Umpire, Grant. * Moffatt declared out, hit by batted ball.

The Glee Club Concert,

on Tuesday evening, did not seem to us to be up to the usual standard. The encores were few and unenthusiastic.

Commencement Day

followed and was delightfully pleasant. The exercises were uniform with those of past years. The Latin oration, which was omitted last year, was delivered this year by H. H. White.

The President's Reception,

on Wednesday evening, was held in the Art Building. Gale, George, Chandler, Baird, Foster and Wiley, were the ushers.

College Opened

on Thursday, September 24. Present, 140 seniors, 164 juniors, 140 sophomores, 134 freshmen.

Freshman Class Officers.

At a meeting of the freshman class on Saturday, September 26, the following officers were elected: Mr. George A. Watkinson, President of the Class Foot Ball Association; Mr. Henry S. Robinson, Secretary; Mr. N. W. Bishop was chosen President of the Class Boat Club; Mr. P. W. McCullough, Secretary; Mr. A. F. Noyes was elected President of the Class Base Ball Association; Mr. Wm. H. Rockwell, Secretary and Treasurer.

The following officers were elected on September 29, for the

Dunham Boat Club:

Captain, B. H. Anthony, '86; Lieutenant, I. G. Rosenzweig, '87; Purser, G. L. Kingsley, '86; Treasurer, Professor A. M. Wheeler.

The Promenade Committee

for '87 was elected on October 7. Following were chosen: Rogers, Chase, Thacher, Playford, Sheffield, S. Knight, Archbald, G. S. Woodward, Burke. Later, Rogers was elected Chairman, and Sheffield, Floor Manager.

Second Glee Club.

The following men will constitute this year's club:

W. W. Ames,	T. E. Ripley,	W. B. Goodwin,
A. R. Pritchard,	H. W. Cooley,	John Underhill,
G. B. Fowler,	G. B. Richards,	J. W. Allen,
J. J. Ewing,	F. P. Solley,	F. R. Herrick,
L. L. Barnum,	A. Hand, Jr.,	H. S. Bullard,
J. F. Carter,	Leo Stein,	R. M. Hurd.
M. Stagg,	E. G. Putnam,	

Yale versus Stevens.

Yale played a poor game, but made 55 points to Stevens 0.

On the same day, October 10, the annual Freshman-Sophomore game was played; it was particularly characterized by the absence of the usual rush—a good initiation of the new grounds.

Yale, '88, versus Yale, '89.

YALE, '88.								YALE, '89.							
	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Lux, c	3	1	1	3	11	2	3	Osborne, c	4	0	0	0	17	2	1
Stagg, 3 b	4	1	2	2	1	0	1	Greer, 2 b	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
McMillan, 2 b	4	0	2	2	0	3	0	Davol, l. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	0
Walker, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Dann, p.	4	1	1	1	0	16	2
Allen, c. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	Fitzgerald, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Brigham, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	Franke, c. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Velie, l. b.	3	1	2	2	15	0	1	Noyes, s. s.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
McConkey, s. s	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	Smith, l. b.	4	0	0	0	6	0	0
Heyworth, p.	3	0	0	0	0	15	2	DuPont, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	0	2	1
Total	32	4	7	9	27	20	9	Total	35	3	4	4	27	24	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale, '88 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—4

Yale, '89 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 0—3

Three-base hit, Lux. Struck out, '88, 15; '89, 11. Double plays, Velie, 1; Osborn and Greer, 1. Passed balls, Lux, 3; Osborn, 2. Wild pitches, Heyworth, 2; Dann, 1. Time, 2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire, J. S. Dutcher, '86.

Senior Class Elections

were held October 12. Evans Woollen was elected orator, C. M. Lewis, poet, and F. W. Moore, statistician.

Fall Regatta

was held at Lake Saltonstall on Wednesday, October 14.

FIRST RACE, '87 versus '88.		DISTANCE, TWO MILES.	
Juniors.	Weight.	Sophomores.	Weight.
1 Copley.....	150	1 Woodward.....	147
2 Hartridge.....	163	2 Hurd.....	152
3 Burke.....	152	3 Bissell.....	152
4 Hare.....	170	4 Campbell (Capt.).....	148
5 Holly.....	160	5 Cross.....	154
6 Middlebrook.....	165	6 Farrington.....	171
7 Rogers (Capt.).....	175	7 Lux.....	171
8 Caldwell.....	164	8 Stevenson.....	174
Cox. Haven.....	120	Cox. Youmans.....	115
Average weight.....162½		Average weight.....158½	

The start was made at 4:44:50. '87's time at the mile was 4:50:35; '88's time 4:50:33; '87 crossed the finish at 4:57:15, followed by '88 at 4:57:20. Thus '87's time was 12 minutes 25 seconds.

SECOND RACE, '89 versus '88, S. S. S.		DISTANCE, ONE MILE.	
'89.	Weight.	'88, S. S. S.	Weight.
1 Beckwith.....	145½	1 Bull.....	153
2 Mosle.....	148½	2 Bond.....	150½
3 Donnelly.....	144½	3 Dockendorf.....	171½
4 Newell.....	163½	4 Carter.....	160
5 West.....	170½	5 Stewart.....	172
6 Bishop.....	155	6 Franchot (Capt.).....	172
Cox. Ames.....	118	Cox. Esterbrook.....	120
Average weight.....153½		Average weight.....159	

Won by '89. Time, 7 minutes. '88's time, 7 minutes 16 seconds.

SINGLE SCULL RACE.

Entries: Robert Appleton, '86, F. R. Cooley, '86, C. E. Hellier, '86, P. Bolton, '86, S.

The race was won by Appleton in 11 minutes 47 seconds; Bolton second, time 12:56; Cooley third, 14:25; Hellier fourth, time 15:35.

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament

was held in New Haven on October 15, 16 and 17. Yale won singles, Knapp beating Brinley, of Trinity, and Duryea, of Williams. Shipman and Knapp won doubles against Brinley and Paddock, of Trinity.

BOOK NOTICES.

Colonel Enderby's Wife. By Lucas Malet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

It is a question like the well-known one—"what becomes of the pins?"—what becomes of the summer novels. Their number is legion and but few survive and take a permanent place in our libraries. The characters of the majority, too, fade from our recollection as soon as we know them, while a few scattered elect remain in our memories and a still smaller number become residents in our hearts. Of the few which are destined to have more than a mere passing existence, "*Colonel Enderby's Wife*," published last summer, ought to have a prominent place. For it resembles in its style not the frothy tales so popular to-day, but in reading its pages we are transported to scenes similar to the charming surroundings to which Thackeray introduces us. Colonel Enderby, indeed, reminds one of Colonel Newcome, in his fine old-time sense of honor, his soldierly chivalry and the courage with which he met the tragedy of his life. Yet the Colonel is not alone a marked character in the story. Each character stands out in our memories as clearly cut and complete as if carved in stone, but their actions proclaim them real flesh and blood. Bertie, Mrs. Pierce-Dawnay, Mrs. Murray and Cecilia, they will all hold a place in our minds as deserved as Pendennis and the Newcomes. This feeling is strengthened by the same cynical strain of writing running through "*Colonel Enderby's Wife*" that marks all Thackeray's works. The character of Jessie Enderby, however, is the centre of this group and can be made the centre of an ardent discussion as well. It is hard to conceive of such a girl. She seems quite out of the range of real life. Men can be imagined who have the quality of sympathy entirely left out of their composition; but it is well nigh impossible to think of a girl whose sunny attractiveness and fascination developed almost into magnetism in its power, can be almost as devoid of sympathy and kindness as marble itself. Her character seems a living contradiction. We cannot reconcile the love of the noble Colonel with the supreme selfishness of the woman he adored. Yet apart from this impossibility, which, we are aware, may not strike others with the same force as it strikes ourselves, the book is an artistic success. Every incident, every scene, viewed from the standpoint of this contradiction points with an index finger toward an awful picture near the close of the story: the death-stricken husband lying half unconscious in the library lighted only by a slant of gleam from without, while the young wife flees from the gloomy room, not a spark of wifely love or even human pity in her heart.

The book is not a pleasant one but it is strong—and although it has faults, for the cynical style at times is repulsive, the very faults seem the outcome of a powerful mind.

The Story of Greece. By Prof. James A. Harrison, Washington and Lee University. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

This work is one of the series termed "The Story of the Nations," the scope of which is obvious from the title. The series (which is in process of publication) will possess an unity of project enabling the student to build a judicious foundation for subsequent reading: it is not, however, an epitome of universal history. Some twenty States are to be treated, and among the contributors are H. H. Boyesen, Edward Everett Hale, Sarah O. Jewett, Charlton T. Lewis, etc. *The Story of Greece* is not meant for advanced students and so contains little historical analysis or profound characterization. Its aim is rather to grasp typical instances of Greek life and history and to present them vividly and graphically, to illustrate by broad touches with a view to interest and practical results, as the volume is written didactically for younger readers. Though written in a florid style it contains a number of pleasing and graceful accounts and obtains realism by bold descriptions of Eastern scenery and customs. As a whole, the salient outlines of Greek history and civilization are spiritedly and accurately delineated. The defect of the book is the defect common to many writers on Greek topics, that of viewing Greek life as surrounded by a halo of transcendental glory and as the Mecca of scholarly aims and accomplishments. The volume is gotten out in an unusually attractive shape as regards typography and binding, and a large number of illustrations, representing old Greek art, adds to its elegance.

The Will. A Novel. By Enst Eckrtein. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

That the author of "Quintus Claudius" should have written "The Will" is a paradox, yet a sensible one. What one expects in an historical novel he finds far from his taste in a tale, the scene of which is laid in the events of the present time. The conservative style of German writing is all too evident in this story, though the pages fairly reek with the bloody socialism of some of the characters. The plot is exceedingly intricate and the woodenness of the characters themselves prevents one from taking any interest in the story, except to see which of the many ways open to the author for winding up his narrative, he will choose. In brief the tale is this: Otto Von Arlesburg disappeared. His uncle, an incarnation of all human wickedness, who wished to gain the estate, had substituted in his place a dying child. Otto finally falls into the hands of an intellectual but seedy school-master, and after exhibiting talent in divers and wondrous directions, sets out to seek his fortune. He has the good luck to rescue the wife of a distinguished lawyer from the insults of a low-bred workman, and is injured in the encounter. He falls desperately in love with the wife, Lucinda by name, and is befriended by the lawyer, who advances him by marvelous strides until he becomes the editor of a popular magazine. Boarding among a crowd of scatter-brained socialists, he is infected by their notions until rescued from his mental muddle by a learned encyclopedist, who has a wonderful faculty for consuming beer. He is soon the admiration of an half dozen married ladies of the capital, but he remains fixed in his devotion to Lucinda. She falls a victim to the popular love malady, and her passion disclosed to Otto brings on the catastrophe of the plot. He is accused of murdering Lucinda's father, but through the efforts of the daughter of his landlady, who is another

victim of his fascinations, the real murderer is discovered. Papers stolen from Otto by the guile of his charming uncle, are recovered, which not only prove his real identity, but restore to him his fortune. So, marrying the sweet daughter of his landlady, he settles down, we trust, to a long and happy life.

Lawn Tennis as a game of skill. By Lieut. S. C. F. Peile, edited by R. D. Sears. New York: Charles Scribners. For sale by Judd.

The hints in this little manual of tennis are admirable. Of course one can learn but little from book-instruction. It takes practice to make a good lawn-tennis player. One can gain more hints, too, in watching a good tournament than by reading tennis manuals for weeks. But there is much to say in praise of Lieut. Peile's book. He touches off in good style the common faults of lawn-tennis players: and he gives very advantageous hints for improvement: his chapter for ladies is written in a very lively and pleasant vein. He explains the kinds of double-game in vogue with great clearness and presents the arguments in favor of the service-line game strongly. The table showing the method of calculating differential odds is valuable. Lieut. Peile's idea of the single game is somewhat out of date, for one cannot run up after his serve nowadays. One's opponent, if he can "place" at all can "alley" one every time if one tries that kind of game. But he is right about gaining the net-position if possible—that, no doubt, is the key to the winning of the game.

It is said that Mr. Sears' part in the book is very small and his pay for that small part, large; if he had done more work, as the editor, perhaps the book would have been more complete. Certainly, however, Lieut. Peile has made a great improvement on the tennis books of instruction which picture players either in the beginnings of a "baby" game or in positions of which only the most fevered imagination could conceive.

The Study of Political Economy. By J. Lawrence Laughlin, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

Mr. Laughlin modestly introduces his volume to the public as "Hints to students and teachers." But it deserves a higher recommendation. In the different lectures here brought together are thoughts of the highest interest, not only to professed students of political economy, but to all who have any ambition as educated men.

Questions of startling importance brought forward by the Civil War, both during its continuance and afterwards, have of late years roused a great interest in the study of political economy. A comparison of the ratio of time given to the subject by the four leading colleges in 1860-1870, and 1884, presents astonishing results. Yale, for instance, in 1860 thought that one-third of senior year was abundant to gain a good knowledge of the subject; now, there are six courses in political economy open to students here. In 1860 the University of Michigan did not include the subject in the course of study at all. In 1884, at the same university, a choice of five different courses is offered. Yet it was a century ago, in 1776, that Adam Smith wrote his "Wealth of Nations." We have only taken the first step (a long one for twenty-five years, to be sure), from the national ignorance of 1860. But the

mistakes of the war have taught us lessons which shall not be soon forgotten. But there are questions rising into notice that call for more than apprentice-hands in the school of economics—the false silver dollar—the banking question—national taxation—our shipping—the greenback question—our public lands—railways—strikes—coöperation and communism. Chapters on the character of political economy as a study, and its disciplinary power follow. He gives one lecture on its relations to the Law, the Ministry and Journalism, and then treats of the methods of teaching the subject. There is included in the volume a library of the subject selected from English, German and French authors.

Political Economy as an elective is chosen by fully three-quarters of the senior class in Yale College; but if one needed any extra spur to his interest more than the fascination of the subject itself, in this little book of Mr. Laughlin he can find plenty of stimulus to his enthusiasm and many valuable thoughts for his reflection.

TO BE REVIEWED.

Kansas. American Commonwealth Series. By Leverett W. Spring. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Louis Agassiz, His Life and Correspondence. Edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

Matilda, Princess of England. A romance of the Crusades. By Mme. Sophie Cottin, translated by Jennie W. Raum. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

Manual of German Exercises. By A. Lodeman, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

The Devil's Portrait. By Anton Giulio Barrili, translated by Evelyn Wodehouse. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

Oil Painting. By Frank Fowler. New York: Cassell & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Drawing in Charcoal and Crayon. By Frank Fowler. New York: Cassell & Co. Price \$2.50. For sale by Judd.

Guide and Select Directory of New York City. White, Stokes & Allen. Price 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"College journalism is a thing *sui generis*," is the highly original remark of Elihu, as he takes his compound microscope to examine the literary department of the *Amherst Student*. Like college songs, it is never to be appreciated outside of the circle of college sympathies. To the outside world, this elaborate prose, on which some undergraduate has expended his scanty leisure for two or three weeks at most, and these verses, the fruit of as many hours, are but matters of curiosity as things fearfully and wonderfully done, performances in fact to be ranked with the rendition of "Bingo" by a bevy of summer girls. Experience and common sense both go to show that there must be a well defined distinction between the college journal and the magazine of the outside world; that any sort of hybrid will lose the distinctive merits of the one without any compensating advantages. Elihu throws out these remarks apropos of a tendency in some of his exchanges, notably the ably conducted *Nassau Lit.*, to substitute a monthly notice of the *Century*, *Harper's*, and the like for the discussion of college contemporaries and clippings therefrom. Against this departure from the good old way of his youth, our saint would raise a protest. It is all very well for the average college weekly to purchase an exchange with the *Century* by laudatory notices of the various articles that appear in that publication; such literary efforts are perfectly harmless, as harmless as a similarly constructed list of our country's presidents, with a commendatory remark affixed to each name, would be, and just about as interesting. But when a college literary magazine soars above the discussion of its fellows to criticism of this sort one cannot but ask, wherefore this sudden growth of wing-feathers? Elihu always supposed that an exchange department was of interest to college men because it gave them their only glimpse at the literary work of other colleges. But in this age of college reading rooms what need does the new departure supply, at Princeton or anywhere else, unless perchance they no longer take the magazines at Princeton, or on a sudden the rank and file have become too studious to waste time in examining for themselves! A Vassar editor naively explains how a "big June-bug" distracted her attention from such a piece of criticism. Verily, in this day and generation it would be a clever June-bug that could find a New England reader engaged upon work of that sort. Picture the prudent son of Princeton, as, on reading bent, he consults his *Nassau Literary Baedeker* for guidance, and the freshest criticism on the subject in hand. Fancy, too, his delight as his own reading irresistibly leads him to the very conclusions of his guide,—as he finds that he can unreservedly subscribe to such sentiments as "In 'The Silent South,' Cable continues the discussion of the vital question in both our ethics and economy, as to the status to be accorded to the black race," or "'Childhood in English Literature and Art' treats of a specific phase and a special point of view regarding these two branches." Seriously, Elihu cannot conceive what function such a department in a college *Lit.* performs, unless perhaps that of furnishing an epitome of a limited number

of magazines a year earlier than the same thing can be found in better form in Poole's Index. In these views Elihu feels confident of the support of most of his exchanges. A few have compromised the matter by including in their exchange departments a notice of the foremost magazines. The *Amherst Student*, in regard to whose literary work our saint has already had occasion to make sundry insinuations, claims that an exchange department is used solely to tickle the vanity of editors and thereby win compliments in return, wherefore the *Student* will none of it. Heaven forbid that any sensible journal should tickle the *Student's* vanity, or be complimented by it. Elihu believes that every college magazine should have an Editor's Table for the double object of interesting its readers and of stimulating its exchanges. How to combine the two ideas is perhaps not so easy in practice. A criticism of individual articles can scarcely interest the general reader unless it be very full and of a sufficiently descriptive character to give an idea of the thing discussed. It is a matter of little concern to him that "the — prize essay shows careful thought and a sympathetic appreciation of the subject" unless he knows something more about it. He may take a transient interest in a scathing notice of something conspicuously infantile, like the following from a poem on a certain senior class :

"A is for Andrews, a quiet young man,
But he likes to have fun whenever he can.

H is for Harry, whose surname is Bray,
Wherever he is, the girls like to stay.

T is for Tarr, we all think so nice,
He comes from Rockport, where there's no vice."

But that sort of thing does not fulfil the true idea of an Editors' Table. That, Elihu thinks, should comprise plenty of sharp good-natured criticism, but criticism of something that has sufficient merit to warrant the expenditure of ammunition.

Our saint would like to give his readers the best idea possible, in his limited space, of the literary character and work of other colleges. As prose essays, however, scarcely admit of quotation, he must confine his clippings to verse.

RONDEAU.

In holland brown she stands to greet
Me as I come adown the street,
The sunlight falling on her hair
Leaves warm caresses gently there—
A picture with true grace replete !

The roses twining round her feet
Breathe gentle fragrance rare and sweet,
She sings a merry rustic air—
In Holland brown.

O years that fly so swift and fleet !
 O storms that 'gainst her window beat !
 Keep her from harm and tears and care !
 That future years may find her where
 In days of June we used to meet,
 In holland brown.

—*The Fortnight.*

The following quatrain is from the *Kansas University Review*. A better edited college journal, in Elihu's humble judgment, does not come from the other side of the Appalachians.

LIFE.

Life is a book wherein is dimly writ
 A tale of tender pathos, touched with wit ;
 In some strange tongue ; the story glimmers through,
 The clue—Alas ! we cannot fathom it.

From the rather extraordinary proceeding of fathoming a clue it is a relief to turn to something of a different character. Unfortunately, it is no new thing to have the effect of really graceful verses marred by some outrageous metaphor. To admirers of amusing doggerel the *Fortnight* dedicates the following.

"IT WAS MY LAST CIGAR."

How well do I remember
 That long-gone-by September
 In which I first encountered a cigar :
 The day was hot as blazes,
 The cigar as cheap as—praises.
 Rest quite assured I did not smoke it far,
 Before I was contented
 With clover sweetly scented,
 But every dog must have his evil day.
 And so I thought I'd try it.
 I did, and if I didn't die, it
 Was because my mother came that way.
 She picked me up quite senseless,
 And since I was defenseless,
 She shingled me from foot to bushy crown.
 It's just the way with mothers,
 At least with mine and brother's,
 To hit a fellow only when he's down.
 And yet I did forgive her,
 Although she ran a sliver
 About an inch into my youthful hide ;
 For since then I've ne'er tasted
 The weed, nor on it wasted
 The pennies that my father doth provide.

VOL. LI.

No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"*Ubi pius gravis moeror, nonnulli laudantque VALERIOS
Constat Soboles, antiquique PATRES*"

NOVEMBER, 1885.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 2

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '86.

CHARLTON M. LEWIS,

CHARLES W. PIERSON,

EDWARD J. PHELPS,

ARTHUR L. SHIPMAN,

EVANS WOOLLEN.

WORK THAT WILL BE REGRETTED.

NO feature of Commencement has more impressed me than the almost universal regret with which the graduating class review their college course. "If the freshman only *knew*, if the senior only *could*," is the pathetic lament that helps very much to sadden the last week. "If I only had—" won more prizes? No! Prize lists are little regarded in those regretful retrospects. Something less definite yet more vital than honors is regretted. Something so subtle, in fact, that the senior seems never able to warn a freshman friend lest he, too, shall miss it and come to a regretful Commencement. "If you regret so much of your college experience, why cannot your younger brother profit by it?" Those who ask such questions fail to appreciate the impossibility of *teaching* certain kinds of wisdom, as others do who insist that the distinction between upper and lower classmen, and the denial to freshmen of certain college privileges are superfluous nonsense. The futility of warning an in-comer against "freshness" is well understood in the college world: and similarly it seems that each man must learn only at Commencement wherein is the truest college success.

The senior at graduation will generally attribute the failure to attain this success to a certain artificiality which has pervaded his college work. He has translated with a "horse," written with Poole's Index, studied history from a manual, and imagined that he was attaining success. The result that confronts him at Commencement puts one in mind of certain small animals who begin life with perfect and adequate organs for procuring food. Indolence tempts them into parasitic habits; they are thus enabled to live easily and live well too. But Nature's punishment is inevitable; the organs degenerate and finally disappear. So, I fancy, many of us will realize at Commencement that the capabilities of our minds have been weakened in more than one particular by the insincere, hand-to-mouth methods of work which we have pursued. This falseness to the development of one's possibilities is apparent throughout college life, but it seems particularly prevalent and unfortunate in our literary work.

He who will preëminently regret his use of the literary opportunities of a college course is the writer of the Poole's Index style of literature—a kind of writing that is full of copied learning and is fancied to be instructive to the reader. Its author misconceives the purpose of college publications. The projectors of the LIT. were far from intending to furnish through its columns profitable reading matter to the college. The *Century* and its contributors are intended for the reading public; the LIT. is for its contributors. We wonder, in this connection, that the new Harvard monthly has opened its columns to graduate contributions. Surely, better stories are to be found in *Lippincott* and the *Century*, better critiques in the *Nation* and *Critic*, better biographies and historical sketches in the *Library* than can possibly be written by undergraduates. What use, then, of college literary magazines if the instruction or amusement of their readers is the desideratum. To stimulate literary activity and thereby elevate the literary taste of undergraduates is the distinct province of college monthlies, and certainly this is attained in a small degree by the publication of Poole's Index litera-

ture. This kind of literary work is easily recognized and is unfortunately common in college publications. Its author need not deceive himself that references to unknown authors will be taken as an evidence of erudition, or that poetical quotations will get him the reputation of being well read. Everybody knows how convenient and thorough is Poole's Index, and how easily quotations are gotten from Bartlett. Plagiarism is a harsh word and is, perhaps, not applicable here. The writer, however, who depends upon Poole's and the Q. P. Indexes for his ideas, commits the sin of sins. He sins against his own evolution. He is guilty as is the parasite, in that he appropriates that which should be gotten by self-exertion. Such appropriation not only does not strengthen the mind, it positively weakens it until, like the parasite, it is incapable of independent effort. Said Carlyle, that great apostle of work, "Better to have built a dog-hutch than to have dreamed of building a palace." And for the same reason it were better to have written a page of truly original matter than to have arranged a volume of other people's ideas—better for the mind of the writer if not for his readers.

New ideas, it may be suggested, are not expected from youths of twenty, and their best employment is the acquirement of facts and ideas by means of judicious copying. New ideas are not expected from youths of twenty, but original ideas are; and those who value literary work for the biographical and historical information which it affords, are associated in my mind with others who estimate a study by "How much good is it going to do one?" meaning how much information will it give that helps to make bread and butter. "I hate *cui bono* people," said Dr. Johnson to a friend, and few of his aphorisms seem more sensible.

The writer of what I have designated as Poole's Index literature is, then, one of those who at Commencement regret their college work for its artificiality, insincerity and parasite-like effects. He will then realize that he has developed a facility in arrangement and adaptation of

material, but that he has little exercised his "thought powers." He has written for honor's sake, not for sake of self. He has regarded the LIT. not as a means of self-improvement, but as a method of conferring honor on five men from successive senior classes. You doubtless appreciate this, for you have noticed how rare is a senior contribution to the LIT., how rare is a junior contribution after the second Wednesday in January. Very significant facts are these, facts which too clearly indicate the motive that stimulates student writing. If a truer motive were the stimulus, if the contributions to our papers showed evidence of more honest thought and less ingenuity in looking up references, then there would be fewer saddening answers to the statistician's question: "In what respect do you regret your college course?"



AN AUGUST AFTERNOON.

The sky's clear blue is veiled in dreamy haze,
And lazily the snow-white clouds glide by ;
The far off mountains rise against the sky
In indistinct and dreamy browns and greys.
The nearer fields and pastures are ablaze
With the royal golden-rod ; the roses die
With one last breath of incense, like a sigh
In memory of voluptuous July days.
There breathes a grateful stillness, made more still
By every murmur of the bandit bees,
By all the corn-field's rustling symphonies,
And each pulsation of the sweet, low thrill
That floats at sunset from the maple trees,
Where sings in loneliness the whip-poor-will.

Frank Edward Wing.

"CHINESE" GORDON AND THE TAEPIING REBELLION.

NO love had ever been lost between the Court of Peking and the Court of St. James. The wrongs which China had suffered at the hands of the English were too great to be forgiven and too recent to be forgotten. An unscrupulous nation, mad after gain and ravenous for plunder, had forced the Peking authorities, after a war most disastrous to Chinese life and property, to cede Hongkong, to pay an indemnity of \$21,000,000, and to allow the unlimited importation of opium,—which has since drained the country of its resources and murdered millions of its inhabitants. In 1860, the Summer Palace had been wantonly burnt by the Anglo-French army. It was an exploit worthy of Omar himself. But scarcely two years elapsed when a miracle occurred. The lion was seen fraternizing with the lamb—the British were fighting side by side with the Imperial troops. British officers were showing Chinese mandarins how to attack, besiege and butcher in the most scientific and European fashion. British artillery and ships were placed at their disposal. In brief, the British Government were making common cause with the Chinese Emperor to put down the Taeping Rebellion, which threatened to uproot the old order of things.

Not that the Taepings had injured the English in aught. As Gordon himself testified, their treatment of foreigners was uniformly kind and generous, until driven to retaliate by the murder of the chiefs. Nor had they invaded any precious interests of these islanders, but simply because it was feared that should a native dynasty be set up, British commercial advantages would be reduced and the results of two unrighteous wars neutralized. The war indemnity had not yet been paid up and the sagacious statesmen at Downing street foresaw that with the fall of the Tartar Government, the prospect of its payment would be dim indeed. Moreover, for a nation with such rabid

commercial instincts, it was much easier to deal with a weak Government who feared while they hated them than with one flushed with victory and animated by Christian principles. For, despite all that has been said against the Christianity of the Taepings, no one denies that they were God-worshipers and iconoclasts; and that they taught the Ten Commandments and practiced what they believed according to their light. But it is said that they were blasphemous, because they spoke familiarly of the Deity and of Christ, and claimed to have received revelations from on high, besides adopting extravagant titles. But those who understand the peculiar fondness of Orientals for high-sounding names will not marvel at the latter, while the strange religious notions of the Chinese people will make plain the former. If, in the manifestoes of the rebels, such phrases as "the Heavenly Father spoke" or "Jesus the Elder Brother scolded," be interpreted, as they should be, so as to read, "Yang, under the influence of God's spirit, spoke," or "Siau, whilst possessed by the Spirit of Jesus, scolded the people," none would accuse them of blasphemy. Still, it showed that the Taepings had not been able to shake off some of their old religious notions. They were still of the earth, earthy. The teaching of missionaries had forsooth been wasted, for after professing Christianity for a few years, these rebels had not shown themselves to be saints, but shocked the civilized world by their crude theology, semi-enlightened views and strange practices. There still lurked in their hearts the spirit of the old Adam, which more favored Christians had driven out long ago.

Yet, an unbiased witness, the English Bishop of Victoria, said of Hung-sui-tsuen, their leader: "He rendered the insurrection a great religious movement—he did not transmute a Christian fraternity into a political rebellion. The course of events and the momentous interests of life and death drove him to use in self-defense all the available means within reach and to employ the resources of self-preservation. He joined the rebel camp, *preached the Gospel among them*, won them over to his views, placed himself at

their head, and made political power the means of religious propagandism. * * * *Nothing but an expulsion of the hated Man-choo tyrants, the subversion of the idolatrous system, and the incorporation of the whole nation into an empire of 'universal peace,' as the servants of the one true God, and the believers in the true Saviour Jesus Christ, could henceforth satisfy minds inflamed by enthusiasm and animated by past success."*

But it was not on account of their religion that the British Government harbored enmity against them. It was for the reasons above stated and for this additional one, that the Taepings prohibited the use of opium—a crime deemed punishable with destruction by moral English statesmen. Sir Frederick Bruce, British Ambassador at Peking, wrote to Gordon a letter, not meant for publication, saying, "We have supported this Government (Chinese) *from motives of interest*, not from sentiment; and as our interests remain the same, we must endeavor to get over our difficulties without taking any steps which would neutralize all the results of the policy we have hitherto pursued, and which you have carried out so successfully." This policy was that of commercial extension by force or fraud, that is, diplomacy; and, if necessary, by unjustifiable interference in the concerns of another country. It is worthy of notice that while they were meddling with affairs in China and striving to uphold despotism there, they were seeking to prop up slavery in America.

Fortunately for the pockets of English merchants and unfortunately for the liberties of the poor Chinese Christians, an honest and unsuspecting man was appointed guardian and defender of British interests and champion of the reigning Manchoos. No man was better fitted for the task than Gordon. His very uprightness and nobility of character tended to screen the blackness of the cause and in some measure to redeem it. It being necessary to subdue his own mutinous army before facing the enemy, he accomplished it by his unswerving resolution. He inspired respect and confidence by his undaunted bravery and won the affection of all by his generosity and justice. Although fighting for such a cause, he was not mercenary like his

countrymen. On the contrary, he evinced a disinterested spirit throughout by refusing rewards of money and using his salary for the relief of friend and foe alike. That he was serving the cause of humanity, and "opening China to civilization," he was fully persuaded. However mistaken he was in this, it is certainly gratifying to think that at least one among that corrupt crew of hungry foreigners was conscientious,—one, whom neither honors nor money could buy.

In justice to him let it be said that he knew very little about the Taeping character except by the false reports which their enemies were only too eager to spread concerning them. In his letters, he showed his ignorance of the important bearing and real meaning of the great uprising. To him, the interests of a foreign despotism were identical with those of a subjugated people. Thus he wrote: "It is absurd to talk about Manchos and Chinese; the former are extinct, the latter are in every respect. And it is equally absurd to talk of the Mandarins as a class distinct from the people of the country," etc. Was he aware that Manchos and Chinese have never intermarried and that the former have always been trained as a race of soldiers to keep in check the Chinese, who support them by their taxes? Granting that most of the Mandarins were and are still sprung from the people, it was not against them that the people complained, but the system of which they formed a part and whose despotic will they carried out.

Gordon, however, could not have been ignorant of the mercenary motives of his own Government in their interference; but as he best could, he reconciled his duty as an army officer with his duty as a Christian and a man. Seeing no difference between Imperialists and Revolutionists, he treated them with justice, equal good faith, equal sympathy. Though mindful of John Bull's voracious pockets, he did not forget what he considered the welfare of the Chinese people. He knew that they had suffered great wrongs at the hands of foreigners, "who preyed on their country," and, unless better prepared to defend them.

selves would be entirely at their mercy. So he initiated them into the mysteries of modern warfare, and, before he left China, gave some important advice about military affairs that is followed to this day.

In view of his great qualities of heart and soul, it seems needless to magnify his military successes. They certainly were not wonderful. For, he had 4000 troops, well-drilled and officered, besides an Imperial army, to fight against undisciplined Taiping forces, equal to the latter only in point of bravery and numbers. They were armed with spears, knives, and matchlocks, and their artillery was a disgrace to the name. "The rebel shells are very poor things," Gordon wrote, "not one in twenty bursts; they have some of brass, but they are not much better." On the other hand, the artillery train which had done service against Pekin, was used by Gordon with deadly effect. In every engagement, the superiority of British artillery to the guns of the Taipings was evident. Steamers, too, were of immense value to Gordon. Said he, in one of his letters, "The horror of the rebels at the steamer is very great; when she whistles, they cannot make it out." The rebels were everywhere cut off, pursued and routed by these vessels. In the Wokong affair, Gordon said, "I sent a steamer this time, and the result was a most tremendous victory."

Verily, the combined strength of heavy artillery, men-of-war, and bountiful supply of foreign munitions of war, could not fail to win victories, even for a general with one tenth of Gordon's abilities. The Taipings were brave men, as Gordon himself acknowledged, but it was useless to oppose firebrands to lightning. 'Tis true, they had the assistance of foreigners, also. But these brought nothing besides their personal courage. Most of them eventually proved treacherous, so that their help was slight compared to the injury they inflicted upon the cause.

Moreover, according to Gordon, "they (the rebels) did not number many fighting men," and when he assumed command of the Anglo-Chinese army, the volcano of popular revolt had spent its force.

It is instructive to know how an error in judgment lost an empire. By stopping short in his career of victory, by setting up a court at Nanking, when he ought to have marched on Pekin, the rebel chief allowed the enthusiasm of his followers to cool and gave time to his enemies to recover. His adherents were mainly poor people. To win over the rich and conservative class, rapid and decisive successes were indispensable. As it was, inaction was soon followed by reverses with defections, dissensions, destruction. Nanking proved to be the Taeping Capua.

Thus all things worked in Gordon's favor. It would be an easy thing to prove him a great general without in the least magnifying his victories. People think of him as a military hero. But he was superior to military heroes. He was one of Heaven's noble men.

He did not save an empire, for the empire would, under God's Providence, adjust itself as it had always done before. But he saved innumerable lives, though he unconsciously riveted more tightly the chains of tyranny and impeded the progress of Christianity.

Who will blame him when those he injured most have forgiven him? What he did was done in love, for he loved the Chinese people.

Yan Phou Lee.

AN ADIRONDACK MEMORY.

FOUR of us had determined to spend the vacation in camping. Our party had narrowed down from a very enthusiastic seven into an equally determined four. Enough time had been consumed in controversy. We had enjoyed some former experience in this delightful pastime and our position now was in a mild form something similar to that of the reverend gentleman of color who announced from the pulpit, "Breddren, dar will be a meetin' for prayer in dis house Thursday evenin', if de Laud will, but dar will be one Friday evenin', *whedder or no.*" Nothing but the Adirondacks would satisfy us this time; and,

accordingly, one bright afternoon in August we cleared a spot for our camp by one of those small lakes in the neighborhood of Old Whiteface, as that tall, bare mountain is familiarly called. The settled region on the shores of Lake George is the orthodox camping-place; but we cheerfully sacrificed the pleasures of gay society and visions of fair loveliness, for unrestrained freedom and the natural beauty of our secluded lake in the forest.

In the midst of all the indescribable enjoyments of tent life, five weeks flew by with astonishing rapidity; and one Wednesday evening—the last of our vacation—found us with rather sober faces at the prospect of all this pleasure becoming merely a memory. However, after we had finished supper and done our own kitchen work, we erected a miniature mountain of dry sticks and logs, for the last mammoth camp fire. The dreamy, sentimental influence of a blazing wood fire is a favorite subject for light philosophy; and if to this be added the solemn silence of the forest, and the ghostly shadows chasing one another over the water into the gloom beyond, it is not surprising if one comes to be living almost wholly in his imagination. After several stories had been told and commented upon, we had relapsed into silence; and no sound was heard but the crackling of the wood, devoured by the greedy flames. We were in that dozing, half asleep state which is the necessary consequence of a hearty supper and a blazing fire, when the unmistakable step of a man roused us instantly, and a strange, discordant voice broke the stillness almost harshly. It was a futile attempt at some song, both the words and music of which were evidently half forgotten. A singular voice it was, cracked and broken by extreme old age, and yet with a touch of sad sweetness and deep melancholy in its tones. The song became fainter, then ceased altogether as its owner suddenly stepped out of the darkness and stopped short before the fire. If the voice had been singular, the man was still more so. He was tall—strikingly tall, I thought—and though bent over, his frame suggested the former possession of immense personal strength and endurance. A profusion of white hair fell from his uncovered head over his

shoulders, and his beard was long and of the same snowy whiteness. The face was deeply wrinkled and the cheeks sunken; the eyes were black and shone with a strange but kindly light. There is always something to me deeply interesting in the sight of a very old man. There is something in his extreme age alone that calls for respect. A man who has experienced all the sorrows of life, whom the whips and scorns of time have failed to conquer for more than eighty years, is an honor to his race. I shall never forget the picture of this strange being, who stood silently before us with the firelight playing over his features and giving to them a weird and uncanny aspect.

Nothing was said for a few minutes as we naturally watched to see what would be the next movement of our visitor. If his agitated appearance had led us to expect an outburst of feeling or an appeal for aid against some cruel oppression, we were mistaken; for after taking a comfortable place near the fire he sat for some time in moody silence. Then, after making some commonplace remarks about the camp, he began to speak quite earnestly and we listened with constantly increasing interest. Pointing in the direction of Whiteface, which of course was invisible in the thick darkness, he said: "Boys, in climbing up the big mountain yonder, you remember that old hut about three-quarters of a mile from the top?" We nodded assent, and he continued. "It must have been forty years ago that the thing happened which I am going to tell you about. The country was a sight wilder then than now, altogether a different place. The hunting was splendid, and I managed to make a passable living out of guiding what few strangers came here, to the best places; for I had hunted around for myself so much that I knew every choice spot. It was in the late fall, and for some weeks I had been idle and wishing for company, when a young fellow between twenty-five and thirty came to my cabin up there as I was lounging in front smoking, and said that the folks down below had directed him to me as a good guide for big sport in the woods. We soon made arrangements and he had his stuff brought up to my place, with the idea of spending a few weeks in shooting. We went

out most every day ; and from respect for Jim—he would never let me call him anything but that—I grew to actually love him. He was rather short, but awful wiry and plucky ; and he was that strong willed he'd never give in to anything, no matter what came along. He was jolly company, always whistling or singing, and many a time I have tried to sing one of his favorite songs, but my memory don't seem to serve me.

“But to tell you how it happened,” and here the old man's face, which had brightened for a moment, probably with the recollection of his pleasant friend, became graver and sadder than we had yet seen it. “It was one of those chill, rainy nights in November, and we had planned for a still hunt after moose the next day. In order to reach the spot I wanted, we would have to start out nigh on to midnight. I saw him begin preparations just as usual, though the sound of the rain was so loud that we had to shout to each other to be heard. I wasn't scared of any weather, but somehow that night I felt uneasy for Jim, I couldn't tell why ; and I began to raise objections. He knew I was the last one to be afraid of rain, and finally he got it out of me that I felt strange and uneasy, superstitious, I think he called it. He laughed at me so heartily that I felt ashamed of myself, though I was still far from being comfortable. So almost exactly at midnight we started out in the rain. There was only a miserable little foot path, still I never could tell how it was I lost that road. I had been over it hundreds of times, night and day, in wet and dry weather, and I never had to stop, even in doubt. You see that night I was trying to keep down my gloomy thoughts and the rain was awful heavy, and soon I found I was off the path. I was so muddled up then that I couldn't tell where to go, and I told Jim I reckoned the only thing to do was to wait right there till morning.

“Jim wasn't a bit mad at me for losing the road, but he was so active and restless he couldn't bear to stand still, and pretty soon he said he'd find the path if I'd wait where we was now and keep yelling to him so he wouldn't stray too far away. I tried to show him the uselessness of that, but he had got his mind fixed, and no angel from heaven

could have persuaded him out of it. He was no fool in the woods, either, and though I had some confidence in him, I couldn't bear to let him go. As he stepped away from me into the darkness I felt as if I had lost him already. I yelled to him every minute or two and he always answered back so cheerful that I began to feel better. His shouts were getting a little fainter, which showed he was some distance off. Pretty soon I yelled out again, and heard nothing but the steady pour of the rain. I shouted louder and louder and heard nothing at all. Then, with a dreadful feeling, I started out straight after him and hunted around for hours. Towards early morning the rain stopped and pretty soon the light made things easier to see. There was the path not six yards away, and as I turned around, I saw Jim's dead face looking straight at me in the gray light. He was stretched out on the ground, lying by a sharp rock sticking straight up, and there was a deep cut on his forehead. I saw how 'twas done. He had been plunging along fast, had tripped on some twig or root, and had fallen heavy right on the rock. The blow on his head must have killed him instantly, for his face showed no sign of pain. I would have given everything in God's world to have been lying dead beside him. Boys, there's no use telling you how dreadful and solitary I felt. I quit the country up here and didn't come back for twenty years. But every night when I lay down to sleep I could see Jim's face just as he lay there on that cold morning; and while I couldn't think as I was to blame, I have always felt wrong about it, and sometimes I feel almost as if I had killed him. Well, boys, I saw the light of your fire to-night and felt as if I must tell you about that time so long ago. It relieves my mind to tell that sad story, as it is hard to keep carrying it alone."

The old man rose to go as soon as he had finished speaking. What consolation we could offer appeared to affect him very little, though he thanked us for our sympathy. He soon disappeared in the dark woods, and when some distance away we could hear him try again to sing that same song, with the same pathetic failure of memory.

William L. Phelps.

A WAIF.

Alone o'er the desolate mountain
A traveler plodded his way ;
No rift in the lowering darkness
Gave promise of brightening day.

But dreary and trackless and barren
Stretched the fields of the ice and frost,
And the wanderer's feet were weary
And his courage was well nigh lost.

When right at his feet in the pathway
A skeleton leaf met his eyes,
And he bent o'er the poor little exile
With a feeling of strange surprise.

"Whence came you, I pray, little stranger,
To the mountain winter and snow?"
And the quivering leaflet whispered,
"From the forests that lie below.

For there is summer and sunshine,
And gladness the livelong day,
And the birds carol high o'er the meadows ;
For they lie not far away."

Then the traveler's heart took courage,
And his knees waxed stout and strong,
And he gaily trod on his journey,
Toward the fields of summer and song.

Say not, on the desolate snow-field,
The delicate leaflet was lost,
For it cheered a desponding spirit,
Though it died itself in the frost.

Wm. Adams Brown.

"CHASTELARD."

IT was a period in the history of English Literature when two men and their influence ruled the whole domain of poetry. Tennyson, the master of idyls and of sonnets, and Browning, the master of the poetry of philosophic drama, were the sun and moon of the poets of that day. Around them all lesser lights were drawn without even thought of resistance. Each and every young writer of verse either imitated Tennyson's expression of harmony and grace, or strove to reproduce the intellectual spirit of Browning's perhaps cold lines. If the poetry of passion, the poetry that paints the soul in its grandest moments, was not dead, it was in a sleep from which no man dared awaken it. So men thought, till one morning England stood aghast at a book of poems so unconventional, so full of the flash and heat of fire, so full of the spasm of anguish or the quiver of joy, so seemingly wrung from the heart of hearts of a *man*, that men felt awed and strange as they read. The words pierced and burnt their way into the brain and formed pictures that one gazed on as if he were gazing into the depths of the very well-springs of his nature. And for this very reason, and because men did not dare look on their own naked souls, a storm of vituperation and denunciation—not of criticism ever—was raised against the book and its author. The principal charge against him was that of lewdness being prevalent in his writings, and while in several cases he expressed lust rather than passion—and bitterly repented it afterwards—yet the charge as it stands was false and unfair. The book was called "Poems and Ballads," and its author was a young man named Algernon Charles Swinburne. He was known to a few on account of a tragedy—formed on the plan of the Greek drama—called "Atalanta in Calydon." In this he had shown his literally unrivaled command and choice of words, his deep classical learning, and some of his power of insight into all human motives

and feelings. Still it had not made him famous, and when he published his "Poems and Ballads" he was to most unknown. After that he was known, but not in a way to make his success easier. He had no school of poetry at his back, no influential friends to smooth his way to fame, no ability or toleration for catering to the whims of the people. Alone, unhelped, unencouraged, heartened only by his own faith in his insight into human nature, and his power to express it, he had to make his way in the teeth of as stubborn a prejudice and as bitter an antagonism as was possible from men, the shallow worthlessness of whose manufactured feelings and sentiments he had made them feel. Unmoved, without one word of retraction or excuse, he heard the storm against his "Poems and Ballads" gather, burst over his head, and subside muttering into a black cloud of disapproval. And still he wrote, with little more success—although he gave our poetry some rare new gems—until his tragedy of "Chastelard" made men at once understand his genius and long after recognize it. On the great trilogy, of which this drama is the first part, Swinburne did his noblest work. He made use of every power which he had shown before, his depth of insight into every passion, his sympathetic appreciation of pathos and joy, and all his beauty of expression in words of marvelous aptness. And to the aid of these faculties he brought the power of reading between the lines of history, and so, fathoming the motives and the characters of the actors in those terrible times, to make them walk before us in the flesh, for us—with given power to read their hearts—to look on while they repeat one of the tragedies in the life of the most beautiful fiend that ever lived. The whole thing is so real to us as we read, that we as genuinely hate the Queen, wonder at Chastelard, pity Mary Beaton, and grieve at the sad, sad pity of it all, as if we had ourselves spent those two weeks in Holyrood. If there is one fault in the whole tragedy, it is that not one ray of light pierces the all-enshrouding gloom. Our fascination at the winsome tenderness of the queen is not a relief, for it is the fascination of the bird charmed by the

serpent, and loathing is ever present with it. From the first scene, where we hear the gossip of the five Maries about Mary their queen, and see the terrible rebellion of Mary Beaton's soul, against the ruin of her Chastelard as sport for her mistress, to the last scene, where the curtain falls on her crazed curses of the murderess of that fair life, we gradually come better to realize the literal inhumanity of Mary Stuart. When she herself first comes before us, we are at a loss to form any judgment of her nature. She is beautiful, artless, graceful in all her words; she shows her love for Chastelard in a thousand pretty ways, and yet there is an indefinable impression that she is more in love with loving than the lover. And we feel that this is known to him, but only adds a bitterness to the hopelessness of his case. In his midnight tête-à-tête with Mary Beaton she furnishes—as all through the play—the sharpest contrast to the queen. Her love is so devotedly unselfish, so ready to purchase her love's happiness at the cost of her own heart's breaking, and withal so modest, that it increases our pity for the man whose infatuation leads him to forsake a soul so true as that, for a woman whose veins and heart have poison in the place of blood. When they are discovered, his brave, gentle, dignified protection of her honor from insult, shows us a manlier side of his nature, than that we see in his scenes with the queen, where his almost idolatry of her crops out from every look and sentence. The queen hears of their being found together, and the suspicions of the other maids, apparently unmoved, and when Chastelard comes to her side she talks so graciously and tenderly about himself, that we feel as if her passion must be real. Her lords come in, and Mary, without a blush or tremor of anything but maiden shyness, announces her choice of *Darnley* for her consort. Surely this is a jest, a cruel sport [no woman could do this], yet there is Darnley with a great happiness speaking from all his face and figure, there is the queen shyly clinging to his arm, looking softly upward at his rugged face, and there is Chastelard with a heart, crushed more than broken, looking out of his eyes with numbed,

fixed stare. And as sick at heart we turn away, his hard, cold tones ring in our ears, "I was just thinking how such things were made, And were so fair as this is." The next scene is the finest of the play, where in the reckless hopelessness of his passion Chastelard, at the sure peril of his life, seeks the queen's chamber at night to "take farewell of love That I have served, and life that I have lived Made up of love, here in the sight of you That all my life's time I loved more than God, Who quits me thus with bitter death for it." In this scene the contrast between the passion of Mary, who again asserts that all her love is his, and tells him her marriage with Darnley was the outcome of her belief in his guilt with Mary Beaton, and the worship of her lover is made most vivid. Through all the interview *she* is creating for herself sensations of love by torturing her lover, *he* is gorging himself with gazing on her fatal beauty before he dies for love of it. And the mingling of the two natures of the man are shown by his absolute scorn of death and courageous assertion that the queen is blameless, and that he forced an entrance to her room; and by his words to Mary in speaking bravely of his fate: "But I am as a child for love, and have No strength at heart: yea, I am afraid to die. For the harsh dust will lie upon my face too thick to see you pass." He is seized and carried away to prison. From now on, the tale is soon told, but it develops still further the character of the queen of Scots and one of her noblest victims. She decides that he must die, to save her from gossip and disgrace, and after vainly endeavoring to make the earl of Murray take her hints that she would have him assassinated in his cell, she gives a warrant for his execution to the all too willing Darnley. Then, stung by some instinct of remorse and in dread fear of retribution, she is made by Mary Beaton—ever clever in the service of her love—to believe that if she wishes to retain her power over her lords, she must show it now by granting a pardon to her lover, in spite of them. Mary's always sensational mind is won to this idea, and, without a sober thought, she sends a pardon by the overjoyed Mary Beaton. Chaste-

lard receives it with sad indifference and tears it as one who sees only death in life and life only in death. And he does well, for the queen again made coward by her fear of scandal, comes to him and fawns upon him for a return of the reprieve, curses him with every most malignant curse when he replies he has not got it to return, and when he shows her the silent witness of the scattered fragments, she tries to atone for all this poisoned essence of cruelty by soft words and sweet caresses. But Chastelard, though no less mad with love, now understands her nature, and in heart broken tones tells her calmly of herself, till he actually awakes within her feelings of wonder at herself, and fears for her future. Still she is so unmoved as to look on without one glance of even pity, or one murmur of dissent as he is led away to execution, accusing himself of utter baseness to save her from the thought of shame. As the guards go out, she bids Mary Beaton, standing there haggard, wild-eyed, very nearly crazed with grief, to go to a room in Holyrood overlooking the place of execution, and swears solemnly to her she will not let him die. And Mary Beaton goes up to that chamber and looks out upon that square and sees the head of Chastelard held up by the headsman, the eyes fixed on the queen, and hears the herald's voice: "Room for my lord of Bothwell next the queen."

Harold Russell Griffith.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

ENGLISH publications on American life and government have seldom been read with favor on this side of the Atlantic. The reason is obvious. After the average Englishman has made a few weeks' or perhaps months' tour of the United States, he returns to England, arranges and writes out his notes, and starts in search of a publisher. He has little difficulty in finding one; for, if he has been discreet,—that is, if he has looked out for his own interests, he has a marketable production. Dickens, in his plan for Pickwick's escape from Fleet Prison, provides for that worthy's future in a manner which significantly shows the proper spirit which the English author should exhibit. "Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker. Let the gov'nor stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikens as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." Among John Bull's many great and good qualities, we should not fail to emphasize his capacity for consuming print and paper. Still, he is fastidious, and the writer who furnishes him with criticisms on America, must cater to his tastes. He must keep clearly in mind the theory that John Bull represents, or rather is, the ideal man; that England is the absolute, undisputable standard of all that is civilized, refined and elegant. What a paragon of impartiality is exhibited in the person of an author thus equipped! Instead of taking broad, critical and philosophical views on society, government, politics, and laws, he criticizes the Yankee's dialect and lack of grammar, his uncouth angularity and reckless exhortation. It is a senile trait to point out and blame the eccentricities of youth. It affords to the mature experience, inexhaustible subjects of amusement, reproach and railery. It is positively refreshing to turn from these petty quibbles to the reflections of a man who tries to see things as they actually are,—as they should be seen by one who makes any pretensions to fairness.

When it was announced that Matthew Arnold was to visit us, we looked forward with interest, though with some misgivings, to his criticism. Misgivings, I say, because his earlier remarks, based on reading instead of observation, had not been of a character to allay our suspicions that he was influenced by the English prejudice against American institutions; with interest, since he had earned the reputation of being the foremost of English critics, not only on literary, but on social and political topics. Gifted as he is to an eminent degree with natural poetical and critical faculties, he brings, besides, to his work, a master mind trained by a life-long devotion to literature and thought. Yet this man of genius and ripe learning, this most thorough of English critics and hence the fairest, is a source of irritation, a thorn in the side of the self-esteeming, self-satisfied Briton. It requires but little penetration to understand why this is so. If criticism pleases us, we are all attention; we rub our hands with glee and are loud in our expressions of approbation. But when some thrust strikes a tender spot, or pierces some beautiful cherished bubble, it arouses nought in us but anger and resistance. The fact is, Mr. Arnold does not please his countrymen. He sees things in England that do not suit him and he feels free to say so. Critics, or so-called critics, wield all manner of weapons from the stoutest club to the tiniest rapier. Mr. Arnold's weapon is a good, stout, keen-edged sword, and he is skilled in using it. By its blind treatment of social and political problems, the British Government has invited thrusts from this effective weapon. She sees too late the kind of an antagonist she has aroused. "Plague on't, an' I had thought he had been so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him."

I have thus attempted to show that Mr. Arnold stands in a different relation to England than most of her people who have written about us. *He* will at least be free from the fault of taking England as a Utopian standard. His fairness and sense of truth will forbid him to play the part of a Baron Munchausen. Still, we were not altogether

prepared for his hearty appreciation, his unprejudiced investigation, and evident leaning towards our manners and character and our political and social institutions. It is with a feeling of genuine regret that we hear him say that he shall not write a book about America; although in almost any other Englishman we might have pardoned the omission on the ground that Mr. Arnold gives,—namely that it would be an impertinence for a man to write a book about America on the strength of having made merely such a tour as he had. His “Word more about America,” is not an exhaustive essay; but it has a permanent value. Its author has the faculty of dealing with the most profound problems of governmental and social life with an enviable individuality and directness that ignores their depth and difficulty. I cannot conceive of a higher compliment that could be paid to ourselves and our institutions than is conveyed in these words of his: “As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to one’s mind of a man in a suit of clothes which fits him to perfection, leaving all his movements unimpeded and easy. It is loose where it ought to be loose, and it sits close where its sitting close is an advantage. This wonderful suit of clothes, again, is found to adapt itself naturally to the wearer’s growth, and to admit of all enlargements as they successively arise.” After witnessing the world of turmoil and bitterness aroused in England and against England by the imperfect workings of her government machinery, we do not wonder that he is surprised and pleased at the perfect, frictionless system by which our Central, State and Municipal governments perform each its own functions, and work together to accomplish the same end—perfect government.

There is food for thought in his observation that it seems strange and inconvenient that a man should not sit in Congress except from his own district, when we remember that such a man as Wendell Phillips was debarred because Boston would not return him. There are a few words, too, in this paper, which should bring a blush of shame to our cheeks. They should suggest to us the query whether

we ourselves are not to blame for the harsh things said about us. Mr. Arnold had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Bancroft at Washington. He there met "half a dozen politicians whom in England we should pronounce to be members of Parliament of the highest class in bearing, manners, tone of feeling, intelligence and information." Indeed! What did he expect? He had read so much to the discredit of American political life, and the existing corruption of her officials, that he had come to believe it. He had still to learn that the contemptible remarks, which we have learned to scarcely heed, mean only that the speaker or writer differs from his opponent. American ingenuity should be better employed than in devising some means of oscillating from the point of vain-glorious holiday boasting to that of election-day calumny, without touching the intervening medium of truth.

Mr. Arnold looks about him and he sees that the rich are not regarded with the envy they are in England. The poor man of to-day is the rich man of to-morrow; and the rich man may be forced on the morrow to delve for his support, and from this he argues that our society is in little danger from revolution.

We have homogeneousness of population. England, with her thousand years of history, never had. Her native population, which Voltaire compared to English beer, "the bottom dregs, the top froth, the middle excellent," have hardly known an interest in common. The inhabitant of Wales is as distinct an element in British population as he was ten centuries ago. The Scot still speaks his native dialect and sings his songs of praise to Bruce and Wallace. Ireland hates with redoubling hate and chafes beneath her galling fetters. As Mr. Arnold traveled over our land and saw the European emigrant transplanted to our soil and taking root and becoming one of us,—an American he finds, he needs but one word to express his feelings and approbation—"natural." And then his thoughts turn back to Ireland, where to ask if British institutions worked harmoniously, would be bitter mockery, and again his vocabulary is limited to one ill-omened word,

"anti-natural." He travels further and investigates deeper ; he finds that in social and political concerns our thoughts are straight, and our sight is clear, and again he is forced to draw the odious comparison. England sees through a clouded, distorting atmosphere, and clear sight and correct thinking are impossible. But Mr. Arnold cannot leave his readers here. He must suggest something better to his native land. He has looked into her condition with carefulness, earnestness, sincerity and patriotism. He speaks with the authority of a man of subtle observation who has learned a profound truth ;—a truth taught by America to an Englishman. He would remedy the strained condition of affairs at home by dividing up the British Isles, and establishing our State system in all its details. A strong central government and the House of Commons would remain, but the House of Lords must go ; and a body like our Senate should take its place.

The old order is reversed. The United States is the standard to which England is referred. America is the instructor, an Englishman the student. Mr. Arnold left us with the declaration that he was bound to us by the memory of a great, untiring, and most attaching kindness. He shows throughout an admirable temper, an indispensable element for accuracy of criticism. As I have already said his essay is not exhaustive, but he has said a few things in such a way that in spite of ourselves we remember them. He who fails to read Mr. Arnold's words loses an opportunity of studying one of the most instructive additions to our political literature. The American who reads it will rejoice in the possession of the blessings which Mr. Arnold admits we possess. The Englishman who reads it may realize what John Bright did twenty years ago, "that England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people."

Andrew F. Gates.

NOTABILIA.

IT is with very great reluctance that the editors of this magazine feel compelled to withhold the LIT. medal.

In this connection it is the opinion of the editors that they owe to the college an explanation of their position. They wish, therefore, to make the following plain statement:—

To quote from the cover of the LIT.: "A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-Five dollars, for the best written essay, *is offered* for the competition of undergraduate subscribers at the beginning of each Academic year." It is impossible at this remote period to ascertain the exact intention which the original donors of the medal had in mind. Their primary object was of course to raise the standard of literary work in Yale College. But did they mean that the medal was *to be awarded* to the best piece submitted, whether that piece be good or bad? Or did they mean that it was *offered*, but not *awarded* unless in the opinion of the board of editors the best piece was good enough to deserve the award? Either of these constructions is possible. In adopting the latter the present editors have been influenced by the following course of reasoning. Suppose the medal to be awarded to the best piece submitted. Suppose that in time the college begins to lose interest in the competition, and that the essays submitted are of extreme mediocrity. Still, the medal would have to go to the best production at hand, even though that production might be absolutely puerile. This situation of things has by no means come as yet. Nor do we believe that it will come. But during the past three years there has been a very marked falling off in the competition. This is true as far as the number and the merit of the essays is concerned. The logical conclusion is then that the offer of the medal has ceased to stimulate activity in college. If this is true but one thing remains to be done. If the college has ceased to care to exert itself, there is little wisdom in offering inducements for it to exert itself. The future policy of the LIT. will be, therefore, at least definite. The

medal will be still offered under exactly the same conditions as those under which it has always been offered. There will be, however, this difference. It will not be awarded, unless there be submitted in competition for it an essay, which, in the estimation of the active editors of the magazine, is of sufficient merit to deserve it. It may be asked : what is the criterion by which the absolute merit of the best essay submitted is judged? What is the standard by which its claim to the medal shall be decided? It is unfortunate that an absolute, fixed limit cannot be determined upon. But in the absence of such a limit we answer that the standard shall be the opinion of the active editors. They will be guided, but not necessarily influenced, by the opinion of the committee of award. So much in regard to the position of the present editors. A few words to the college in this connection will not be out of place.

St. Elihu bewails as much as anyone that the LIT. has been compelled to pursue the course forced on it. But the point which he wishes he could emphasize upon the thinking men of Yale is this, viz : that the matter rests absolutely in the power of the college. The LIT. can do nothing more than offer its inducement for literary excellence. The standard which it sets is not inordinately high. It has been creditably maintained by college men of the past for more than thirty years. If, to-day, the writing men of the college do not care to exert themselves, the college must cast the blame, if blame there be, upon them. St. Elihu refuses point-blank to believe that there has been a particle of degeneracy in the literary ability extant in the undergraduate department. He is therefore reluctantly compelled to believe that disinclination is the cause of the present mediocrity and not inability. The medal always has been, and always will be ready, if the college is honest in its attempts to secure it. It is not ready for work which is the result of inaction and disinclination.

It should undoubtedly be the aim of every college editor to be broad. He should strive to select for his editorials subjects which will appeal to the largest possible number of readers. St. Elihu intends, however, to depart from

this general rule. He wishes to deliver himself of opinions, which will interest only those of his friends, who have proceeded far enough in the college course to begin to think seriously of what they are to do in life.

Most of us, in looking upon the future, have very ambiguous notions as regards the condition of things which we shall find in the world proper. One or two vague notions we have. We have heard in a general way rather indefinite opinions expressed. These opinions come to us largely from men of experience. The professions are overcrowded. There is plenty of room for genius, but little room for mediocre ability. The days are past when the mere fact of possessing a college education insures a man even the means of support. More men every day are devoting themselves to specialties. The time has gone by when the lawyer can meet all the various complexities which are brought to him by his clients. So very vague is the presentation of the condition of things that a terse statement of facts is most welcome to the confused mind of many young men. Nothing is worse than uncertainty. Most men will fight best when exactly cognizant of what they must meet. Even be the odds against him, one likes to know the fact. Especially valuable then is an address like the one delivered, before the Phi Beta Kappa society of Harvard University, last June, by William Henry Rawle, M.A., LL.D. The author is a man of large experience in legal circles. He takes for his subject, "The Case of the Educated Unemployed." It is impossible to give here any of his ideas. But the address is worth reading to any man who feels, in trying to choose his profession, as if he were about to embark on an unknown sea. The language is simple. The ideas are easy of comprehension. If they could be read and digested by all college men, the next generation will find fewer educated men in want. The number of men to-day, who, with all the training of a university routine, could yet, if they chose, recite a tale of dreary hope against hope, is too large. Mr. Rawle evidently laments this fact, and his address, if appreciated, is certainly calculated to be of material benefit to the college-bred men of the future. His work is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

PORTFOLIO.

—A study of the minor living poets of England discourages the hope that any among them is likely to become great, or perhaps even to be permanently a second-rate favorite. Matthew Arnold for example, or Edmund Gosse in the younger generation, and all of them, seem to have little of the poet's inspiration though much of the poet's art; and we read them only to be gratified by a certain titillation of the senses rather than to have our sympathies roused at the discovery that their souls and sufferings are at all like our own. And if we investigate general tendencies instead of individual promise, we fail to find any near prospect of a return of the lost spirit of creativeness and spontaneity. In America, on the other hand, though to be sure no one singer seems ready to catch the mantle of Tennyson when it falls, yet the national character seems likely to favor the growth of a new school of poetry that may in the near future take rank with the best of England's. We are not giving our best attention to the details of rhythm; we have earnest convictions backed by a strong desire to do our best in maintaining them; we are sufficiently intimate with England to absorb some of her sweetness and light without necessarily losing our own innate fire and strength: so thus far we seem likely to advance in poetical achievement as fast as the other country is giving way. The danger is that the work of our first century of national life will be undone by Anglomania and dilletantism; but, so far as we now can see, that danger threatens only those feebler singers whose voice could under no circumstances be heard very far.

—A hundred years ago a certain gentleman made a disparaging remark about the pedantry of people who continually quote the classics. Dr. Johnson, replied to him with indignation, "Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." Nothing could have illustrated better the, to us, repulsive formality of the polite circles of that day, nor marked more clearly the limitations of Dr. Johnson's own æsthetic taste. I suppose no one knew literature so well as he, or could quote so well as he; but I suspect that he was

in the habit of quoting chiefly because he thought it the proper thing for literary men, never because he could not help it. There is no better converser than the one who, with an unconscious spontaneity, quotes because the spirit of the author is upon him and he has made the author's thoughts and words his own; but this, I imagine, is what Dr. Johnson often failed to do, and I am obliged to confess that I think he sometimes must have been something of a bore. But there is an infinitely more insufferable bore rampant to-day; to wit, the would-be æsthete who actually learns quotations as such merely for the sake of retailing them at second hand and so capturing the admiration of his audience. May I be delivered from his clutches. He makes his conversation—if it deserves the name—an ill-fitted mosaic of incongruous gems, and shows very plainly that he has failed to enter even the adytum of the authors' inspiration. One might as well attempt to show his appreciation of the Sistine Madonna by hanging all over his walls cheap chromos of the two little cherubs at the bottom. The utter inadequacy of the chromos, like that of the stock quotations inserted to order, would be a true measure of the inadequacy of the man's mind.

—A thrifty green-grocer was not a personage to be lowly esteemed in Dublin fifty years ago, but Henry Mangan's father did not even possess the merit of thrift, and we find this charming Irish poet starting in life under circumstances as inauspicious as could be well imagined. We may be sure that his mother and sister, the support of whom soon devolved upon him, were possessed of the true Irish temper and did not fail soundly to berate their shiftless son and brother. Here indeed was a songster born in captivity. His enthusiastic and poetic nature would have led him to wander among the ruined castles of the Rhine, and to visit the scenes of Germany's romantic legends. From some oasis in the vast desert he could have viewed the passing caravans, or fallen asleep intoxicated with the odors of Araby. Such was not his fate. By day his widest prospect was bounded by the four dingy walls of an attorney's clerk's room, and no cheerful fireside welcomed him at evening. He strove for a high ideal, something better and nobler than is granted to mankind, and his thoughts would mount above mere earthly matters, to which they would be recalled with startling abruptness by his struggle for the very necessities of life.

Poverty fettered his genius and filled him with that most bitter of all feelings, the consciousness of unfulfilled aspirations. His condition was worse than that of Burns or Poe, yet he compares favorably with them in one respect. He blamed himself alone for his misfortunes, never cursed fate or blasphemed God, only bowed his head and endured. His is not the voice of angry and defiant protest, but the infinitely more melancholy tone of a despair that is fixed and hopeless, the voice of a man that was the sport of fate, of a patriot that was as powerless to alleviate his country's sufferings as his own. For he was but the embodiment of Ireland's wrongs and desolation. Can we wonder that, as his powers began to fail, and his locks whitened prematurely, opium took the place of bread with him, and rum of water? There were two Mangans. One was all spotless and pure, the other all darkness and filth: one was known to the muses, the other to the police. Let us however draw the mantle of charity over this dark side of his unfortunate life. No one was ever better fitted than Mangan to interpret truthfully the tone of those ballads, in which the German abounds, that have for their burden dreary retrospect or longing for the grave. However it was in his aspect as a translator from the old Irish that he has endeared himself to every Irish heart, and become like Burns the inmate of every humble cottage. He was endowed with the true Gaelic ear for melody, and the true Celtic blood and warmth of temperament; but here again his gloom caught up and harmonized with the melancholy undertone that is characteristic of even the mirth of that race. After all the best poetry is often the saddest. The livelier side of our nature is not the finest and most delicate side. There are chords which in men of finer sensibilities respond to emotions which pass by and are lost to men of grosser mould. Time is the only true test of merit. It is now twenty years since his poor body was shrouded in an obscure grave, and the world is just beginning to recognize one, who deserves, probably more than anyone else, the title of Ireland's national poet. C. T. M.

—It happens that there are two gentlemen in public life in this country with whose histories and characters I have somehow become well acquainted. Their careers, both of which are disappointing to others and doubtless also to themselves, have worked upon me so as to stimulate some of my

strongest prejudices. One of them is a man who at first acquaintance makes a favorable impression upon everybody. There is no one who does not know of him and recognize his talent. But intimacy with his ways shows him a trimmer in public as he is a trimmer in private life, and by trying to displease no one he has failed at last to please anyone. The other man whom I have in mind has properly gone through several careers, each of them of the meteoric order. When he seemed to have all things in his power, and the country was dazzled by the brilliancy of his rise, his light suddenly went out. The one fault which seems to me to be at the bottom of the cases of both these men is insincerity. Of the two, the former has been insincere in his dealings with men; insincere chiefly by design, I believe, and from prudential considerations. The latter, without any malice aforethought, without discernment enough to be able to understand his own weakness, is insincere not to others but to himself. Now I do not believe in binding down any iron-clad rules of consistency upon matters of small import; it is certainly better to waver honestly than to profess fixity of conviction where there really is none: but to be false in the larger concerns of life as well as in the lesser seems to me the most wretched misfortune (as well as the worst fault) that a man can suffer from.

—In many of the traditions of by-gone days that cluster about the town of Lyme on the banks of the Connecticut river one character figures conspicuously. It is Reinold Marvin, militia captain, deacon of the church and an influential member of that community a century and a half ago. He was a fine type of the best old New England stock and a staunch upholder of the strict Calvinistic doctrines of the time; but, if the numerous anecdotes about him may be relied on, eccentric in proportion. He always confessed himself governed by divine communication, and not unfrequently these behests from on high moved him to the most praiseworthy charity. We learn that at one time he announced that he had been directed by the powers above to bestow a cow upon every needy family in the village. He fulfilled the message to the letter, and there was a general rejoicing among the poor, but one lazy wag who had been overlooked in the distribution, considering himself slighted, repaired to the

Deacon with an alleged order from above which he delivered as follows: "Deacon, the Lord, seeing I was a deserving man, sent me to you to get a cow." "Did he say a milch cow or a farrow?" said Reinold with a grim smile. "A new milch cow, sir." "Indeed,—then your communication must have come from the Devil for I have no new milch cow." The story of his wooing is a quaint one. When he had reached his twenty-sixth year he began to look about him for a partner in the joys and sorrows life had in store for him, for he was even thus early blest with an ample store of the perishable things of this world. His ideal included proficiency in all the homely arts of housewifery and a mind that was not choked with the frivolities of the world; and could the adornments of a fair face and dainty form be added he would deem himself favored indeed. Of all Lyme's daughters, none were so nearly after his own heart as Mistress Betty Lee. This important point decided (in accordance with the divine pleasure as he believed) he saddled his mare one morning and ambled down the highway towards farmer Lee's homestead. As chance would have it, when he drew rein at the house, Betty was leaning upon the half-door that faced the road, rubbing one of the just washed breakfast dishes. The suitor made known his object immediately. "Betty," he said slowly, "the Lord sent me here to marry you." Crash fell the plate upon the door-step. For an instant Betty was staggered, but proved herself a true daughter of Puritan stock by modestly answering; "Reinold, the Lord's will be done." The lover nudged his horse and rode off and the maid went back to her dishes. The following sabbath the banns in verse from Reinold's own pen were posted in the church porch and we know from them that the course of their union was not wholly unimpeded:

"Reinold Marvin and Betty Lee,
Do intend to marry,
Although her dad opposed be,
They can no longer tarry."

They were finally wedded however, and lived prosperously, and when the staunch old Deacon sank into his grave, this epitaph was carved at his head:

" This Deacon aged sixty-eight,
Is freed on earth from *sarvin*,
May for a crown no longer wait,
Lyme's Captain, Reinold Marvin."

C. H. L.

—The stories about Sir Philip Sidney are among the traditions which every well-bred child absorbs. For most of us he remains associated with Pocahontas and the Virginian Cherry-tree, and all that high company,—an object of trust or not according as we retain or lose our faith in childhood's heroes. To all, perhaps, he is known as the courtier, the warrior, the model gentleman of Queen Bess's court,—possibly as the unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Essex's radiant daughter; to comparatively few is he familiar as the poet. On taking up his modest little volume, therefore, we are not surprised to find our impressions of him confirmed; to find his verses decked out in all the frippery of the times—a mental costume of lovelocks and huge lace frills. But let us look at them a little more closely. Are they all mere "diet of thin words?" Granting that the poorest are but verbal stratagems, do we not rise from reading the best of them richer by a thought or two? In the very first he grasps the true poet's secret—a secret which it took the world two centuries to relearn.

" Foole, said my Muse to me, look in thy *hart*, and write."

The scholar, indeed, is often more evident in them than the courtier and soldier. But their great interest for us is in the wonderful outpouring of passion which they contain—a passion none the less real because the manners of the age compelled its expression to be conventional. Not their least charm is the strain of courteous humility which runs through them all, rising sometimes to the height of self abnegation, as when he says:

" That wholly her's all selfness he forbears."

What wonder that they have ever been the lover's breviary! These are not "vain, amatorious things" as the great Puritan has called his other works. They are a tragedy of self-conquest—the cries of a great heart, rent well nigh in twain by a mighty love and a stern sense of honor. Some have believed that honor was the one to yield;—but mark the last of all:—

"Leaue me, O Loue, which reachest but to dust ;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

* * * * *

O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide,
 In this small course which birth drawes out to death,
 And thinke how euill becommeth him to slide,
 Who seeketh beau'n, and comes of beau'nly breath.
 Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see ;
 Eternall Loue, maintaine thy life in me."

As we read such lines, do we not rejoice in the belief that,
 after all, our childish gods are not all of clay? J. N. P.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Canon Farrar is the third distinguished Englishman who has recently addressed us from the college pulpit. He attended the Church Congress in this city and appeared at prayers on Wednesday, October 21. On the evening of the same day the members of the

Church Congress

were given a reception in the Art School.

The Fall Athletic Games,

which were postponed from Saturday on account of rain, were held on Wednesday, October 24 :

I. 100 yards dash—Won by Sherrel, '86, 10½ sec. Leeds and Ludington, '87, tied for second place.

II. Throwing the hammer—Won by Coxé, '87, 81 feet 6¼ in. Farrington, '86 S., second.

III. Putting the shot—Won by Coxé, '87, 32 feet 9 in. Farrington, '86 S., second.

IV. Two mile bicycle race—Won by Kulp, '87 S., 7 min. 22 sec.

V. One mile run—Winner, Lane, '88, 30 yards. Leffingwell, scratch, second. Time, 4 min. 49½ sec.

VI. One mile walk—Easily won by Davison, '88 S., 8 min. 37 sec.

VII. Half mile run—Winner, Bradner, '89, 35 yards. Time, 2 min. 6½ sec. Armstrong, '89, second.

VIII. 120 yards hurdle race—Won by Magruder, '89, 15 yards, in 18½ sec.

IX. Running broad jump—Won by Ludington, '87, 16 feet 5¾ in. Davison, '88 S., second.

X. Running high jump—Won by Goodlet, '86. Height, 5 feet 3½ in.

XI. 220 yards dash—Won by Ludington, '87, in 24½ sec. Ripley, '88, second.

XII. 440 yards dash—Won by Walker, '89, 15 yards. Lev-
erett, '86, 25 yards, second.

XIII. Tug of War—Won by '89. '88: Farrington, Hurd, Stagg and Tillinghast. '89: West, Noyes, H. A. Smith and Ewing.

Officers of the day—Referee, Brooks, '86; Judges, Young, '87, Bond, '86 S., McElroy, '88; Clerk of the course, F. J. Winston, '86; Timers, Crawford, '86, Coddington, '87, Haven, '87; Starter, Robert Winston.

A Junior Class Meeting

was held on October 27, at which Messrs. Kendall, Leeds and Seymour were appointed a committee for securing suitable trophies for the class crew.

Yale vs. Wesleyan.

Poor catching, high tackling and general loose play characterized our playing against Wesleyan, at the Field, October 28. Yale, rushers—Corwin, Gill, Woodruff, Peters, Buchanan, Carter, Wallace; quarter back—Beecher; half backs—Crawford, Watkinson; back—Burke. Wesleyan, rushers—Griffin, Fish, Pike, Wells, Richards, Gordon, Hawkins; quarter back, Smith; half back—Hamlin, Manchester; back—Hutchinson.

The Corporation Meeting

on October 29, will be memorable for President Porter's resignation, taking effect next July.

Yale vs. School of Technology

game, played at Boston, on October 31. Score: Yale, 51; Technology, 0. Yale: rushers—Wallace, Gill, Hare, Peters, Woodruff, Hamlin, Corwin; quarter back—Beecher; half backs—Crawford, Watkinson; back—Burke.

Yale, '89, vs. Hopkins Grammar School.

The freshmen played at the Field on the same day that the university played in Boston. Score: Yale, '89, 60; Hopkins Grammar School, 11. '89, rushers—Pratt, Robinson, Lucas, Corbin, Brooks, Bull, Galt; quarter back—Keefe; half backs—Goodwin, Dupont; back—Reed. Referee—A. Colgate, '86.

A Reception

was tendered the freshmen by Pres. Porter, on November 2.

Yale vs. Crescents.

The fact that Terry captained the Crescents drew to the Field on November 3, quite a crowd of men who were anxious to see him make some of his old-time runs. Score: Yale, 52; Crescents, 0. Yale, rushers—Corwin (Capt.), Stagg, Gill, Coxe, Hare, Hamlin, Wallace; quarter back—Beecher; half backs—Watkinson, Cooley; back—Burke. Crescents, rushers—Austin, D. Lambert, T. Lamarche, W. Forde, Vernon, H. Lamarche, G. Ford: quarter back—Stevens; half backs—Dennen, Terry; back—Smith.

Yale, '89, vs. Williston

game was played at Easthampton, and resulted, Yale, '89, 22; Williston, 0. Elevens as follows: Yale, rushers—Carter, Wilcox, Buchanan, Corbin (Capt.), Brooks, Gill, Pratt; quarter back—Keefe; half backs—Bull, Dupont; back—Reed. Williston, rushers—Wylie, Perry, Arosamana, Hurst, Markle, Luce, Whaley; quarter back—Overton; half backs—Hammond, Mitchell; back—Borun. Referee—A. Colgate, '86.

Y. A. A. Elections.

One of the best attended and most enthusiastic university meetings in our memory was held on the evening of Novem-

ber 7, for the election of officers for the athletic association. The following were elected: President, G. G. Haven, '87; Vice-President, F. S. Kellogg, '87 S.; members of the Executive Committee, McElroy, '88, and Richards, '87 S.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. W. Allen, '88.

A New York City Club

was formed on November 11. F. J. Winston was elected President.

Yale vs. University of Pennsylvania.

Yale played her first intercollegiate championship game at Philadelphia on November 14. The eleven had no support from the college and played a rather listless game, scoring 53 points to 5 for University of Pennsylvania. The five points were made by a kick from the field. The teams were: Yale, rushers—Corwin, Hamlin, Lux, Peters, Woodruff, Gill, Wallace; quarter back—Beecher; half backs—Crawford, Watkinson; back—Burke. Pennsylvania, rushers—Houston, Remak, Jefferys, Griscom, Tunis, Salter, Ralston; quarter back—Fraser; half backs—Rutter, Hutchinson; back—Graham.

Yale, '89, vs. Hartford High School

game was played at the Field on November 14. Score: Yale, 90; H. H. S., 0. The teams were made up as follows: Yale, rushers—Pratt, Le Sassier, Brooks, Corbin (Capt.), Wilcox, Osborne, Robinson; quarter back—Keefe; half backs—Pinchot, Bull; back—Reed. High School, rushers—Cheney, Griswold, Goff, Dennis, Hoisington, J. McCook, Howard; quarter back—Reynolds; half backs—Barnum, Tuller; back—Cooley. Referee—Austen Colgate, '86.

The Lit. Medal.

There were six essays submitted in competition for the Lit. Medal. The essays, with their signatures, were as follows:

1. Burns and Cowper, by "X. Z."
2. Matthew Arnold and the Old Schools, by "Arnold."
3. The Character of Mr. Micawber, by "Ignoramus."

4. The Decline of the New England rural Communities, by "A New Englander."

5. The Light of Asia, by "Philo."

6. Unification, by "Aston."

It was the opinion of the committee of award that the best essay submitted was entitled "The Light of Asia." The committee were: Prof. A. M. Wheeler, Prof. F. B. Tarbell, and the Chairman of the Lit. Board. It was the unanimous opinion of the committee and the opinion of a majority of the present board of editors that the medal should be withheld.

Died in New Haven, November 5, 1885,

John Arnot Palmer.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove suddenly from among us our beloved classmate, John Arnot Palmer,

Be it Resolved, That we, his classmates, desire to express our high appreciation of his warm-hearted generosity and thorough manliness.

Also, we would give some expression of our own deep sorrow, and of our sympathy for his family in their great bereavement.

And be it further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the college papers, and that the members of the class wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

H. S. ROBINSON,	}	<i>Committee for Class.</i>
H. S. STOKES,		
G. A. WATKINSON,		

BOOK NOTICES.

Studies in Shakespeare. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.75. For sale by Peck.

Those who are disposed to deny to Mr. Grant White a very high position as a Shakespearean scholar cannot but agree that few have a greater insight or more appreciative interest in the genius of the great master than the dead critic. Therefore, when Mr. White writes narrative analyses of Shakespeare's plays and miscellaneous studies on his especial theme, he is certain to be read, not only for the sake of his opinions, but also for the charm of his expression of them. A number of Shakespearean studies, which have been published from time to time periodically, are collected in this volume. They have been revised, and to a certain extent condensed and emended by their author.

Mr. White begins his volume by answering the question so often asked—how to read Shakespeare—by the profound response,—“to read him” and “the rest,” he says, “follows as a matter of course.” In mentioning “Troilus and Cressida,” he surprises one by declaring that this neglected drama is one of its author's greatest works—“in one respect his greatest, since it is Shakespeare's wisest play in the way of worldly wisdom.”

Mr. White's character analyses, which he calls—“Lady Gruach's Husband,” “The Case of Hamlet the Younger,” “The Florentine Arithmetician”—are very acute and interesting, while his chapter on the Bacon-Shakespeare craze exhibits the strongest ironical and satirical writing. In fact, he gives the impression of a mighty lion furiously trampling down a mole-hill; exposing the nonsense written in support of the theory in the most ridiculous light, and withal, taking so much pains about it, that his expressions of indifference upon the subject are perhaps a little absurd. The articles on “Stage Rosalinds” and “On the Acting of Iago” are valuable as studies, but as the author himself says, “we cannot ask an actress under fifty years of age to (in stage phrase) play against the house. . . . She must have an opportunity to exhibit herself and her ‘toilettes,’ especially both, and particularly the latter.” And the public is not likely to exchange its villainous idea of a villain for the more scientific creation of Shakespeare himself.

Poets of America. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$4.00. For sale by Peck.

When Mr. Stedman first undertook to make material for this book, it seemed to him that, if only for his own sake, he might better study the English singers first. Accordingly, he diverted his energies for the time, and “The Victorian Poets” was the result. Those who have enjoyed that work are glad to welcome this latter one, the fruit of ten more years' labor, and they find now that the two are fit companions for one another. The design of the second work is to trace the rise and progress of American poetry, make plain its present status, and predict its future. Practically, however,

it will be found most interesting as a collection of essays on several individual poets. Those on Whitman and Edgar Poe were to us especially interesting, though it seems surprising that either should win such a prominent place in such a work. The former in particular, though he merits a greater meed of praise than has been generally accorded him, has certainly fallen far short of his own professed ideals. It seems to us that, if Mr. Stedman has erred at all, he has erred in attributing to him more purity of resolve and unselfishness of conviction than really belongs to him. We can hardly believe that Walt Whitman's popularity will long survive his novelty.

Each of us has certain American representatives in his hierarchy of poets, though few of us have known much or thought much about American poetry as one whole. In this new book, however, will be found very gratifying discussions of individuals and generalizing suggestions which will be of value to all. We are glad to think of a possible school of American poetry growing up from seeds sown by Americans; to think of an American culture that need not ape England's,—of an American art built upon foundations this side of the water. It is gratifying to have the prediction of such a man as Mr. Stedman that these ideals will not much longer remain unrealized.

The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States of America.

By Oscar S. Straus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

This book of Mr. Straus was the outcome of two lectures delivered in the winter of 1883-4. The argument which he follows out is interesting and suggestive, whether we are prepared to accept his conclusions or not. He bases the final adoption of the Republican form of government in the United States primarily to the Hebrew theocracy. Religion was at the bottom of the decision. The Puritans abandoned their native land solely to secure freedom to worship God. In America, the persecuted of every sect found an home, and it was a cardinal principle of colonial life, developed by the mingling of persons of every shade of religious belief, that church and state are not inseparably united by the bands of expediency and the laws of God. He does not neglect the political causes of the Revolution—the Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, etc., but the "parsons" case in Virginia, the fear in New England of the establishment of a Protestant Episcopate, are instances of the strength which religious sentiments gave to the colonists for revolt. To be sure, the doctrine of liberty in spiritual matters sprung not from a spirit of tolerance but from distrust and fear; the effect was the same, however. And the test adopted is well shown in our treaty with Tripoli. "The Government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian Religion."

That which moulded the minds of our forefathers to the desire for a Republican form of government, was the doctrine of the Old Testament. Fully "500 years before Homer sang, and 1,000 years before Plato had dreamed of his ideal republic," the Children of Israel were calling themselves free and equal, and had their representative form of government. It was the influence of ministers in politics—the election sermons, which aroused the people to a sense of their liberties even before the Revolution and which welded

the Mosaic ideas of government floating in the popular mind into strong and active beliefs in "a free commonwealth, a true democratic-republic under a written constitution, 'a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' "

How to Play Whist, with the laws and etiquette of whist, and forty fully annotated games. By "Five of Clubs," (Richard A. Proctor). New York : Harper & Brothers. For sale by Judd.

When one takes up a new treatise of Mr. Proctor's, if he is familiar with that gentleman's productions, he knows precisely what to expect. For this author, though deservedly popular for the lucid charm of his didactic efforts, is notorious among scientific men as being himself unscientific in his methods and (we believe) untrustworthy as regards facts. However, in this book we have been agreeably disappointed. The writer has before this written numerous shorter articles on the same subject, and profiting by the justly severe criticisms passed upon them, has kept out of this manual most of what was bad in them. Nevertheless, we have no doubt that many errors might be found. In the game, for an example, which he speaks of in his preface (Hand XXVII), he allows the success of a play which he is defending to depend upon the, to say the least, strange manœuvering of the player's partner, and the atrociously bad play of his adversary. In another place, in illustration of a certain coup, he carelessly gives a situation in which it cannot possibly make any difference what card is thrown by the player under consideration.

Nevertheless, the book as a whole is good. The detailed analysis of leads is given in a simpler and clearer way than in any other manual, so far as we have seen. The theory of the game in general is well explained, and the games at the end are interesting and instructive. The errors seem to be for the most part such as will not trouble a beginner ; and an expert can have no difficulty in detecting them. We therefore do not hesitate to recommend the book to lovers of whist.

Kansas. The Prelude to the War for the Union. By Leverett A. Spring. Boston ; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

The history of our individual commonwealths is far from hum-drum. From the necessity of the case it could not be so. For the early history of each state represents a field, however contracted it may be, where the ambitions and efforts of men of various types and conditions find free action. We get to the substratum and real stuff of human character nowhere as easily and completely as when we read the life of these early pioneers outlined against the rugged background of a frontier colony. They are untrammelled by the social, and to a certain extent by the political, customs of the regions behind them. Here is free play for all their energies—a land lying open, ready for their possession, and our interest in studying its development is based on the question—given men of certain conditions of stock, character and purposes, what will they do with their opportunities. This latest addition to the series of American Commonwealths we prophesy will be widely read and deservedly popular. The history of Kansas has an interest far above the mere struggle of pioneers with a virgin soil and the hardships of a frontier life. For in Kansas was played out the first act in

the tragedy of the civil war. It was on that distant battle-field that the interests of North and South first came into active conflict.

Here the colonists of the Emigrant Aid Society raised their free soil standard against the Missourians and Arkansans, who desired to possess the land as additional space for the extension of slave-power. The story of the contention, of skirmish and intrigue, of ambushment and fight, is admirably told by Professor Spring. It is a thoroughly impartial account, attributing the success of the free-soilers to their better discipline and skill in taking advantage of the mistakes and oversights of the other side, while through his story runs a subtle thread of humor, which makes the account delightful reading.

The Postulates of English Political Economy. By Walter Bagehot. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Political science has lost a most valuable investigator and expounder in the death of Mr. Walter Bagehot. He was admirably fitted for his work ; liberal, yet not seeking to elevate himself by attacking those great economists who have done so much for the science in the past. The essays which appear in this book are portions of the material which he had collected for a volume which, as Mr. Marshall in his preface says, "promised to make a land-mark in the history of economics, by separating the use of the older, or Ricardian, economic reasonings from their abuse." His object was to define the limits of Political Economy—to show where the accepted principles hold and where they fail. He treats in this book two postulates : "The Transferability of Labor" and "The Transferability of Capital." To make the first principle true within a country, we must have, according to Mr. Bagehot, four conditions satisfied : there must be employment, there must be a sure and stable government, the military system must not be "dependent on localized and immovable persons," the labor must be free.

Captain Cook found in his travels savages who did not understand the nature of traffic ; yet in civilized countries to-day, the freedom and ease with which capital is transferred from one employment to another is enormously increasing ; for capital is growing, competition is increasing, and every instrument of trade is daily becoming sharper and more powerful.

This volume belongs to the "Question of the Day" series—a series for which the reading public owe hearty thanks to Messrs. Putnam.

The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

If Miss Murfree has not proved herself able to take up George Eliot's mantle, which some enthusiastic critic offered to her when "In the Tennessee Mountains" first appeared, she has given evidence of keen character reading, powerful imagination, and a lively descriptive power. She has written too much and too fast, perhaps, for some parts of her books show lack of study, and as Trollope rather inelegantly phrased it, "elbow-grease," but it seems to us that in "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" she had produced a charming story. One *prima facie* evidence of her success in this story is the fact that Dorinda Cayce, in spite of the way she murders English (hers is not a fascinating dialect—it has not the poetic melody of the Scotch), in spite of her enormous ignorance, is as lovely a young

woman as one would wish to see. It is no easy task from such clayey elements to turn out such a rare piece of porcelain. "The Prophet" himself is somewhat disappointing; while from the skill with which the other male characters are drawn, it is evident why Miss Murfree kept her *nom-de-plume* of Charles Egbert Craddock unchallenged.

Louis Agassiz. His Life and Correspondence. Edited by Elizabeth Carey Agassiz. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$4.00. For sale by Peck.

It seems unfortunate at first glance that this biography does not deal very much with personal narrative, nor does it analyze the character of its subject with any especial fullness. Whatever we learn of Mr. Agassiz we find from his correspondence and from a few letters interchanged between his friends, containing allusions to himself. But there is a reason for this. Mr. Agassiz was not a character which demands deep analysis. He was, as a man, simple in his tastes, cordial in his manners, and generous and amiable in his impulses. The world well knows his position as a scientist, but in this biography alone appear the struggles and privations of his early life, when his means were far from satisfying his desires. He was a born scientist—patient, persevering, enthusiastic. When a very little fellow he had his collection of fishes in a stone basin behind the house, and the sympathy which he felt with all animals and the fascination which he exercised over them at that early age was marvelous. At twenty-five he was professor at Newchâtel, and had declined a position in the University of Heidelberg. He rapidly gained a European reputation from his work on "Fossil Fishes," and we see the first letter written to him from America, his future home, was sent by Professor Silliman of Yale. His charming character, as well as his talent, gave him friends like Cuvier and Humboldt, although he rather shocked the latter's primeval ideas concerning glaciers. His trip to America was for the purpose of study, but he made it his permanent home. His life is a living example to the success of simple-hearted zeal, perseverance and fidelity to the cause of science.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

Natural Theology or Rational Theism. By M. Valentine, D.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Practical Economics. By David A. Wells, LL.D., D.C.L. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

High Lights. A Novel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Peck.

TO BE REVIEWED.

Railroad Transportation. By Arthur T. Hadley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With all its peculiarities, American college journalism mirrors with surprising truthfulness the states of feeling, we had almost said the degrees of civilization, prevailing in the several parts of our broad land. The critical reader will easily detect differences in the tone of the kindred publications of our eastern colleges; between North, South, and West the gulf is too wide for the most casual reader to overlook. Here in the north we have reached the stage of devotion to the æsthetic, so well illustrated by the *Century* and *Harpers'*. Sketches and stories whose aim is some artistic form and merit have for the most part replaced the cruder, if perhaps more thoughtful, essays of a generation ago. In the place of interminable epics and other tedious poems descriptive and hortatory, we have a setting, mercifully a narrow one, of verses expressing the mystic yearnings and sorrows to which the tragic undergraduate heart is prone, about a profusion of gems of the triolet and rondeau order, in fact every sort of "bright conceit in meter," if the *Record* will pardon our plagiarism. Whether all this is real progress or only growing frivolity is out of our line of inquiry. It is an interesting fact that in many respects our southern exchanges are in the earlier stage just mentioned. Here is the last issue of one of them whose contents are "What is an education?" (eight pages long and "continued in our next,") "What do the signs of the times predict," and "Capital punishment." The work of all the southern papers is crude by northern standards, excepting always the *Virginia University Magazine*, but their tone is one of intense seriousness, strongly in contrast with the flippancy of some of their northern brethren. For something entirely novel and original, however, one must look to the West, to the so-called seats of learning that have sprung up with such appalling rapidity where lately the majestic red-skin roamed. Every month there come, with a whoop as it were, various ultra-western publications of a most startling appearance as to paper, advertisements and contents, with "please exchange" on the cover. They mean to play no second part to the journals of the effete East and the manner in which they receive any patronizing remarks makes the offending eastern editor glad that the Father of Waters and the Appalachians screen him. A fiery energy, a sort of expansion of spirit suited to their boundless country, but oftentimes too great for the resources of our mother tongue, characterizes them. A certain weekly lately split into two, and now the fragments are abusing each other till our unoffending language is too straightened to contain their adjectives, and "the ripping of it is heard throughout the land." The humor of these western brethren partakes of the peculiarities already mentioned. Take for example the following, from California.

You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of the coming days you may sing.
But sitting down on a red-hot stove
Is the sign of an early Spring.

Here lies the man whose race was won
 By blowing in an empty gun.
 No sooner in the gun he blew
 Than up the golden stairs he flew
 And met the girl on Heaven's green
 Who lit the fire with kerosene.

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Louder,
 Who died while taking a Sedlitz Powder.
 Gone to the land of eternal rest,
 Why didn't she wait till it effervesced?

Or this :

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Or history is wrong ;
 I often wonder why he stood,
 Instead of sitting down.

The boy stood on the railroad track,
 And loud the engine squeals ;
 The engineer got off and picked
 The pieces from the wheels.

The boy stood on the kitchen floor,
 And held his father's gun ;
 The pieces of his human frame
 Are sticking on the sun.
 etc.

Another paper mentions men "who plunge razors and carving knives into their gizzards," and still another cries: "Amelia, for thee—at thy command, I'd tear this eternal firmament into a thousand fragments ; I'd gather the stars, one by one, as they tumbled from the regions of eternal space, and put them in my pants-pocket ; I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor. I'd tear him from the sky and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my love for thee !"

From such impressions of the great West Elihu returns, with a determination "never to do it again," to his friends nearer home. He heartily welcomes the *Harvard Monthly*, and seconds the sentence in its prospectus which declares that "the aim of the *Monthly* is primarily to preserve, as far as possible, the best literary work that is produced in college by undergraduates." He must beg leave to say, however, that the plan of publishing articles occasionally from non-college sources is, in his estimation, just the way to defeat this laudable aim.

There is no more encouraging sign in the field of college literary effort than the recent founding of two such magazines as the *Williams Monthly* has already shown itself to be, and the *Harvard Monthly* promises to be. Those who lament the decay of an undergraduate literary spirit, as shown in the loss of interest in debates, might well consider whether that spirit has

not rather increased, even if it has left the old ruts for a path more in harmony with the ideas of the dawning of the twentieth century. Elihu clips the following epigrams:

What is the tomb? The wardrobe where the soul,—
The curtain fallen and the audience gone,—
Lays by the garb in which he played his rôle,
As Masks return their borrowed robes to pawn.—*Advocate.*

Softly, heart, hast thou inquired
Which is better for thy rest,
To desire the unpossessed
Or possess the undesired?—*Harvard Monthly.*

Her mouth is a half-blown rose-bud,
Her eyes are violets fair,
Her cheeks are blushing Jacqueminots,
Her tresses?—why, maidenhair.—*Advocate.*

Elihu thinks the following worthy of notice, in spite of the third line:

ON MILLET'S ANGELUS.

Dim, distant, tinkling chimes,
That summoned men in olden times
To pray the Virgin grace impart;
Ye solemn voices of a day gone by,
Whose mystic strains of melody
Alike touched peer and peasant's heart;
Your music falters in the fleeting years,
Yet still comes faintly to our ears,
Saved by a master's cunning art.—*Williams Lit.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

One day, while Neptune raged with savage hand
And drove the waves ashore, a hurrying band
With tossing, foamy crests and sullen roar,
I spied a struggling skiff which bore a youth and maid.
Determined he; while she affrighted, said,
With brimming eyes and clasped, trembling hands,
While gazing on the distant, longed-for sands
"Please, sir; do hug the shore."

Another time, when gentle Notus breathed
Upon the liquid lake, and Cynthia wreathed
Her magic spell o'er hill and mountain hoar ;
I saw that skiff and, as before, the youth and maid.
He, stupid, plied an oar with either hand ;
While she, bewitching, pouting, did command,
" Don't *always* hug the *shore* !"—*Chronicle*.

A MOONLIT STREAM.

The moonbeams piercing here and there,
Through weirdly waving branches of a wood,
Or fluttering down as best they could
To cast soft mottles on the maiden-hair,
Saw a low-murmuring stream with tired plaint
Glide between moon-silvered, mossy stones,
And wander on, with low and patient tones
Muttering a prayer like some sweet pilgrim saint.—*Advocate*.

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No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata maset, nomen laudisque VALERII:
Credidit Societas, unanimumque PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1885.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1856, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college-topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 350 pages. The price is \$5.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 3

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '86.

CHARLTON M. LEWIS,

CHARLES W. PIERSON,

EDWARD J. PHELPS,

ARTHUR L. SHIPMAN,

EVANS WOOLLEN.

SILENCE.

UPON few words in the English language has so much been said and written, as upon this word. Preachers have moralized upon it; philosophers have made proverbs on it; and wits have made riddles out of it. Yet how few men realize its significance! The world tests a man by the question—'does he know how to talk.' Seldom does it apply the severer test—'does he know how not to talk.' There is a world of truth, and there is room for a world of thought, in that quaint remark of General Von Moltke's biographer. He says of the great German tactician, "This man knows how to be silent in seven languages."

In the common life of common men reticence in speech is as significant as it is in the diplomatic usages of courts. Of what sort are the silent men whom we know? One sort is represented by the one who says nothing because of sheer mental incapacity. He is not a common character. But he exists. We all know him. He comes into our presence on rare occasions. We treat him with cordiality, and, although he seems peaceable and full of good will, he responds scarcely with civility. He never meets us half way. His mind is as vacant of ideas as his heart is

apt to be of sensibilities. Nor is this an unnecessarily harsh estimate of him. For, after he has gone, and the atmosphere of weariness is dispelled, we fall to thinking what manner of man he is. What may be the meaning of his habitual silence? We are at a loss to account for it. Finally the truth dawns upon us. Our monosyllabic friend possesses hardly one original idea. He says nothing because he has nothing to say. Nothing comes out of him because nothing is in him. Intellectually he is a small man,—one of nature's midgets. Men around him get naught from him, because he does not appreciate what they give him. He is on a par with those much abused mortals, "The amiable woman and the harmless man." May fate be kind and keep him from our door save on occasions when all other opiates have failed to be soporifics.

Another man who seldom speaks is he who cultivates a reticent habit in order to conceal conscious mediocrity. Yet he is shrewd in this. He knows the uses to which taciturnity may be put. He sails under rather false colors. For he gains the credit of being what he is not. Run over in mind the men you know and you will discover him. He differs from the silent individual first mentioned in this only,—the one is of small mental calibre and does not know it. The other is conscious of his mediocrity and studies to conceal it. But how? By the same shrewdness which has enabled him to know himself. He is aware that many men jump at conclusions. He therefore succeeds for a time in deceiving many men. He makes a study of silence, when the natural thing would be to speak. Credulous people reason to themselves, "This person says so little, he must know a great deal." He misleads tolerably good judges of human nature. Only those who have found him out understand that by refusing to talk he conceals ignorance. His reticence is one form of cunning. Not until we come to study him do we appreciate the full value of silence as a shield of protection and a weapon of defence.

In the hands of one who knows its power the effect of this cultivated reticence is marvelous. It can conceal

ignorance, or it can fend off other men's inconvenient knowledge. At one time it can stop all interchange of thought. What is so oppressive as a dead silence when one expects sympathy? At another time it can create conversation which is not colloquy; it is monologue. If your friend will not talk, you must talk. Indeed is not one of the shrewd ways of finding insight into other men simply to let them do the talking? But the designed reticence is not always cunning. Men are not all frauds who practice it. Sometimes and in some men, it is only a wise waiting for the right time to speak. Language used at the right time doubles its weight. How effective at the close of a tempestuous debate are the quiet well chosen words of the one who has sat through the discussion—in silence,—and now sums up the wisdom and the strength of all that went before!

Yet another kind of silence there is, one which I never think of without pity. It is the bitter quiet of disappointment. There is a face which looks as if it might once have been the brightest. It now wears the expression of disappointed hope. It tells of youthful projects defeated, of sanguine expectations come to naught. This man has seen sorrow. His face speaks nothing else. The deep furrows there are almost articulate with a history. They tell of a childhood of want, a youth of toil, and a manhood failure. Is it strange that his is now the face of a silent man? He saw his castles in the glowing coals as did his fellows. But,—the fire burned low and he sits beside its ashes now—silent. Yet, perhaps his silence betokens more. Let us hope that it does. Let us hope that blessed memories are still left which will guide, and make him yet the man he hoped to be.

There are those, finally, who see in silence means toward a noble end. These are they with whom to be quiet means to be *self-controlled*. In an ancient volume of Holy Writ a good man says that he who controls his own spirit is greater than he who conquers cities. One of the sweetest characters in all English fiction to me is that of Cordelia in King Lear. To what injustice is she subjected?

Those dearest to her inflict upon her the refinement of cruelty. The looks she prizes so much are turned away. The few words which would soothe her aching heart remain unspoken. Yet she carries the burden without a word of complaint. How wonderfully does she endear herself to us! She does it simply by meeting maltreatment—in silence. In the whole play she speaks but one hundred and nine lines. Yet we can scarcely believe that she is not one of the principal actors. Hers is that character of which the world has too few. Her emotions are too deep for utterance in words. Hers is the silence which is the synonym of power. Yet it is a power she knows not of. Like all unconscious influence it is the greater for its stillness. For such tenderness and affection as hers language is too rude and coarse a manner of expression. Her thoughts, thus expressed, would lose their chief charm. The truth is that her character discloses its depth by concealing it. The type of human nature is by no means unknown among the men of to-day. Do we not know him, manly and strong, yet tender and true, who is strangely quiet? Possessing perhaps, great physical strength, he yet meets insult without blow or word.

These men and women who practice silence as an element in self-mastery are the men and women who bear the burden of the world's grief. And they who bear the burden of the world are for the most part they who do its work. Those who endure in silence are those who achieve most grandly.

A WISH.

I would I had the gift of song,
To sing in limpid, flowing, rhyme,
The feelings of the soul, which time
Can but prolong.

I would I had the painter's art,
To draw in deathless, changeless, lines,
Through which, in heavenly radiance, shines
The living heart.

I would I had the sculptor's power,
To chisel into breathing form
The tender thoughts, which, rich and warm,
Our lives endower.

No gift, like these—Alas!—is mine,
In simple, fading words must stand,
Written as on the drifting sand,
My love and thine.

Frank Ilsey Paradise.



THE "LIGHT OF ASIA."

THE "Light of Asia" came to supply a want at a time when East and West desired to know each other better; when the science of comparative religions was established on a firm basis; when much interest was manifested in the life and ministry of Buddha. The ideas people had in regard to Buddhism were misty. But this poem not only enlightened them concerning this hitherto almost unknown religion, but also unveiled before their admiring eyes one of the noblest characters that have ever lived. The story it tells is a charming one. The manner in which it is told is extremely fascinating.

It is essentially a heroic poem, though the hero has not the heroism of an Achilles, but that of a Luther; though the battles are fought—not with human foes, but with the mighty forces of cruelty, selfishness and passion; though

its pæans are sung—not in the strains of martial music, but in the serene notes of joy and peace. If elevated style, noble diction and exquisite music, blended in praise of Buddha's sublime moral heroism count for aught, the "Light of Asia" is in the highest sense an Epic.

However, it is of more immediate interest to us to know how much of the work is taken from the original narratives and how much is due to the author's invention; and whether it is the mere stringing together of fossilized legends, or the recoinage of old poetic currency, bearing the new superscription of the poet's genius. A perusal of Spence Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism* and Beal's translation of the *Life of Buddha* will convince any one that the latter is the correct view. Thus, while the outline and the main points of the story have been faithfully reproduced, the poet has taken great liberties with details, and, as he tells us in the preface, "modified more than one passage" of the original accounts in obedience to the laws of poetic art. The *Lives of the Indian sage*, written by native authors, are conflicting in many respects; while those innumerable legends, related concerning him, are only the rubbish, under which the noble edifice which he reared during his life has been almost buried out of sight after his death. They are monstrous sometimes, usually absurd and always childish. For instance, he is said to have had 550 existences before his attainment of the Buddhahood and there is a legend for each of the 550 different states of being—from a pig up to a monarch! In this poem two of these are given entire in the form of retrospective episodes. Out of this mass of chaotic matter, Mr. Arnold has evolved order and created a consistent whole. Moreover, by speaking through a Buddhist priest, who would adorn the story in his own way,—he has been enabled to deviate from the accepted narratives with perfect freedom.

Mr. Arnold certainly possesses one important qualification, which belongs more properly to historians, namely: judicious use of authorities. Though not leaving out the supernatural element altogether, he yet kept it within

reasonable limits. Mr. Hardy's book abounds with legends which are more ridiculous than miraculous. Mr. Arnold has made use of only those capable of poetic treatment. In order to appreciate his task, we must take into account the peculiar drift of Oriental thought and the difficulty of adapting Eastern literature to European tastes. Viewed in this light, his success is remarkable.

Yet, in spite of the great abundance of materials, the inventive faculty of the poet is traceable, not here and there merely, but everywhere. The description of the tournament,—which is full of life and would not disgrace chivalry in its palmiest days—is undoubtedly his. So also the beautiful "pleasure-place," to which we shall refer later on, as well as other things which we can not even specify.

It cannot be denied that in his use of so many phrases peculiar to Christianity, in the idealization of life and character and in the occasional Occidentalizing of Oriental thought, speech and manners, the poet renders himself obnoxious to the charge of willful misrepresentation. But the last is inevitable on account of the strange medium of the English mind through which the "Light of Asia" is transmitted. Idealization is essential, for without it the poem would cease to be poetry. The use of common phrases, peculiar perhaps to Christian civilization, is necessary in order to be understood. The poet does not claim to have made a perfect representation of the life, character and teaching of the Indian sage. He has simply attempted "to convey a just conception of his lofty character and to indicate his philosophy." Those who wish to read a perfect work will have to compile one from their own researches.

It is my purpose to make a critical analysis of the poem to discover, if possible, the secret of its popularity.

The number of episodes will appear to be unusually large, but they have a purpose to serve. They either emphasize character or shed the light of the past or present events. The episode of the swan and those passages which embody the doctrine of transmigration are apt illustrations. Nearly as numerous as these are the miracles

and dreams, which are so many pieces of the mechanism for bringing about the end, when "dawned the light at last" and the salvation of the world was assured. They are highly fanciful and oftentimes exquisitely poetic.

Fanciful images are scattered throughout the poem with a lavish hand. It is enough to mention some of the more striking ones. In the Fourth Book we find this:

"Sweet
As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife."

And further on:

"There dropped, close-hushed,
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know
The lovely garden of his Indian girls."

As the prince placed himself under the ample shade of the Bôdhi-tree,

"The conscious earth
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet."

I am sorry to say that the following is not Mr. Arnold's, for it is the most imaginative passage in the whole poem:

"The evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments."

Mr. Hardy's translation reads: "The evening was like a lovely female; the stars were pearls upon her neck, the blue clouds were her braided hair and the expanse was her flowing robe."

One of the finest things in the poem is doubtless the love-song of Kama's Sirens in the Sixth Book, which sounds like one of Anacreon's odes; while the allegorical personages that figure in the temptation would not have disgraced the pen of Spencer himself.

But our poet excels especially in imaginative description—the landscape painting of the poet-artist. Were not momentous crises, involving the salvation of mankind, re-

calling us to sober musings, we would gladly linger at the "pleasure-place," or give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the glorious sunrise, which the poet's rare skill has depicted for us. Ransack as you will the vast treasure of English poetry and few descriptive scenes will be found that surpass Mr. Arnold's either in completeness and magnificence of conception, or richness of coloring. What is there wanting to the palace in design or in finish? Nature and art vied with each other to render this "love's prison-house stately and beautiful, so that in all the earth no marvel was like Vishramvan." Nor is this the only fine picture, but, indeed, the poem itself is an elegant picture gallery, on some of whose masterpieces the eye may feast with infinite delight, but at others the gazer may perhaps shudder in momentary fear—both resulting from the realistic power with which they have been drawn.

Here is a moonlight scene, in the painting of which, Fancy mixed the colors and Love plied the brush. As the moon casts her silvery light on that "rare company of Indian girls," the witchery of that voluptuous scene seems to steep one's senses with unspeakable pleasure. It will bear comparison with Byron's account of the Sultan's harem in elegance and richness. But in strong contrast to the latter, we have here voluptuousness without impurity, loveliness coexisting with virtue and beauty devoid of the oppressive feeling of bondage.

There are besides two views of sunrise—one occurring before the "enlightenment" and the other close upon the dawn of the spiritual day. They are both resplendently glorious, but the first dwells rather upon the antecedent phenomena of dawn, whereas the second particularizes the consequent effects of the sunrise.

There is still another, which, though lacking warmth of coloring, nevertheless has equal beauty. I refer to the episode of Sujâta, the land-holder's wife. It is full of human interest. But its serenity is its chief charm. Notice how the reverence of the grateful mother is contrasted with the wanton revelry of the nautch-girls and the imperturbable majesty of Buddha is put against the din and

excitement of Indra's worshipers. The original legend from which this has been drawn is very meagre in details ; so that the manner with which it has been treated by the poet well illustrates his ability to extract fine gold from poor ores.

But it is in portraying the horrible and the ugly, that the descriptive power of the poet is seen to the best advantage. In this portion of the gallery, the decrepid man, the leper and those "woe-begone" hermits, who mortify the flesh and deaden the senses, stand out in the strongest light. Surely, not the weird imagination of a Dante, supplemented by the wonderful genius of a Doré, has pictured disease and death visible more vividly than has Mr. Arnold.

There are several passages in this poem which are quite pathetic. They are the prince's farewell to his household, the exhortation addressed to his horse and the episode of the woman with the dead child.

We have as yet noticed only the beauties of the work, and now a few words in regard to the blemishes are necessary. It is too bad to have interwoven in some of the finest lines such strained conceits as these :

"Soft speech and willing service, *each one glad*
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey."

"*Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake*
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make,"

"When was fond love so pitiless to love
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?"

Much of the poetry that we find here will unquestionably be characterized as artificial by the judicious critic. It may or may not be a valid excuse to say that the poet was influenced by the tendency of the age to artificial development. For ours is an age of hot-houses and forced growths. We breathe in an atmosphere of excitement, the heat of which is supplied by the "rage to live" and the undue haste to acquire wealth. The competition is so great that the training which forty years ago made great

statesmen and eloquent orators and successful merchants no longer suffices. We must expand more and grow more rapidly than our ancestors in order to keep abreast with the times. Hence, transplantings are made from the congenial soil of the country to the hot-houses of the city with certain injury to the human plant. Hence, the artificial training and abnormal development we see on every hand with the concomitants of failure and disaster. In poetry this tendency is seen in its affectation and vagueness of expression. When magnificence is substituted for sublimity, fancy for the imagination and elaborate description for dramatic presentation, we have indeed witnessed the triumph of art and the extreme refinement of art.

But the greatest blemish of this otherwise admirable poem is the dwindling of the interest at the end. The climax is unfortunately placed in the Sixth Book ; an anti-climax follows in the Seventh, while in the Eighth the interest dies out altogether. The reader, naturally judging the end by the beginning, and expecting a progression of interest as the narrative proceeds, is disappointed. For, what promised to be a magnificent conclusion proves to be an interminable string of abstruse doctrines. He asks for the bread of poetry and has a stone given him. It may be that the poet, playing the part of a Buddhist priest, felt in duty bound to give a prominent place to the teaching of the beloved master, but it is nevertheless a blemish when measured by the rules of art.

This imperfection, however, is redeemed by a great excellence. For the manner with which the character of Gautama is delineated is above reproach. On this the poet has devoted all his powers. He has made the various parts, including incidents and episodes, dreams and miracles, work out one grand design, namely, to illumine the personality of the Indian prince. But while it is not disputed that the original Prince Gautama was a lofty character and a great man, we suspect the poet has indulged his hero-worshiping propensity in idealizing him, though not so much as to ignore his human attributes. Mr. Arnold's Buddha is decidedly a man, for he himself says to Sujâta :

"Long be thy bliss !
And lightly fall on him the load of life !
For thou hast holpen me *who am no god*
But one, thy brother."

The perverseness of human nature has, however, in after-time made him a god superior to all other gods. It is evidently as a man that Buddha's character, as well as his environment, life and philosophy, possesses interest for us rather than as the founder of a great religion. Thus, even if Mr. Arnold has done naught else for the "mutual knowledge of East and West," the clearer conception of one of the most conspicuous figures in all history, which his work has produced, would entitle him to praise. In all that Buddha said and did, the poet has never failed to bring out his meekness, gentleness and wisdom. In moral elevation he towers above his fellowmen as Mount Sumeru overtops the surrounding peaks. It is to be regretted that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Arnold was obliged to leave out the account of the temptations to which Buddha was subjected by his household, and which we find in Mr. Beal's translation. For, from it we learn that the conquest of his passions was complete even before his setting out and consequently he was endowed with firmness to resist the temptations of Mara himself.

But by far the most prominent quality of this noble character is compassion for the sufferings of living creatures that yielded fruit in self-sacrifice. The poet lays special stress on this, desiring to show the controlling principle of his hero's actions and the source whence came his power over the hearts of men. Though he is held up more for our admiration than imitation, yet, even to this day, the record of him who loved the poor, the despised and the down-trodden is able to kindle a glow in every benevolent soul. The liberal-minded will look behind the absurdities of the system to marvel at the purity of the founder's life, reverence the tenderness of his heart and the greatness of his mind and rejoice that by him Asia was taught justice, purity and love.

There is no attempt to make much of the minor charac-

ters. Yasôdhara is amiable and sweet, meek and obedient as we know Oriental ladies are. Still, you can see that the poet has cast over her and her surroundings the glamor of romance, so that she reminds you of an ideal English wife rather than the inmate of an Eastern harem.

Suddhâdana is a good King and a loving father. But his attempt to "shut out fate" puts him on a level with that Pharaoh who "hardened his heart." As for the rest, they have no qualities deserving of particular notice.

It would be an oversight to leave Buddha's teaching unnoticed. Some of his doctrines seem most strange to a Western reader, as, for example, that of transmigration and the Nirvâna. But the belief in the former has not altogether been confined to Asiatics nor to Buddhists, for the Egyptians first and after them the Pythagoreans embraced it; the latter is but its logical outcome. For, whatever may be the laws of continual change, which is the condition of transmigration, there must be a limit in the ascending scale of being, some state into which

"life glides

Lifeless to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed Nirvâna—sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes!"

This is only an escape from life "which is woe"—the keynote to all the philosophy of Brahmans and Buddhists. Now Buddha did not originate those ideas, but finding them in existence in a degraded form, it may be, he pushed them to their legitimate conclusions, or restored them to their pristine purity. He was really a reformer, and stood in the same relation towards Brahmanism as Christ towards Mosaism.

As a matter of fact, the tenets of Christianity and Buddhism bear a surprisingly close resemblance to one another; but this will not be wondered at, since science proves conclusively that the children of men have a common heritage of natural religion and that it finds expression in their codes of ethics.

But truly wonderful is the almost exact parallelism between the history of Christianity and of Buddhism.

Both were the offshoots of older religions which neither succeeded in reforming. Both have flourished since on foreign soil after having been transplanted from their native lands. Their development, too, has been in many respects similar, but how different are their fruits!

To-day, there is a gigantic struggle going on in the East between the two greatest systems of religion that have ever asserted spiritual dominion. On the one side is a faith which ever renews its youth; on the other is a religious system from which the spirit has long since departed. The issue cannot be doubtful. The utter degradation of Buddhism in modern times is the best argument for its overthrow. It has served its purpose and outlived its usefulness. Its beams of truth shone brightly in the midnight darkness of the world's history, when men could not bear a stronger light. But a greater light has since arisen, and as the morning star turns pale at the approach of the sun, so the Light of Asia fades before the splendor of the Light of the World.

Yan Phou Lee.

AWAKENING.

Swiftly the steps of dawning steal on night,
And skim the crescent sea with rosy tread;
The sad sky dimples into smiling light
Born of the morning after night.

The pale green glory of the ocean's bed,
The wayward sea-flirt wheeling in its flight,
The stately lily's passionate bent head,
The flower's first shy unfolding to the sight—
Still voices of the dawn when night has fled—
Are swelling high the anthem of delight
Born of the morning after night.

F. C. Clarke.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW FACE.

I HAVE in mind one of the fairest districts of the Empire State,—a land of gently swelling hills and fertile valleys, rich-tinted woods and tidy farms,—a region which possesses in fuller measure than any other in our country the quiet beauty of the English landscape. Scarcely more than one man's lifetime, however, suffices to take us back in imagination to the days when the dense forests of hemlock and hickory with which it was then clothed were just beginning to hear the settler's axe. Then it was that Colonel Rutherford (he had won his title when very young, in Washington's last campaigns) had steered his *bateau* up the Unadilla, and struck by the beauty of a little knoll, slightly projecting from the hilly border of the valley, had pitched his camp thereon, and afterwards built him a hut of logs, the only one within twenty miles. Other settlers were not slow to follow him, and the valley had soon exchanged its sombre uniformity for the raggedness of fields uncleared of stumps. The Colonel was more fortunate than his neighbors, however, in that his estates across the Hudson saved him from the hardship of winning his bread and bacon from the virgin soil,—a superiority which soon asserted itself in his building, by the side of the original cabin, a fine large house, full of nooks and crannies, huge chimneys and spacious attics; and here, not long after, he brought his young wife and infant son.

In these surroundings Maurice Rutherford grew up, a healthy, active lad—yet very fond of gazing, from the vantage ground of his father's knee, into the grand old fireplace, listening to wonderful stories of Revolutionary times,—fond, too, a few years later, of long, solitary excursions, with gun or rod, in the forests round about;—fondest of all, perhaps, of poring over those strange old books in his father's ancestral library. Yet Maurice did not fulfill the expectations of those who saw in him a student of high promise. As was natural with one whose life had been

so entirely to himself, his college experience was marked by something of a falling away from old ideals. He was known to his classmates as a clever, good-natured fellow, inclined to get the utmost of enjoyment from every passing phase of college life. Yet he was rather the laughing-stock of his comrades for his occasional intervals of deep depression, contrasting strangely with his usual high spirits. We, however, who are privileged to have a closer knowledge of his early history, need not be surprised at these inconsistencies, which, indeed, had never been foreign to him. One experience in particular of his younger days had clung to him with singular persistence. He remembered well the winter when his father had gone a long journey on urgent business connected with his estates, leaving him, a lad of eight, alone with his mother and the care of their large household. But it was not the dreadful illness with which his mother was stricken down soon after, with all its anxieties and journeyings through miles of snow-drifts in search of country doctors, that made the profoundest impression on his boyish mind; but rather that strange, vague feeling of dread which had come to him before his father's departure,—a dread vastly keener than any common childish fears,—more real than all the mysterious terrors which, for sensitive children, reside in darkness and the long wakeful hours of the night. Such as it was, however, he refused to find in it, as he reflected upon it in after years, more than the nervousness of a petted child, and thought with much satisfaction of his courage in giving it no expression.

So, too, in these his maturer years, his intervals of reverie often received a prophetic turn. Do you remember the words of the great analyst of mystery? "There is no point," he says, "among the many incomprehensible anomalies of the science of mind more thrillingly exciting than the fact that in our endeavors to recall to memory something long forgotten, we often find ourselves *upon the very verge* of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember." Just so thrilling were these waking dreams which at times pursued our hero; not, however, leaning

upon the past, but conveying distinctly to him the impression that their full meaning would be known to him sometime in the future. Such frames of mind, as we have seen, had long been familiar to him, and, save for the moments of their presence, found him skeptical of any significance they might seem to have. Judge, then, of his perplexity, when such forebodings seemed consciously to come to pass. Each fulfillment, whether real or apparent, come though it might only at long intervals, would startle him more than the one that had gone before. It occurred to him,—indeed, in his more serious thoughts he was well nigh convinced,—that upon him had fallen a divine gift of prophecy,—a gift the most solemn and most mysterious that had been vouchsafed to man. Such a gift he might once have welcomed gladly and used wisely; but now it was useless to him—nay, even burdensome. For now his forebodings were mostly of a gloomy nature, containing the inkling of some trouble in store for him or others; their fulfillment, too, depended on some act of his, perhaps only trivial in itself. It was not that a light, easy-going nature such as his was greatly concerned that troubles should sometime come; but it was insufferably irksome to him to be thus made responsible, in a measure, for their coming. And then there was the uncertainty still haunting him, whether, after all, he was not merely the victim of a morbid fancy. Thus he lived in a state of constant rebellion at what he deemed his unkind fate—a rebellion which would only merge into sullen obedience when the day of his visitation came.

It was on his return home after completing his college course that Maurice met for the first time Ginevra Marwell, the beautiful and only child of Richard Marwell of Unadilla Towers. He was a worthy scion of an old and honorable family, and a boyish friend of Colonel Rutherford. Largely at the Colonel's solicitation, indeed, he had settled in the Unadilla valley, and not many rods from his old friend's house, in a grove of majestic pines, had built a large, battlemented mansion of the fashion then in vogue, decked with a profusion of porches and ambitious

turrets. Ginevra was a woman to win the heart of any man, especially of one whose fondness for life was so keen as Maurice Rutherford's. She, too, found much to fascinate her in his happy disposition, tempered, as it sometimes was, with a mysterious air, half of pain, half of abstraction, which piqued her curiosity exceedingly. True love in this case, ran with course remarkably smooth as well as swift; it was a short month before the day was appointed on which they were to wed. Those weeks of waiting were very happy ones for Maurice,—doubly so because of their unwonted freedom from his old forebodings. Only once had they recurred to him, and seemed to warn him from his intended marriage; but then he had had the power to cast them all away, and was rejoicing in the belief that he had conquered a delusion which, he had feared, would embitter his whole life.

Christmas eve—the wedding-night appointed—had come at last. All the good people from the country round about—old settlers and new—were assembled in festal attire at Unadilla Towers. Marwells and Rutherfords of all degrees and connections were there—those who had scarcely learned to spell out their names in the family Bible, and those who had already deserved a place in the family burying-ground. The old Colonel—now past sixty, bald and florid—was resplendent in his Revolutionary uniform, and narratives which had done equally good service. But Ginevra, everflowing with genial attention to one and all,

—“ she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of the goodly company !”

Was it claimed that she and her young husband were a little inclined to keep all to themselves that charmed circle beneath the mistletoe? None so ready as she to make amends. She proposes a new pastime; the guests must tarry for a moment, while she should hide; and alas for her jealous lord if he be not first in the pursuit! All joined in with full accord, and did not notice the sudden change that had fallen on Maurice Rutherford. The old visitation was upon him as it had never been before. Doubtful

no longer, he knew in his innocent soul that Ginevra's innocent vagary would bring upon them both misery too terrible for thought. Yet how prevent her? A moment is needed for him to conquer the fear of that ridicule which must follow the attempt; for even she will laugh him back for a Sir Melancholy. That moment of hesitancy was too long;—she was gone already.

What then? Was his presentiment true? Was there, in a far corner of Unadilla Towers, an old spring-lock chest, and was there found in it years after a mouldering skeleton and a bridal wreath? For this, it seems, was well nigh the only way in which she could bring this new foreboding to fulfillment. Or did he, after an anxious search, find his laughing bride hiding away in some dark closet? In other words, was this presentiment, with the others, the morbid working of a mind too early overwrought, of a conscience not quite at ease;—and was that joyful reunion the final awakening from the hideous nightmare of his youth? Reader, you know the facts as well as I; perhaps your judgment may be wiser than any I could frame.

John N. Pomeroy.

THE RISING MOON.

Merrily o'er the meadows of the sky
A host of stars are dancing, silver bright,
While gently wafted breezes, flitting by,
Play them sweet music, and, with glad delight,
As gayly laugh the happy stars on high,
Their laughter is reflected in the deep,
Where the fair moon is lying fast asleep.

Then from her crystal palace 'neath the sea,
The round-faced moon, their queen, in silence glides,
And the frightened stars grow still, and fearfully
Each one behind night's spreading curtain hides,
And from the moon's bright presence seeks to flee,
As she draws nigh in all her splendor dight,
Earth's silent monitress, the queen of night.

William McCormick.

A PACIFIC LIGHTHOUSE.

JUTTING far out into the sea and high above the level of the *mesas* which skirt the coast north of the Golden Gate, is a lofty ridge, a shred of stubborn rock, which has boldly withstood the advance of the hungry Pacific while its more yielding surroundings have gone to feed a gnawing appetite, never to be appeased. One pleasant spring day several years ago saw a party of four of us toiling along the rough road which led to the "Light" on the outermost point. We were a prey to a contagion as common among country lads as the measles, but usually coming at a somewhat later period of life. Our blankets and provisions showed that we were on a camping trip while cases filled with saw-dust and bran marked us out as victims of the "egg fever," the immediate symptoms of which were longing desires to obtain the nests of the sea fowl who made their homes on this bleak headland. At length we came to a halt before the low house which served as quarters to the small force of Light-house employés. Here the first beings that met our eyes were a slatternly woman in a calico dress, with a terribly dirty tow-headed child, apparently much afraid of strangers, tightly clutching its mother's thumb and timidly hiding behind a fold of her dress, with a forefinger thrust in its dirty little mouth. Both mother and child gave one a very clear demonstration of the uncivilizing influence of such isolation, and furthermore were conducive to such views of Punta Reyes house-keeping as to thoroughly decide us in the belief that we had better stay out doors, in spite of the cold. While we were asking as to the possibilities of pasturing our horses, and obtaining fuel and water, the head keeper sauntered up with profuse and profane greetings, and utter astonishment at our mission. But his ill-concealed contempt for our motives did not prevent him from extending the most liberal hospitality, and inviting us to stay as long as we pleased. Having deftly parried all invitations we

were advised to seek a dilapidated chicken-coop as the only available wind-break, and this was transformed into quite a dwelling, complete, even to the roof, which latter, by the way, fell in upon us as we might have expected.

After a frugal supper we went to pay our respects to the house and found a set of characters there which were worthy of far better portrayal than I can give them. Our host was a Mr. Pooler who had grown old in the service and was full to overflowing with yarns and anecdotes, which had been securely bottled up for six months at least. Such a stream of unreliable statements, common sense, and oily profanity it has never been my lot to hear. Then there was Mr. Toohey, first assistant, a silly, good-natured old Irishman, whose shining social qualities had been for so long hidden under a bushel that his effusiveness was entirely overpowering. The second assistant seemed to have forgotten that there was any such thing as society, only speaking when previously addressed, and occasionally delivering himself of soliloquies in the form of nautical ballads which never figured in any Sunday school performances, nor even in the relaxation of a Christmas tree festival.

In the course of our call Mr. Pooler insisted on arresting our entire attention, probably on the ground of his autocratic power over his inferiors, while poor Toohey could only occasionally interject how "terribly glad he was to see us."

"What are we doin' with that chicken-house when we aint got no chickens?" says Mr. P. "Why, we aint doin' nothing, except use it fer wood. Ye see, Bull, the man as was here before, had an idee that he could raise chickens, but bless ye he couldn't." "What was the trouble?" we asked, "did the hawks bother him?" "Hawks nothin'!" was the reply. "It was sea lions as et them fowls." Here he paused and waited for us to exhibit astonishment, but we knew better and mildly remarked that it must have been a hard task for the afore-mentioned animals to climb some 600 feet of rock for a paltry fowl. Then you should have seen the smile of superiority which found a resting-

place on his countenance as he proceeded: "Wal, you air green; why the wind blowed 'em off, and them critters down below found it out, and every time a storm 'ud come up the hul raft of 'em would be hanging around on the wind'ard side waitin' fer brilers. Ye never would believe how intelligent they gets until ye know 'em; and they kin be made useful, too. Why, Cap'n Bull tole me that before the fog-horn was up whenever it 'ud get thick enough to be dangerous, that he'd send Toohey here down to poke 'em up, and they'd give ships the fairest kind of a warning, for where them fellers is there's pooty sure to be rocks; hey, Toohey?" "Yis, begob," says Toohey, rejoiced at the chance, "there was ole Ginerall Grant down there thin, and he'd make more noise than the hull gang together, sure he was a darlin, he was; he was bigger nor a horse, and oh my, what a voice he had. Ah, that ole Cap'n Bull was a smart man and a good fellow, too, and he didn't begrudge a man a bit of an eye-opener of a cold day—" "Shet up," remarks his chief, and Toohey relapses into incoherent and profane growls.

We next remarked on the isolation and monotony of the life and on this theme Mr. Pooler waxed eloquent. "Day-times there's nothing to do unless it's foggy—" "Sure *we* have to do it all," begins his lieutenant, but a look crushed him, and his superior resumed, "And night's there is nothin' but tendin' your watch, and seein' that cursed lamp go round, and the rest of the time yere stirred up by fights amongst these — women folks, who haven't got enough to do to keep their mouths shet. Thank goodness we aint got but one family near here now, so they can't be no more hen fights." Mr. and Mrs. Second Assistant having retired, these remarks were feasible, though whether they would not have been uttered in any case remains a matter of question. After a harangue which lasted far into the night and which covered literature, theology, and every other known subject, we thought best to depart, and it was then that the good Toohey, who had staid out his time for sleep, and was going on duty, was grieved and became lachrymose at the thought of our ex-

posure. He offered us his bed and insisted on our occupying his room, at least the refusal of which request pained him deeply. "Sure me eyes is wake," he remarked in explanation of his unseemly emotion, "and I got some tar in thim to-day, and it made me think of the many times I've sat on a fince and spit at pig's eyes and the pore divils would—" but we cut short his lecture on swine optics by bidding him good-night and seeking our shelter. The first thing that met our opening eyes in the morning was Mr. Toohey's ruddy countenance, smiling upon us and wishing us a very good day, and what was better, bringing us a pail of water. He looked around rather anxiously until his eyes rested upon a large bottle labeled "Pure Grape Juice," which had been brought along as a preventive of malaria, and an antidote for rattlesnakes. And here by way of explanation I would remark, that there is a Legend to the effect that no rattlesnake ever bit a man whose system was thoroughly inoculated, without the immediate discomfiture and death of the reptile. Our caller continued to gaze with wistful eyes and we, grasping his meaning, handed him a dipper in which he proceeded to pour a tremendous pull. It was necessary to interrupt him for selfish reasons and one of the party hit upon a brilliant inspiration, "I thought they didn't allow you keepers to drink?" The desired end was accomplished, the bottle was slowly corked and laid down. "Sure Pooler isn't here now, and who'll know the difference." Nobody ever did excepting ourselves and the depleted bottle.

After breakfast we started on our quest in a most general way, for none of the men could give us the least information on subjects so entirely beneath their notice. The result was that we soon became discouraged and sat down to admire the beautiful outlook, and watch the movements of the thousands of sea lions, and birds so far out of our reach. From our lofty vantage ground we could see far out over the calmest of seas, till the bottomless blue of the clear sky, and the darker hue of the ocean blended, with nothing to mar their union save the jagged rocks of the Farrallone Islands some thirty miles to south-

west. Six hundred feet below us every ledge and slope within forty feet of the water was crawling and alive with sea lions, whose continuous roar was almost deafening. A huge fellow would clamber up out of the surf with his grey coat glistening in the sun and laboriously working his way along to some coveted ledge, would calmly poke a smaller occupant out of position, regardless of the prospect below. They crawled over each other in a fascinating tangle and squabbled and roared, till we were tired of the sight and fired a rifle-ball down amongst them to see the effect. The wildest scene of confusion ensued, and a perfect stream of animals seem to issue from the rocks. They rolled and crawled to the nearest ledges and tumbled overboard head-first from heights of twenty or thirty feet and within half a minute there was not a sea lion in sight. After our spectacle we concluded to accept an invitation to visit the "light" and its fog horn, and it was while climbing down the innumerable steps which led to the latter, that we met our fortune. Far below the railing we saw a sloping ledge fairly covered with cormorants and nests, which, to make a long story short, I succeeded in robbing despite the advice of the rest.

Well, I can remember how narrow the rock seemed and how the sea dashed up against the cliffs a hundred feet perpendicularly below, and that I was *not* cool and collected, I have as evidence eggs with the numbers of their set so nervously written upon them that one figure can scarcely be distinguished from another. Having filled my hunting coat pockets with about forty eggs I reached the top and my anxious friends, with a sublime sense of success. How anxiously we counted those precious green ovals, and packed them carefully away, and how proud we were when we found that they were of a very rare species and worth a dollar and a half apiece. For although we had no desire to sell them, there was an unlimited satisfaction in thus getting the start of our rivals.

Next day after shooting a few birds, and packing our possessions, we bade good-bye to our entertainers and left them all hospitably requesting our return, with the excep-

tion of our wily friend, Mr. Toohey, who insisted on walking half a mile to open a gate for us, and who was still smacking his lips as we drove over a ridge and out of sight. And he was the only one of our entertainers whom I ever happened to meet afterward. One day while riding along a country road, I saw a horseman coming toward me, who seemed a trifle unsteady in his seat, and as we were passing with the usual "How are ye?" he stopped his horse short and dived into his hip pocket in a way that made me fear that a robbery was about to be perpetrated, but looking back I beheld a flask wildly waving in the air and returned to recognize our Hibernian friend who was in a very happy condition and almost fell off his horse from excess of joy. "Here, take a dhrop wid old Toohey; sure Pooler isn't here, and who'll know the difference?" Sure enough, who did?

William Kent.

NOTABILIA.

UNLESS the unforeseen should occur to prevent, another number of the LIT. will contain the names of St. Elihu's guardians from the present Junior class.

The class is probably aware of the qualifications which ought to be present in a LIT. editor. Therefore anything said to them in general upon this point would be little more than a repetition of what they already know. Upon two points only do we wish to lay stress.

First: remember that literary taste and judgment is quite as essential as the ability to write a good essay. The men whom you select will frequently have to decide between pieces whose merits differ but very slightly. Get good critics, then, men of sound literary judgment.

Second: be honest with yourselves. Eliminate as far as you possibly can every element from your choice save that of the fitness of the men between whom you must choose. More responsibility is thrown on you by your vote in the

LIT. election than is by any other election during your college course. The number of candidates promises to be fairly large. Let them all have the fair play to which every man is entitled. It is due them all, and you will be most apt to see that they have it if you resolutely ignore any personal feeling which you may have.

As announced in the LIT. of October, the Semi-Centennial of the Magazine will occur in February, eighteen-eighty-six. It is the plan of the editors to issue then a number whose contents will be entirely furnished by graduate editors.

If the written or verbal pledges which have been made are in all cases fulfilled, this number will contain pieces by the following gentlemen.

'37, Hon. William M. Evarts.

'37, Prof. Chester S. Lyman.

'41, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell.

'49, Hon. F. M. Finch.

'52, Hon. William W. Crapo.

'53, Ex-Pres. Andrew D. White.

'53, Mr. Charlton T. Lewis.

'59, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury.

'61, Prof. Edward R. Sill.

It will be seen by the above list that the number will be one of peculiar interest to Yale men. The expense of issuing the number will be very considerable, and the editors would most earnestly request the financial support of the college.

It is very seldom that the college at large can help materially the athletic men. It can and does give them its financial and moral support. But it can do little or nothing toward actually lightening the labor of men who are at work to keep up the athletic standards. Therefore if ever an occasion does arise when we can afford material aid we should welcome the opportunity.

The time seems to have come when Yale men can show to how much Yale enthusiasm really amounts. How much is the college world really willing to put itself out

for the sake of college athletics? A plan is on foot, inaugurated, Elihu understands, by the Rowing and Base-ball managements, which will affect the undergraduate department very considerably. It is proposed to have Chapel exercises a half hour earlier in the morning than at present. This will give an hour extra every morning for recitation purposes, as a half hour is at present lost between half-past nine and ten in the morning. Then it may be necessary also to put, for the seniors, two hours of recitation work on Wednesday afternoon. If these two changes in the schedule of recitation work can be effected it will be possible to leave free every day for the whole college the hours from four to six in the afternoon. These changes are proposed chiefly because the rowing men will be unable to get together at any other time in the day, to such a degree do their recitations conflict.

This plan is one which has for some time been in vogue in English Universities. There it is customary to leave two hours in the day entirely free from college work of any sort. On pleasant days it is said that few men ever think of staying in their rooms during those hours. A plan of something the same character is also in vogue at Harvard.

Now it requires considerable of a moral struggle on Elihu's part to urge Yale college to get up half an hour earlier every morning. He values his own morning nap too well to be ignorant of the fact that its loss is a thing of mighty import. Likewise the two hours on Wednesday afternoon. They will come hard at first. But only the most thinly attended optionals will be scheduled for that time. The faculty will probably be willing to make these changes if they are convinced that the college desires them made. It rests, therefore, with the individual. A University meeting will probably be called soon and the pleasure of the undergraduates asked. It is really a very little thing for Yale college to do in comparison with the work which members of the University crew do for Yale college, and it is a rare good chance for individual Yale men to show how much they are willing to do for the men who are willing to do so much for them.

PORTFOLIO.

—English critics think American novelists pay too close attention to character analysis. Perhaps this is the most striking characteristic of the American novel, and it is in this, if in anything, that it differs from its modern contemporary, the English novel. While the English novelist devotes himself to types which are more or less generalizations he has deduced and formulated, the American novel writer portrays individualism. The similarity of Mr. Black's characters all show how much the modern English novelist aims to paint class types, while on the other hand, we see in many of Mr. Howells' characters direct studies from life. This love of analytical character-development is no new phase in the American novel. Even Hawthorne, born as he was in a time when the mysticism of poetical traditions wrapped itself about him, and while he sat in the weird solitude of his Old Manse garret, with the wind moaning in the chimney and bats gibbering among the rafters, far from devoting himself to any wild fantasy in Rembrandt colors, calmly gave himself up to character analysis, and reached in the completion of *Hester Prynne*, a master-piece of this art. To what extent the modern novelist should carry character-analysis is of course a matter for his own taste and ability to decide. A novel should not be a mere photograph of life, utterly without color, but should be rather an oil-painting affording possibilities of artistic expression. And the present tendency of artistic expression in the modern American novel lies chiefly in its nicety of character analysis. English critics may sneer at this principle, and call it mere "mechanical reproduction," but as long as it yields such artistic and skillful results as Mr. Howells' "Silas Lapham" and "Indian Summer," we shall have little to fear of the American novel finally becoming too prosaic and severely correct.

L. H. P.

—There is a picture in the rooms of most upper classmen, which, if they will but calmly consider, when in a meditative mood, will bring more thoughts trooping through their minds than all the rest of the miscellaneous mixture of art and bric-a-brac to which their domicile gives storage-room.

I am not going to call up before you any of the conventional portraits of female beauty, which you must acknowledge form a large part of your mural decorations, but would refer you to the picture of your own class, taken on the Freshman fence. You remember well how you used to long for that promised land, until one day you went out to Hamilton Park and earned your privilege, as all good Freshman have done before you, since such a custom began. You may also be supposed to remember the festivities that evening, and the thorough consciousness of individual and collective grandeur, which inspired you as you sat upon its rails in the days which followed, a self-complacency which you will probably never again feel in the course of your undergraduate existence. Now, some two years later, in looking over those faces, you are carried back to your thoughts, on that pleasant June day, when out of respect to the Sophomores you chose an hour for your portrayal which found them all laboring on annuals. You find that everything has changed since that time, and that the class is not the same to you as it was. Your views are different, and you find characters have changed as much as faces, men have risen and fallen in your estimation as you never would have thought possible. Granted that you are in a pleasant vein with the world rolling serenely, your uncharitable thoughts are mellowed down and almost obliterated by pleasant remembrances. For there is almost sure to be something agreeable in the course of every college acquaintance. Some have left, whom you scarcely knew, and you even forget their names. Others, perhaps intimate friends, have slipped from your life and glided almost out of the thoughts which come in the round of college work. And there are a few whose memory is saddened by death. All your feelings are but a foretaste of what you will experience hereafter, when looking back and again entering in thought upon the narrow but pleasant life of your college course. I am sure that at such times you will take pleasure in covering the faults of your classmates with a veil of charity, and that you will agree, if we may believe those who have graduated before us, that there is very little that is mean in college, as compared with what one meets in the outside world, where the struggle for existence naturally tends to make men more selfish, and moreover, that what meanness there is, is far less than we

imagine it to be. If a liberal education pretends to do any good outside of the limits of the disputed curriculum, it should be to so broaden one's views that he might look with more charity on his fellows at the end of his course than he did at its beginning.

K. W.

—It is inexpressibly exhausting to read the effusions of those little poets who are perpetually trying to write something impressive. In striving after nothing but the sublime, they either fall directly into the bathos, or else present to the reader a succession of strained passages that are only cloying. Often, too, with still less of real inspiration to carry them through, they may simply trust striking combinations of sound to tickle the ear at the mind's expense; or they cover up whatever common place ideas do occur to them with such an impenetrable veil of elaborate language that one can hardly believe that there is not really some sublimity behind it all. The so-called Lake Poets, having risen in revolt against those who are thus guilty, ought, it would seem, to satisfy our cravings; but, unfortunately, they have gone to another extreme, and as a school, are almost as unsatisfying. They determined to have nothing to do with elaborations of language; to trust for their pathos and their sublimity only to the sentiments that they had to express—not at all to the expression of them; and, moreover, to confine their attention to the sufferings and joys of only the simpler classes of men. Wordsworth possessed happy gifts that just suited him for the task he undertook, and he was able so to idealize the commonplace as to fit it for general attention. But Southey, on the other hand, was preëminently the man who ought not to have connected himself with the enterprise. He lacked utterly this gift of Wordsworth's. The true poet may indeed tell of simple scenes and incidents of humble life, but he represents them as clothed in that same spirituality which our own minds are glad to draw about them. Southey, however, leaves facts as bare as he finds them. He refused to make pathos and sublimity in words alone, and he was for the most part unable to instil either into his ideas. It is therefore by no means a misfortune that so much of his work is being (or already has been) consigned to oblivion.

—The aim of all art is to express poetic ideas; whether the artist employs musical tones, or a combination of colors,

or articulate words, his purpose, the realization of a poetic impulse, is ever the same. But these modes of interpretation, similar as their aim may be, cannot be intermixed without becoming obscure, meaningless. The present age is an important crisis in the history of music, halting as it does, indecisively between the conventionalism of the classical school, and the broad freedom of modern theorists; and the point at issue, the stumbling block of the classicists, lies in their reluctance to surrender their beloved art to be used merely as an aid to the better interpretation of another art, less dear to them. For this is indeed the fundamental thesis of the new school: that music must be joined to poetry, in subservience to it, for the beautification and elucidation of the latter. A marble statue, bedaubed by the painter's brush, has at once lost its beauty and meaning. But the fact that poetry becomes doubly poetical by the addition of sympathetic music, inspired by it, stands unquestioned. It is on this basis that Richard Wagner, the advocate of a new school of art, establishes himself. The opera has long been in need of reform. Gluck tried to accomplish it, and Weber followed later on, but their efforts resulted in bringing it only a little nearer the truth, their error lying in the old fault of making music the all-important element. Wagner's opera, on the other hand, depends for its value entirely on the poetical side; the musical portion is merely an adjunct; certainly an essential one, but nevertheless, but secondary in importance. Widely differing as Wagner's style seems to be from the formalism of the old masters, it is from Beethoven, the greatest of them, that he claims to have his authority. In the remarkable finale of the Ninth Symphony, a work than which German genius has never achieved a greater (if we except "Faust") where Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" is wedded to Beethoven's sublime strains, he has chosen to see all barriers between music and poetry broken down, absolute music at an end, and the faint streaks of a new dawn arising. His opinions are certainly extreme, his judgments often unnecessarily harsh, yet he is deserving of more attention and patience than the fierce adherents of an old and well-tried style of music grant him. In the first place, the theory which he has advanced, and which has, during the past few years, been a matter of earnest debate, has been misnamed. It is not the so-called "Music of the Future,"

but the "Art or Art-work of the Future." Its aim is the impartial union of music and poetry, to the end that each may supplement the other—music, the language of emotion, expressing what poetry is incapable of, and *vice versa*. Wagner's further theory in regard to the commingling of all the arts in one perfect whole, to be achieved in a musical drama of vast proportions, can only appear Utopian; the passion music of the middle ages, unconsciously, approached much nearer to this end than any of the operas that Wagner has ever produced. But his prime motive, that of elevating poetry by the aid of music, and producing thus a perfect blending of "the twin-born harmonious sisters," should receive careful attention from all lovers of true art, before they cast him aside as a bombastic theorist.

W. McC.

—Still it might be claimed (somewhat as follows) that what Wagner does is rather to elevate music by the aid of poetry, than the reverse. When we listen to the symphonies of the great masters, we experience emotions of the same nature, perhaps, as when we read poetry, only much more vague. When one has been hearing any of Beethoven's work he feels as if he had actually gone through suffering and joy; but just what suffering or what joy it was, the average amateur cannot tell. The office of poetry united with music is rather to furnish a nucleus for the latter to grow about, than to be itself the real kernel that the other part only protects and embellishes. Whenever one reads Schiller's ode, "An die Freude," he certainly experiences marked sensations; but when he hears Beethoven's choral finale in the Ninth Symphony he is conscious of equally marked sensations, arising not from the sense but from the sound. By attending to the words, or knowing Schiller's ode beforehand, the listener merely gives to his emotions a certain degree of definiteness which they otherwise could not reach. And so, too, it may be said,—whatever the Wagnerian theory may be about the fitting of music to preconceived ideas verbally expressed,—that the real result of Wagner's work has always been to enlarge so vastly upon the ideas in his libretto as to make the musical score by far the most conspicuous part of the combination. However that may be, and even if critics do call Wagner's theories bombastic, they have probably already made an end of calling his labor futile.

—The other day in reading an old, obscure history of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, I came across the quaintly told story of a boyish hero, which stirred me oddly, and may be worth repeating. He was a little drummer boy of twelve years old—a great friend of the commander's—in that detachment of British soldiers which Walpole led to death in the pass of Tubberneering. The rebels had formed an ambush in this pass, and completely entrapped the troops, whom they outnumbered five to one. During the hopeless confusion of the massacre of his regiment, when it seemed impossible to form the men for flight, the boy sprang upon a prominent rock near the entrance to the pass, and by beating the retreat till his arms could beat no more, he did much to save one small detachment from that butchery. He was taken captive, and with the other prisoners was led away to execution—for the rebels kept no Protestant prisoner—toward the town of Gorey. On all that march he constantly witnessed the inhumanity of his captors wantonly torturing and maiming those who were even so soon to die the most horrible deaths. All the way he was led with his hands tied behind him and his drum slung upon his back, forced to listen to the gloating rehearsal of his captors of the sickening details of the butchery about to follow. But just outside the village a thought struck the rebel leaders: they had no drummer! Why not make this brave young fellow help them in their triumph over the massacre of his regiment. He was called to the front and a big, burly pikeman, undoing his hands, commanded him, with a prick of his pike, to unsling his drum and let them hear his bravest march as they entered the town. The little fellow drew himself proudly up, and the blood rushed to his cheeks, but he made no motion towards obeying beyond unslinging his drum and placing it on the ground. In an instant the points of a dozen pikes were leveled at his body. He looked round him and a shiver ran through his body, then waving his little hand, he jumped upon the head of the drum and broke through the parchment, crying, "They shall never say that the king's drum beat for the reb—" and through a half dozen pike wounds his soul went forth to meet his colonel's.

H. R. G.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Princeton's inability to play the annual game in New York on Thanksgiving day caused a lengthy correspondence between the managements in the two colleges. Captain Peters finally met Captain DeCamp in New York. Saturday, November 21, was agreed on as the date of the game. In order to decide between New York and New Haven as the place of playing, it was thought best to call

A University Meeting

for Wednesday evening, November 18. After thorough discussion it was resolved that college sentiment favored New Haven. Captain Peters thereupon decided that the game should be played here on November 21.

Yale vs. Princeton.

The attendance at the Yale Field on Saturday, November 21, was hardly smaller than that which is usual at the Polo Grounds on Thanksgiving day. About three hundred were present from Princeton and were heartily supported by Harvard's seventy-five representatives. Altogether, it was the largest—4,500 were present—and the most brilliant assemblage that undergraduates have seen in New Haven. Princeton won the toss and kicked off at 2.30. The ball almost immediately went to Princeton's twenty-five yard line and was repeatedly kicked over the line by Watkinson. The third attempt by Watkinson at a goal from field was successful. Five points scored for Yale at the end of thirty-seven minutes. The ball did not leave Princeton's ground during the first half. In the second half Princeton played a more energetic, offensive game than in the first, and very soon had the ball within Yale's ten yard line. Our team now did the finest playing of the game. The ball was gradually forced back by play that was mechanical in its accuracy and phenomenal for steadiness. Captain Peters displayed the utmost coolness and control over his men. Despite the almost frantic efforts of Princeton the ball was forced within her half. Three downs

give the ball to Princeton, Lamar kicks, Watkinson punts in return to Toler, he muffs and Lamar gets the ball, skillfully dodges the half and full backs, and makes a touch-down, from which the winning goal is kicked by R. Hodge. Five minutes are left in which Beecher makes a fine run to the twenty-five yard line. Time is called with the score Princeton 6, Yale 5. The teams were as follows: Yale—Rushers: Peters (captain), Woodruff, Lux, Carter, Hamlin, Wallace and Corwin; half backs: Watkinson and Bull; quarter back: Beecher; back: Burke. Princeton—Rushers: Adams, Harris, Cowan, Cook, Irvine, DeCamp (captain) and H. Hodge; half backs: Lamar and Toler; quarter back: R. Hodge; back: Savage.

Yale vs. Wesleyan.

Our team, owing to bad weather, had not practiced since the Princeton game and was consequently in poor form on Thanksgiving day. About 4,000 were present at the Polo Grounds. Notwithstanding some good running and kicking by Beecher and Watkinson the first half closed with only sixteen points credited to Yale. The playing very much improved in the second half and the score was raised to 61—Wesleyan 0. Our team was the same that had played against Princeton, except that Hare filled Lux's position.

The Freshman Glee Club

will be composed of the following men:

First Tenor.

H. J. Sage,
J. R. Ensign,
J. G. Ewing,
D. M. Barstow,
E. J. Gavegan.

Second Tenor.

S. L. Smith,
L. C. Dupont,
W. C. Williams,
H. L. Magruder,
W. W. Ames.

First Bass.

E. G. Putnam,
G. G. Kenedy,
W. B. Goodwin,
J. T. Whittlesey,
E. E. McCandliss,

Second Bass.

J. Underhill,
W. H. Corbin,
C. H. Sherrill, Jr.
G. C. Peck,
J. C. Hosea,

L. A. Storrs.

A Freshman Class Meeting

was held on December 9 to consider the discontinuance of flag-raising. A series of resolutions was adopted after considerable discussion, whereby the class are bound not to hazard the Junior Promenade by raising class flags.

Warren Samuel Yates,

while duck-hunting on November 26, was driven out into the Sound by the wind and was found dead in his boat the next day. Death had resulted from exposure. The following resolutions were adopted by his class:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in his inscrutable Providence to remove from among us our beloved classmate, Warren Samuel Yates, be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1887, would testify to his ability, courteous, unassuming demeanor, and thorough unselfishness, which have at all times won our high regard.

Also we would give some expression of our own sorrow at his death and of our sympathy with his family in their great affliction. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the college papers, and that the members of the class wear a badge for thirty days.

F. S. CHASE,
D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, } *Committee for the Class.*
J. R. SHEFFIELD,

Edward Winthrop Reid,

of the class of 1886, died of typho-malarial fever at Lakeville, Conn., on December 12. The following resolutions have been adopted by his class:

INASMUCH as God in his Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend, Edward Winthrop Reid, we, his classmates, desire to give expression to our profound sorrow at the loss of one whose consistent Christian character and unselfish life have ever commanded our respect and affection.

And we would further testify to our appreciation of the rare privilege which we have enjoyed in the presence among us for so long a time of an influence and an example such as his.

Also, we would convey to his family our deep sympathy with them in their affliction, and as a token of our own sorrow would wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

WILLIAM A. BROWN,
CHAUNCEY W. GOODRICH, } *for the Class.*
EDWARD J. PHELPS,

Items.

At the Thanksgiving praise service on November 22, solos were sung by Miss Turner and Mr. Crehore, and a quartet by Messrs. Langdale, Kellogg, Smith and Bennett.—G. H. Young, '87, has given \$650 to the Field Corporation.—Mr. Corwin has been unanimously elected captain of the foot ball team for 1886.—The *New Englander* will hereafter be issued monthly as the *Yale Review*.—Mr. Henry T. Terry, '63, has been appointed instructor in Municipal and International Law.—Mr. Edward G. Bourne was at the same time appointed instructor in Mediæval History.—Professor Phillips has issued a Connecticut Almanac for 1886.—The sophomore class met on December 3 and decided to use their influence against flag-raising.—The Sheff. Gun Club has received a challenge from the Harvard Gun Club.—A ministerial club has been formed in the college.—There are sixty-three candidates for special honors.—Mr. Porter Sherman, who entered Yale with '69, is here to get a diploma and is studying with the senior class.

BOOK NOTICES.

Italian Popular Tales. By Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.50. For sale by Peck.

The new fields which science is continually appropriating to herself, seem often at first sight to be very foreign to her rightful domain. Yet, it is one of her peculiarities that she seizes upon the common, and every day, discovers new meanings in the things hitherto set down as empty and valueless, and finally stamps them with marks of a far higher currency value. She finds material to work upon everywhere. At first glance, the tales and legends handed down by the mouths of peasants and laborers, seem a most unproductive field for science's cultivation. The question might naturally be asked, What practical good can there be gained by tracing out their beginnings or even in classifying them into their typical forms. This is the work which Professor Crane has done in Italian folk-lore. Yet there is a deep scientific interest attaching to his work not at first apparent. For while examining the sources and meaning of these tales, we are approaching the hidden fountain of human thought and imagination. We are gathering material (in obscure corners and by-paths of life to be sure) yet legitimate and valuable material for the far-reaching, though undefined as yet science of man, and the course of his development. To obtain material

for philological study such researches as these cannot be passed over lightly—while there is surpassing interest in following out the pathways which the mind of the infantile man trod in his journeys to find amusement for himself and to give pleasure to his neighbors.

Perhaps these stories found their way from shore to shore, from land to land. We know that some of them made the journey. Resemblances between the primitive folk-lore of the different peoples are too strong to be overlooked. Greek myths and Italian fairy tales go hand in hand. Cupid and Psyche is the type of the "King of Love" and many similar tales of Italy. Perhaps these fancies appeared in the human mind at similar stages of its progress and owed their birth naturally to the overflowing imagination of each people. They may have sprung as the flowers in spring—we can sometimes find no seed.

It was but a few years ago, comparatively, when the Grimm brothers introduced to the reading world the stories of German lore. They gathered them from far and wide, rescuing them from a speedy death—since to-day we learn more by the eye than by the ear.

They are not childhood's especial property—these Italian tales—but belong to a more extensive library than the nursery bookshelf. Mr. Crane has done his work well, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have done their work no less successfully.

The Idea of God. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

What comes from Mr. John Fiske's pen is always worth reading. Although we may not hold to his way of thinking, his opinions are formed upon the grounds of solid thought and careful investigation. Besides, he has a manly, robust, way of expressing himself, which lends a charm to his clear and simple style. In this volume is published an address delivered before the Concord School of Philosophy, preceded by a long introduction and followed by a few pages of notes. His object was to write a sequel to his "Destiny of Man," clearing up misinterpretations and misrepresentations of his views there expressed and at the same time to trace out the historical idea of God and elucidate the changes of opinion which the rapid growth of modern knowledge forces upon the adoption of thinking men of to-day. His views come under the head of anthropomorphic theism, as the philosophical term is. Perhaps we had better let him speak for himself, as he does in words which imply no vagueness of thought or doubtfulness of import: "When from the dawn of life we see all things working together toward the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of Man, we know, however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, that God is in the deepest sense a moral Being. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find Him out; yet put thy trust in Him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail: for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal."

The results of scientific investigation may have greatly modified the prevalent idea of God—but nothing of value has been taken away from the conception. Rather, every new discovery in every scientific field but magnifies and glorifies the idea and name of God.

Railroad Transportation. By Arthur T. Hadley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

The author's name is sufficient introduction of this book to a Yale reader. Mr. Hadley has more than a local reputation for versatile scholarship. When, therefore, he devotes himself to a specialty, as is the case in the book before us, there are very few indeed who cannot pause and read with profit. This is doubly true when the subject under discussion is one so universally important as modern railroad management. Its teaching should have wider audience than those who desire knowledge of modern railroad-ing because it bears directly on their business ambitions. To such, "Railroad Transportation" comes with the authority of a master. But any man who aims to keep abreast with the progress of nineteenth century civilization, should read some book, revealing as clearly as does Mr. Hadley's, the almost supreme importance of railroad growth, as the greatest agent of development, both industrial and intellectual. When people can fully realize this view, it is not unlikely they can bring themselves to a juster appreciation of what rights railroads really have. A great railway system is not a country grocery store in its simplicity. It requires genius to control one at all.

Yet this is not taken into account by a great many people and by a great many laws. To be sure, chicanery and fraud in railway management have been common enough to shake people's faith, but on this account there is a popular impression abroad, that every road is a great corporate power organized to profit the few at the expense of the many. This view is based on ignorance of what railroads really do, and against what practical difficulties they work. If the popular mind could only receive the knowledge in Mr. Hadley's book, it would have a basis of information on which to defend itself against what is really unjust in railway management, while at the same time being ready to uphold railroads in what is good in their methods. The latter part of the book gives a bird's-eye view of the way European states are legislating about railroads, and offers a very interesting comparative study.

A Mortal Antipathy. First Opening of the New Portfolio. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Peck.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes opened his New Portfolio there was naturally a great interest in the mind of the reading public to see whether his pen had lost the grace, or his wit the sparkle, of fifty years since. The interest has been satisfied and the question has been decided by many with an affirmative vote. For in spite of occasional sallies of wit and bits of writing which flash with the power of other days, the first opening of the New Portfolio is disappointing. "A Mortal Antipathy" shows the natural decline of talents which some of Holmes' admirers termed genius. He is as graceful as ever, but his graceful writing is confined to a narrow path. He is not writing for the public now. We feel that he is writing for a circle of friends in Boston. Yet the first opening of the New Portfolio has proved to be interesting. It would be praised highly were not the name on the title page, "Oliver Wendell Holmes." It is an unfortunate fact—but a fact, nevertheless—that a writer is expected to keep up to the end the once high key of his productions.

It is a very strange tale, *A Mortal Antipathy*, but its flow is continually

interrupted by passages which read a little too much like odds and ends of a forgotten Portfolio of his long past youth. Maurice Kirkwood is as remarkable a hero as one could wish—a scholar—handsome and athletic—but subject to the power of a fearful antipathy. Arrowhead village is aroused from one end of its main street to the other over the mysterious stranger. Gossip finds little to tell, however; Lurida Vincent, the redoubtable secretary of the Pansophian Society and valedictorian of the graduating class of the "Corinna Female Institute" is as much at fault as the valiant reporter who attempts to discover an answer to the puzzle. But the effect of a severe fever and the influence of good Dr. Butts, whose double plays quite a number of parts in other books of Holmes, is too much for the secret—it must come out. So Kirkwood, thinking his end at hand, discloses that the object of his antipathy is not colors nor cats, but woman. Strange to say, in spite of his antipathy to woman's immediate presence, the charms of the beautiful bow-oar of the Institute's racing crew has captivated the unfortunate youth. An old gypsy fortune-teller years before had told him the cure of his malady, a cure by woman's hands—such prophecies from such sources always come true—in stories. Therefore, while he lies helpless, not able to raise his head from his pillow, the house takes fire. No one dares to attempt his rescue and he is suffocating. But the muscular Euthymia, bow-oar of the aforementioned crew, lends her strong arms and mighty courage to the emergency, and carries him wrapped in a blanket from his danger. A wonderful reaction takes place in Kirkwood's nature, his wonderful escape from death seems to change the poles of his being. Instead of an aversion to Euthymia's presence he feels the greatest desire to have her near him, and the inevitable and delightful result follows. They love one another, and linking their fortunes, (Maurice's being of course abundant), they live happy ever after.

It is very agreeable reading, but all the same, we wish that Dr. Holmes did not own the book as the last-born child of his imagination.

The Complete Poems of Charles Dickens. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

White, Stokes & Allen have been publishing a series of poems in parchment covers, each poet receiving a different flower ornamentation in the upper left hand corner of the volume. All the poems of Dickens are contained in this odd and tasteful pansy-adorned number. It is small and would be smaller if the songs which occupy a large number of pages were stricken out. Dickens was not a poet, although George Eliot, Thackeray and other distinctively prose writers might lay claim to the title; but he wrote some very pretty verses. The Ivy Green and A Christmas Carol are perhaps the best known and deservedly so, while the humorous and political verses are Dickens' own. In the "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" he gives full play to his extravagant humor, and the notes in their mock gravity double the effect of the fun. In an edition of 1839, it has been profusely illustrated by George Cruikshank's inimitable handiwork, but because he in his later and austere years he took the liberty to alter and emend the ballad, the author of the preface uses the majority of his pages in venting his sarcasm upon the unfortunate artist. It is deserved, perhaps, for his scruples were Miss Nancyish and his inference unwarrantable.

The Enchiridion of Criticism. The Best Criticisms on the Best Authors of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by William Shepard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Mr. Shepard introduces these selections of criticisms very modestly. He is a little distrustful in regard to the truth of the sub-title which the publishers have used. But he certainly has accomplished his aim, in preparing the volume. For it is difficult to see how he could have found fairer criticisms or selected his sources from a wider field. Under Byron's name, for instance, we have criticisms from Landor, Scott, Goethe, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lowell and Matthew Arnold. Under Macaulay we have the names of Emerson, Mrs. Browning, Taine, Whipple, Matthew Arnold. Mr Lowell's verse figures largely in quotations on American authors. It is interesting to see how he strikes the bottom virtues and defects of their writing in cutting a line or two, while the prose of others labors in trying to reach the same end. It is not fair, certainly, to estimate an author by the words of another solely (a rival, perhaps), but Mr. Shepard has so wisely grouped his criticisms that if we regard an author from the different standpoint of each separate critic, we cannot fail to come to a right appreciation of the peculiarities of the genius of the writers here criticised.

There is a danger in trusting too much to books like the subject of this review. Its tendency as an handbook is, no doubt, to lessen one's energy for individual research and study. Yet it must be regarded solely as an handbook, and its generalizations ought not to be esteemed as more than merely suggestive. If Mr. Shepard had enlarged his book so as to include critiques on philosophers and scientists as well as artists alone of literature, we would have more for which to thank him,—perhaps, a volume may be forthcoming which will supply this lack, and we should wish no better compiler than the editor of the *Enchiridion of Criticism*.

The Hermit. A Ballad. By Oliver Goldsmith. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$3.00. For sale by Judd.

The Inca Princess. An Historical Romance. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$2.50. For sale by Judd.

We are reminded by the sight of these handsomely illustrated volumes that the holiday season is at hand. Both "*The Hermit*" and "*The Inca Princess*" are types of those Christmas books which for the next year will lie on the parlor-tables of many homes; unopened, except by the chance caller who studies their pictures to beguile the time usually taken by the average lady to make herself ready to receive her guests. These are the direct followers of the old-time gift books such as the "*Token*" and the "*Keepsake*," but they have great intrinsic merit—their fine illustrations. The ballad of "*The Hermit*" owes its illustrations to Mr. Walter Shirlaw, while the pictures in the "*Inca Princess*" are engraved from the paintings of Church, Chase, Davidson, Pyle, Fredericks, Schnell and Smedley.

The poetry of the latter volume is not of the highest quality, but we are not particular about reading matter in a distinctively illustrated book, and these engravings are capital. Altogether these books show the skill and careful workmanship of the Lippincott Company.

Through Spain. A Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the Peninsula. By S. P. Scott. Profusely illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$5.00. For sale by Judd.

The Queen's Empire; or Ind and Her Pearl. By Joseph Moore, Jr., F.R.G.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$3.00. For sale by Judd.

Both these books also owe much to their fine illustrations, but they are written in a pleasant narrative style and treat of subjects that cannot but be interesting. Although of late a large number of books on Spain have appeared, they have for the most part described features of the country familiar to tourists; but descriptions of Merida, Ronda, Segonia, Salamanca, Leon, and Oriedo present a field fresh to most readers. The bull-fight, which has been detailed a thousand times by writers, here again forms the title to a graphic and interesting chapter. The character of Don Carlos, whose name has been frequently mentioned in connection with the recent death of King Alphonso, is here described with no flattering adjectives, quite in contrast to those bestowed upon his handsome face and kingly bearing.

The Queen's Empire reads like the letters of most travelers who observe keenly and delineate clearly the striking features of the countries and peoples they visit. Mr. Moore is a traveler of no ordinary routes, but he is well-known as the author of "Egyptian Obelisks" and "Outlying Europe and the Nearer Orient." His position as a member of various geographical societies entitles him to speak with authority as to his travels and his easy style of description and narration makes it no hardship to read his experiences. The illustrations of the former book are very numerous, but not especially good. Those of the latter include fifty superb phototypes selected by George Herbert Watson, Mr. Moore's companion on his trip.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

Othmar. A Novel. By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

The Industrial Situation and the Question of Wages. A Study in Social Physiology. By J. Schoenhof. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Brain-Rest. By J. Leonard Corning, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

The Golden Treasury Calendar. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Bird Ways. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

A Political Crime. The History of the Great Fraud. By A. M. Gibson. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Elihu has been reading, or to speak more precisely, peeping into his exchanges, and as is his wont after such mental gymnastics he has fallen to musing—and moralizing. Now moralizing, however objectionable *per se*, or even grotesque in a youngster, is certainly the inalienable right of a dignified old *bachelor* of fifty, especially when his spruce young brother the *Crimson* has just delivered himself of the following startling statement: "Bob Ingersoll will lecture to-night at Yale on 'Myth and Miracle.'"

Be not alarmed, gentle reader. The *Crimson* is by no means a deliberate falsifier, but quite the opposite. If the daily papers announce that Mr. Ingersoll will lecture in New Haven, no fair-minded man, surely no fair-minded Yale man will blame our Harvard magnifier for making Yale include New Haven. It is only another instance of the results of the Cambridge institution's method of instruction. Along with their Latin and Greek they are letting go of their Geography. The only drawback to Elihu's complacency is that the above statement will be copied from Dan to Beersheba, and finally find its way to the eyes of certain timid parents of orthodox proclivities. Another item that has just begun a promising career is to the effect that "President Porter of Yale has resigned after performing the duties of his office for forty years." But these bits of information have but started on the rounds of college press. As good an example as can be found of a veteran, grown old in the service, is this: "the Yale freshman class contains thirty-one colored students." It would be safe to say that this tribute to the good taste of our college-going colored population, which first appeared two or three years ago and had a brief run, has been reprinted in two-thirds of the college journals of the country since its resurrection a few months ago. How it originated is a mystery. Perhaps it sprang full-grown, like another Minerva, from the head of some editorial Jove. At best Elihu hopes that along with certain other ideas it may reach the college of New Jersey before the Millennium, and there be mired in the mud, that it may return no more to vex the earth.

The above are by no means unusual specimens of the trustworthiness of the average college news item. Elihu does not mean to utter a wail over the misrepresentation of colleges by the press. Such a plaint would be trite beyond measure, though the outside press is usually the object of execration. The outside press is inaccurate, but usually through motives of partisanship and the desire to be readable, i. e. sensational. The college press is unfortunately prone to the fault, without the motives.

A certain professor recently remarked that in his occasional reading of college journals he never yet saw a statement of facts with which he was familiar that was absolutely correct. His observations had certainly been unfortunate, but the remark savored altogether too strongly of truth to be palatable. Before the age of college papers the average undergraduate knew nothing about affairs in other colleges; now he knows a good-deal of truth mingled with some fiction too preposterous to find a moment's credence

were the subject matter different. From his safe height as a publication in which general college news has no place, Elihu can look with a little mild wonder at these things. Of course, a certain amount of error is inevitable, even in the first statement of a series of facts, arising from the haste of the writer and the mistakes of printers, and one can scarcely be expected to verify every probable statement that he sees fit to copy from another journal. But when youths who might be expected to strain at the tiniest gnats of logic or philosophy make haste to swallow such camels as the item in regard to our freshman class, a little moralizing seems scarcely out of place.

The other day, while pondering on the evanescent character of college literary work, Elihu's eye lighted upon something that looked like an old friend, in the "Wit and Wisdom" department of the *Chronicle*. Further search disclosed the same thing in the *Troy Polytechnic* marked "selected." Elihu wishes to state, in pursuance of the accuracy that he has been inculcating, that this poem which he gives below first appeared in the *Yale Lit.* for 1846, vol. x, page 376.

A MATHEMATICAL LOVE SONG.

The *cone* of my affections, love,
Hath found a *base* in thee;
The *square* of joy, if thou complete,
Add but thy smile to me.

If I were skilled in *figures*, love,
Or could use *symbols* well,
I'd raise a *pyramid* of praise
Where all thy charms should dwell.

The *total sum* of happiness,
Is *equal*, dear, to thee;
But if I'm *minus* thy sweet smile,
The world is *nought* to me.

Let not the *line* of all my life
Run *parallel* to thine,
But in that blissful *angle* meet,
Where Hymen is the *sine*.

Let endless *circles* represent
My constancy to you,
And *series infinite* of years
Shall prove my love is true.

The *cube* of happiness, whose *root*
I see in thee alone,
Equals the *highest* form of love
Divided among one.

Oh! I am that *divisor*, love,
The *quotient* is for thee,
And we together *multiplied*,
Love to *infinity*.

Would that I of *boundless* love
The *logarithm* knew,
For *natural numbers* can't express
The *half* I feel for you.

If thou'lt *approximate* to me,
I'll leap not to despair,
Describing a *parabola*
Through boundless fields of air.

But troubles shall in *tangents* fly
Beyond the farthest *pole*,
Oh! thou *perimeter* of hope,
And *segment* of my soul!

While engaged in this sort of thing Elihu would like to reproduce a poem from the *Courant* of two or three years ago, which seems to him eminently worthy of being reprinted.

EDNA.

The red sun rolled
Out at the wicket in the west,
And to the porter, like a guest
Parting, cast gold.

Quick as he passed,
The warder grim who lies in wait
Behind him, drew the shadows' gate,
And made it fast.

More than the gold
He strewed, the red-faced robber stole,—
At twilight carried Edna's soul
To some dark hold.

Left but the purse
Robbed of its wealth, purloined the glow
Of life,—but the thief may not go
Beyond my curse;

I marked the way
He went adown the twilight'vale,—
I'll follow after and prevail
To wrest his prey.

The day grows late,
Night comes. I may no longer bide,
I'll find her on the other side
The wicket gate.

Below are two Sonnets. The first will appeal to the soul and deeper feelings, the second to the fancy, of many a reader.

Dreamt I to-night the dream of yesternight,
Sleep ever feigning one evolving theme,
Of my two lives which should I call the dream?
Which action vanity, which vision sight?
Some greater waking must pronounce aright,
If aught abideth of the things that seem,
And with both currents swell the flooded stream
Into an ocean infinite of light.
E'en such a dream I dream; and know full well
My waking passeth like a passing spell;
But know not if my dreaming breaketh through
Into the deeps of heaven and of hell.
I know but this, of all I wish I knew:
Truth is a dream, unless my dream is true.

Harvard Monthly.

Down in the pasture, cool, that sweet June day,
I lay, beneath the thorn tree, half asleep;
Beside the brook that winds its lazy way
Through shady glades and sunny meadow sweep.

Down through the orchard, then, I saw her pass
Bending beneath the rosy, bee-sought boughs;
Across the meadow ankle-deep in grass;
A-down the narrow path worn by the cows.

Till in the brook she stood. The blushing tree
Shook down its petals o'er her shapely head;
The wanton waters kissed her snowy knee;
Her soft, brown eyes met mine, she turned and fled.

'Twas long ago yet, even now, I laugh
When I remember how I scared that calf!

Chronicle.

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THE

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque Valenses
Cantabunt SUNDLES, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1886.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

JANUARY, 1886.

No. 4

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '86.

CHARLTON M. LEWIS,

CHARLES W. PIERSON,

EDWARD J. PHELPS,

ARTHUR L. SHIPMAN,

EVANS WOOLLEN.

SOME TENDENCIES OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

AS a man approaches the close of his college course, it is pertinent to inquire what is the most striking and lasting impression that the four years have left on his mind. It is certainly no feeling of advance toward the goal of a perfect knowledge. The child who chases the setting sun has fewer misgivings in regard to it than the student fresh from an astronomy examination. The ignorant countryman will explain the facts of nature about him with a serene confidence unknown to the scientist. In each case one feels that he has about exhausted the subject, and at any rate has an ultimate authority that is infallible, in the person of a father or some local wiseacre. The other no longer is sure of his own knowledge, and belief in the ultimate authority has vanished. Study has taught him to look at the world in a different light; old dreams are dispelled, old idols broken, and in their place has come a distrust of former faith and fancies.

This spirit of iconoclasm, I maintain, is the most prominent mark left upon the mind of the earnest student by his college course. That this is not the generally accepted idea, I am well aware. At first blush such a claim may

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sound absurdly false, but for proof of it let any senior appeal to that self-consciousness of which he has become so sensible in these latter days. The movement in this direction has been most noticeable in the studies of the last two years, but it has been going on, nevertheless, through all the classics and mathematics of the first two, from the time when, as a freshman, he began to be weaned from his preparatory school ideas. How much of what he once left unquestioned does he now put faith in? The historical myths from which he drew enthusiasm and inspiration? They are mostly exploded. Their heroes? It is disheartening to find how little remains of many a one of these, when once he has been stripped of the Joseph's coat of falsehood woven by the idolatrous fancy of chroniclers.

Or is it to be found in the Natural Sciences? By no means. The comfortable philosophy whose axioms were "firm as a rock," and the like, has vanished before an intangible theory of gyrating, undiscoverable atoms. In Psychological matters the case is still worse. Does any one take delight in discovering, (if that can be called "discovery" which takes away apparent verities and leaves nothing in their place), that the world about him is not what it appears to his senses to be? Nor is one comforted by the reflection that Space, Time and kindred terms, which always seemed familiar enough, have proved on investigation to be little more than subjects for speculations and discussions, at whose meaning he would scarcely hazard a per-adventure. In religious faith, is not the tendency the same? Men are prone to exchange old beliefs for doubt and distrust. The most devout are sometimes almost appalled as they seem to discover how little undisputed ground theology possesses.

All this, as has been said, gives a man no feeling of gain in positive knowledge. No truer metaphor was ever conceived than that one which makes knowledge a light whose added brightness only serves to make greater and more apparent the perimeter of the enclosing darkness. To be sure, the added light strips many a ghostly Empousa of its mystery and terror. But it does more; along with credu-

lity it destroys much that one would be loath to stigmatize by so hard a name,—much that some would fain keep. This element might best be distinguished, perhaps, by the word romance, taken in its broadest sense. An age of romance is an age of faith. This is an age of fact, when men walk by sight, not by faith. There seems to be a natural antagonism between philosophical investigation and romance in any form. "Philosophy," says Keats, "will clip an angel's wings, conquer all mysteries by rule and line, empty the haunted air * * * * unweave a rainbow." Among Keats' occasional flashes of sense there is nothing truer. Many a man's rainbows have degenerated, from God's arch, to mere phenomena of refraction. Nowhere is this anti-romantic tendency more prominent than in the department of the imagination. True work of the imagination is at a discount everywhere. It has played the Will-o'-the-wisp to guide men through the uncertain bogs of the past, but it must disappear, apparently, before the hard, electric-light glare of the present. The same force that would reduce religion to a system of ethics is fast reducing poetry to a rhythmical arrangement of words, or where there is an attempt to imitate old models, to mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Our faith is not literal enough to produce a Paradise lost, even had we a Milton. As for that poem, not even the fact that it deals in devils, (a thing which seems to constitute the charm of many novels of to-day), can relieve its tedium to the modern mind. "Life is real, life is earnest," sings one of our poets, and his work shows the effect of its hard reality on literature. Nowhere is this tendency more manifested than in college. To the world outside a sort of glamour of romance surrounds us, which the few glimpses of college life afforded to the public at Commencement by no means serve to dispel. The world little appreciates that, unrelieved by the natural buoyancy of youth, no more matter-of-fact, romance-killing place could be found. Nine-tenths of college essays are critiques. Even within the era of college publications, college poets have fallen appreciably from the imaginative to the merely sentimental; from gauntlet and

boot, as it were, to dainty glove and slipper. Not that the change is to be deplored; it is merely cited as illustrating the growth of the tendency under consideration.

Of the senior's former belief and fancy we may sigh, with Wordsworth,

"At length the youth beholds it die away
And fade into the light of common day."

It may be asked why every man does not leave college a gloomy misanthrope, if such are the results of a course of liberal study. The answer is not hard to find. College men are young, and youth is a powerful alchemy. A bright future is in prospect, for he who starts on an untried journey sees only the light-crowned hill tops, not the valleys of humiliation that lie between. More than all, friendship alone has not suffered from this iconoclasm. That has but grown the stronger and surer through the four years. Fancy at college a man whose life and friendships already are largely in the past. Could anything be sadder than the lot of such a one, as he discovers that the beliefs of his life are superstitions and there is not time enough to begin over again? How this awakening from old dreams will affect a student depends upon himself. To one it teaches the lesson that life is a greater mystery, living a more solemn thing, than he had thought, and thus it spurs him on to stronger endeavors to gain the truth which proves so elusive. With others, alas, it sometimes leaves the feeling "knowledge is delusion and vanity, therefore I'll none of it."

With this view of the tendencies of liberal study, the question may seem pertinent in regard to a college course, "cui bono?" It would scarcely lie within the scope of this paper, however rambling, to enter into a defence of college education, even were it needed. One thing, however, is certain. Along with other ideas already mentioned, the usual view of what a college course does for a man is erroneous and must be abandoned. It does not give him a great command of facts; he learns many but forgets them through lack of opportunity to apply them. Any one who has been puzzled by a quizzical uncle on some simple mathematical problem, appreciates this fact.

Nor does it give him breadth of attainments. The academic student knows practically nothing of the natural sciences, and the time seems yet but a dream of the distant future, when the man at college shall gain a knowledge as truly broad as that of the observant man outside.

The real benefit to be derived from a college course is rather a command of method, in which this habit of iconoclasm holds a high place. If anyone is going to lament this spirit, let him lament that the age requires it, rather than that a college course gives it. To the man who is to achieve the highest success among men as they are, a period of disenchantment must come. Far better for it to come in youth, systematically in a college course, than in later life, piecemeal and by hard experience.

The observed fact that a student grows about five years older between junior and senior years, under the weight of his doubts, may be compensated for by the discovery of plenty of tangible realities in later life. As some one has said: "There is no gravity so grave, no sententiousness so sententious, no wisdom so didactic, as that of an intelligent young man whose twenty-one or twenty-two years weigh heavily upon his consciousness. About ten years afterward he begins to find out that he and life and the world are young."

BRAD'S MARIE.

FISHERMAN Brad Lawrence was leaning over the fence in front of the little house, which, standing among its thickly planted hollyhocks and bachelors' buttons, was to him, after a long day among the nets, the very goal of weary human nature. The open door behind him showed the table set for supper, which his brisk, bright-eyed little mother was preparing.

His eyes wandered with the indifference born of familiarity over the scene below. Across the harbor, the sun was just going out of sight behind the hill which showed among its thick green tree-tops the red-shingled roofs of the summer residences over at Clematis. The water was all a restless purple floor, with a path of molten gold right across it, and streaks and shreds of vermilion here and there, among which, out at their anchors, the little sloops and cat-boats lazily swung, describing with the tips of their masts slow invisible arcs against the brilliant sky, while the restless dories rolled and bobbed, although the still water scarcely afforded them a pretext for such uneasiness. At the harbor's mouth lay a rocky island crowned with smooth green, with a stubby light-house on it to indicate the channel to belated or stranger vessels.

Brad's glance went over the scene without apparent interest, and followed slowly the curve of the shore, then up the slope above the beach to where there stood, at the head of the red-brick walk leading up to its green door, a house where his gaze remained fixed. In the kitchen of that house he knew that Marie Lasalle was getting supper for Cap'n Seth Brewster.

Marie was one of the French Canadians who came at times to look for employment, and Cap'n Seth's wife, attracted by her face, had hired her to help about the house. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen, wearing her hair in braids, and with eyes that could be black fire when they chose. Brad had admired her from the first. Young

girls were few in the village, for the fishermen's families were nearly all composed of boys, and visitors, with the exception of an occasional boarder, seldom came; so that Marie, with her tall, straight, figure and splendid color, seemed to the eyes of the young man beauty itself.

He admired in silence for awhile, and after they were acquainted, palpitated in blissful proximity in conversation on painfully ordinary topics, until at last he found himself in love with this magnificent girl, whose very presence made him hold his breath and whose glance was intoxication. As yet, he loved her in a reverent, awestruck, fashion, hardly daring to admit even to his own heart that truth of which every day convinced him more and more; while as for Marie herself, she seemed so self-reliant, so complete in her own bright womanhood, that to mention his love to her seemed a hopeless and fearful possibility.

His mother's voice called him now from his contemplation of Cap'n Seth's kitchen window, and he entered the house and sat down to the inevitable mackerel and corn-bread in silence. His mother talked on about the various little occurrences of the day.

"Cap'n Seth's hired a new hand, they tell me; one of those Canadians,—a handsome young fellow;" adding with a woman's fondness for matrimonial possibilities, however remote, "No wonder if he and Marie made a match."

Brad looked up. He felt jealous of anyone who might come into closer relation to Marie than he. He finished his supper, and taking down his hat, stepped out of the house. "Don't be gone long, Brad," his mother called after him. He shook his head, and went down the path toward the beach. She could hear the dry sea-weed crackle under his tread, as she watched him follow the ridge made at high-water mark. She thought he would turn up at Cap'n Seth's path, but he only glanced at the house, and kept on across the beach to the heaps of great boulders at the head of the point; she could see him no longer in the dusk, and turned and went in.

Brad climbed over the rocks to the slope on the seaward side, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out

over the water, dull and glimmering now in the twilight. A quarter of a mile out he could just distinguish, like a black line, the spine of the "Salvages," a dangerous reef covered at high tide, and thirty miles away, on the Maine coast, shone Amazon light, a soft, brilliant, point on the dim horizon.

He was thinking about Marie. Pictures rose before him, —Marie smiling at him, Marie with her face close to his, Marie standing at his side in church, while the solemn words of the marriage service sounded in his ears. How sweet the air was! He looked up at the stars, and could not help thinking that it must be they, like pale sweet flowers, that made it so fragrant. He stood for a while with all the soft mysterious influences of the summer evening about him; then turned and went slowly back, past the lighted window where he knew Marie must be, and home.

Two or three nights afterward, he came in just as his mother was winding the clock that stood on the little shelf over the sink. His candle was on the table; he took it up and stood for a minute; then set it down again, and as his mother turned toward him, stepped up to her and kissed her. She looked at him in surprise; he very seldom was so demonstrative. "What is it, Brad?" she asked involuntarily. He laughed a quiet little laugh. "It's Marie," he said after a moment. "She's promised to marry me."

Summer passed. The sea grew rougher, flocks of birds flew over on their way to the warmer interior, and the downs changed their deep, solid green to a thin brown, while the scattered blue-berry bushes shivered in the keen wind. Brad and Marie were to be married in a week. They were a handsome couple, Brad with his tall figure and brown, sincere face, and Marie with her fine color and splendid eyes. "Brad's Marie," everyone called her. Her wedding dress he bought for her himself.

The day before the wedding came, bright and crisp, with the fresh ocean air sweeping in great breaths through the bare orchards, and filling Brad with a sense of abundant freedom and life, as he went quickly down to Cap'n Seth Brewster's.

Marie did not come out to the step, as usual, to watch him cross the pasture toward the house. "She has not seen me yet," he thought. As he leaped the stone wall, the Cap'n's wife came out and stood silently at the door. Brad grasped the door-post with an awful sinking at the heart, and looked at her without a word. She suddenly stretched out her motherly arms to her. "She's gone, Brad!" she cried, with a great pity in her voice.

He stared at her stupidly; then as the awful possibility in the simple words reached him, he sat weakly down on the door-step and covered his face with his hands. How *could* it be? She was to have been his wife to-morrow. Cap'n Seth came out and laid his great hand tenderly on the bowed head. "She wasn't good enough for ye, Brad," he said softly. "She and Pierre was the same sort. Let 'em go."

Brad sprang to his feet. "She and Pierre!" The handsome Frenchman,—so it was he who had stolen her from him! A wild desire to follow them, to confront the man and strike him dead, rose in his heart. Then a great tenderness for the girl who had looked on him so lovingly, and whose voice was almost in his ears now, swept across him. She never really loved him,—she could not have been as good as he thought,—and yet, God pity him! he had loved her with all the strength of a pure, unselfish heart, and had lost her.

With a dull, dragging pain in his breast he turned and walked wearily down to the beach, and mechanically getting out his dory, pulled away to the nets. He hated the sunlight, almost,—the life seemed gone from the world, and if he could not have worked, he must have died, he thought.

Cap'n Seth fitted out a vessel for the Banks, line-fishing, and Brad shipped on her, glad to leave the old scenes, and hoping to forget his grief. In weather so bitter that to stay on deck more than twenty minutes at a time was to freeze, they fished for two weary months, and at last set sail for home, hoping to arrive on New Year's day.

A thick, drifting fog set in, and on all sides seemed an impenetrable wall, against which the vessel must dash her-

self to pieces. With shortened sail they crept slowly through it. Brad was upon the bowsprit, trying in vain to pierce the thick veil, when without a sound there swept into their little scene a vessel, so close that to avoid collision was impossible; the bowsprit struck the stranger's side, and Brad was hurled into the icy water.

As he rose he found near him a fragment of the shattered spar, and hung to it, gasping. Both vessels had disappeared in the dense fog. Suddenly out of the sea at his side there shot the head of a man who tossed up wild arms with a great cry. Brad grasped his clothing and drew him to the spar, where he clung exhausted. His long black hair hung down over his face; with a gesture he threw it back, and Brad recognized Marie's husband.

Pierre looked at him, but did not recognize him; his sorrow had changed him greatly. Breathless and numb, they hung to the mast in the freezing water, and waited. Brad managed to secure himself to it with a rope that was hanging. Hours, it seemed to them, passed, and nothing but the dull fog and heaving ocean met their despairing eyes. Brad looked at Pierre; he was almost exhausted with cold and terror. "O, Marie!" he gasped. A great rush of warm pity for the girl came over Brad. He raised his head, and took one more look around. Nothing but the grey wall, like the hopelessness that shut in his own life. With great exertion he unfastened the rope which bound him to his support, and getting it about Pierre, tied him securely to the spar. He hung breathless for a moment, then loosed his hold, and sank.

An hour afterward Pierre was picked up by a passing vessel; but the brave, sweet soul, that had shown itself so loving and so merciful, was gone from men's sight forever.

Edward C. Fellowes.

ANTIGONE.

At last—the end ! How the deep-vaulted tomb
Hurls the dull echo back upon mine ears !
There is no longer any god that hears—
Naught left me but inevitable doom !
Ye brazen walls of Fate—I know ye well ;
I saw ye closing round my girlish years
Ere yet had dropped our agonizing tears
When blinding anguish on my father fell !
To end in hours like this men's years revolve ;
O labyrinthine maze, without a clue !
Inextricably tangled False and True !
O Sphynx of life,—thy riddle who shall solve ?

Edward C. Fellowes.

THE FAUSTS OF GOETHE AND MARLOWE.

PERHAPS no character of any time has furnished the subject for more first-class literature than that very disreputable, half mythological person of the 15th century, Dr. John Faustus, of Wittenberg. There is very little historical doubt about the real character of the original doctor as he actually existed. With the exception of an occasional confusing of his identity with that of John Fust, Gutenberg's assistant in printing, we have a very clear and discreditable record of his life. We know that he was a very learned and an inordinately vain and pedantic, chemist-astrologer of Ingoldstadt, that he performed some remarkable cures and that he had a great following of students. He was a man of great shrewdness and utter unscrupulousness, who had but one aim—universal influence and fame. From his learning, his astrology and his cures he gained a wide-spread reputation of being a particularly black magician and in league with the Devil. He was crafty enough to at once perceive the mystery and awe with which this belief surrounded him

in the popular mind, and to turn it to his advantage. He diligently caused the circulation of a report that he had, in his own blood, signed a contract with Lucifer, by which, in return for twenty-four years of limitless knowledge and power, he was to give himself up at the expiration of that time body and soul to his Infernal majesty. The acceptance of this report—which was unquestioning and even magnifying—secured to him authority and so power, as nearly unbounded as he could wish, while as for knowledge, perhaps he was not so ambitious for that as for the reputation for it; and this too came readily to him. So his life seemed to show forth the Devil's fidelity to his part of the contract, while the suddenness and obscurity of his death seemed to the people quite as clearly to prove the doctor's perhaps reluctant redemption of his pledge. On this simple story of an age's credulity and a clever man's wit, two masterpieces of poetic drama have been built. Everyone knows and appreciates the genius of Goethe's "Faust," but how many are acquainted with the power and beautiful verse of Marlowe's "Tragical historie of Dr. Faustus." Yet the plot is as strong, the hero's character as powerfully drawn and the verse as rich in the work of our old English poet as in that of the great German. And perhaps it is due to Goethe's idea of the nature of his hero, rather than to anything in his embodiment of it in words, that his drama is to such a degree the more popular. For each writer had in his mind a vivid conception of the character of Faust, and developed and portrayed it well-nigh to perfection, and yet these characters are as totally unlike as if they had not the same man for their original. We can only gain a clear understanding of the differences in the heroes of the two tragedies, by comparing them as they are shown in the crises of the plays. The opening scene is the same in each case; the doctor is discovered in his study, restlessly and despondingly pondering over a pile of folios that lie before him. In his thoughts he is going over all his learning, and power, and renown, and at each new reflection sinking deeper and deeper into rebellious discontent. He has

reached the very topmost pinnacle of men's learning and ambition, and what is there now to struggle for. What new sensation can life have in store for him now, when he cannot even extract one drop of comfort or consolation from the results of his life of patient toil. No fitting mood in which to endure a trial of his moral principle, and it is just here that his temptation comes to him.

It is in the form that this takes and the spirit in which it is met and yielded to, that we first perceive the radical diversity of the natures of Faust and Faustus. Faustus has been meditating on the fatal errors and limitations of all the kinds of learning, and spurns them all as unworthy of the study of a man. And suddenly there breaks upon his mind a vision of all the boundless, absolutely unfettered knowledge and authority that would come at the beck of one who dared to follow to the end the magic that he had so long tampered with. His temptation is lessened by no shrinking from the consequences of the step he meditates; fear is lost in the magnificence of the vista that opens up before him. Dazzled, and yet collected, he makes his determination. From that moment till the bond that binds him to the power of evil has been signed, there is not one instant of hesitation or even of reflection. Carried away by his intellect's ambition, he cannot conceive of any pain to overbalance the glories of the omniscience he reaches forward to. It is far different with Faust. He does not look for signs of anything really lofty in the knowledge permitted to mortal men. He is not athirst for more wisdom, he is desperately weary of what he already has. He is sick of the prosaic monotony of his scholar's life. He longs for new sensations; for all the joys of amusement and of luxury which the world can afford. His book of magic signs and cabalistic mottoes lies before him, and acting on a sudden impulse he takes it and boldly enough invokes the evil spirit. Yet when the grisly form appears before him, he shrinks in abject terror from the sight and hiding his face, cries out to it to be gone. Even the spirit's mocking taunts of cowardice cannot overcome his trembling hesitation and the form vanishes, leaving him to bitter self-reproaches. When Mephistopheles at

last gains access to him it is only by stratagem and in the harmless guise of a poodle which changes into a traveling scholar. Faustus shows a vastly more unhesitating and fearless nature in his summoning of the powers of darkness to his aid. He only learns the spell by consultation with the blackest of magicians and he has to practice it at midnight in the gloomy depths of the forest. When Mephistopheles appears in response to the summons, Faustus, to try still further his new-found power, orders him back to change his dress, and reappear in the robes of a Franciscan friar. After his inquiries concerning the fall of Lucifer and his companions and the nature of Hell have struck Mephistopheles himself with remorse, he rebukes him with his own bold words of sacrilege. He has nothing but bright anticipations of the future in his thoughts, and not one regret for the prospects of eternal happiness which he has turned his back upon. So, too, in his signing the fatal bond he shows no dread of anything but that Satan may fail to fulfill his part of the contract. From the point in the two dramas where the doctor signs the contract with Lucifer, the plots follow entirely different lines. The character of Faust is developed upon the same traits that we have already seen. He is the same weak, unbiased, impulsive, selfish Faust through all the play. We constantly see him drawn towards heaven by some noble feeling, only to have his allegiance called back to evil by the first new temptation of his servant fiend. It is not a pleasant character, perhaps less so even than that of bold, evil Faustus. Then comes that perfect episode of Marguerite. No need to go over the old familiar story of how Faust's base passion gradually changed by contact with the trusting innocence of the sweet peasant girl into something almost worthy of the holy name of love. No need to tell again the tragic story of the ruin which this passion worked on all nearest and dearest to its object and on the object herself. Those of us who have once read the poem will never need to have recalled that last scene in the prison cell of Marguerite. The figure of Faust clasping in his arms the body of the crazed girl, whose spirit even now ascending calls to him to follow her, while

the angel voice proclaims her glorious salvation, and the hellish smile on the face of the fiend shines even through the shadow ; this scene will remain with all of us forever. And it is this episode as a background for that wonderful group of Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles that draws us back again and again to Goethe's masterpiece, and makes us almost lose sight of "Marlowe's mighty line." Yet surely there is no lack of power in the development of the character of Faustus. Let us see how the twenty-four years of life allowed him, pass by. From the moment that the bond is signed he seems to feel that he has shut himself from even hope of Heaven's mercy. In the first wild enjoyment of his power to know and see all, to gratify every whim of intellect or senses, he cares little for this thought. But as the years roll on and are nearly spent, as he finds himself where he stood before his bargain—at the summit of all learning, with no higher peak to be gained even by another such a sacrifice—then this despairing belief strikes home indeed. It almost maddens him. It drives him into the practice of every vicious trick that an attendant devil's ingenuity can plot, in the endeavor to forget even for a moment the future. At times even now, a good angel whispers to him a hope of pardon even for him, but as he says himself he has lost even the power of thinking on repentance and holiness. Deeper and deeper he plunges into every dissipation, more frantic grow his endeavors to forget himself, fewer his attempts to rebel against the powers of Hell, till in that final heart-sickening horrible scene he goes to his eternal torture. Come ! we are at the door of his study. He has not an hour to live, and we can hear him pacing up and down, and his thoughts bursting forth in burning words as though his body could not contain them and belched them out like lava from some volcano within his soul. But hark ! the old clock at Wittenberg has tolled for the twelfth time, and listen at the door. "My God ! My God ! look not so fierce on me. Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile ! Ugly hell, gape not ! come not Lucifer—I'll burn my books—Oh, Mephistopheles."

Harold Russell Griffith.

A CHARACTER FROM LIFE.

OUR hero is a farmer past middle life. For fifty years he has been in constant communion with nature, exposed to all those influences of which Vergil and the rest of them have sung, liable, each year, to catch a fresh "vernal impulse," in the language of Wordsworth, along with his spring cold. To believers in the refining influences that flow from daily intercourse with trees, landscapes, hens, swine, and the like, he is certainly an interesting study. His two scalawag sons, whom he and his wife still fondly call "the little boys" and shield from every kind of useful work that might harden their recreant little skins, call him "Paw," and the neighbors have grown to do likewise in speaking of him. To his face they call him "Mr. Smith" like any one else. Not because he is one of those men whom children always swarm about as flies about a dairy, to borrow a beautiful simile from Homer. Quite the contrary. Paw's manners are not seductive, and moreover he is a man of few words, partly owing to a natural taciturnity, partly, perhaps, because he is an inveterate user of the weed, and to open his mouth rashly might have the same general effect as to open the spigot of a molasses barrel. As he does open it occasionally, however, for purposes enumerated further on, I may be understood when I say that his personal appearance is not always prepossessing. A recent writer in the LIT. has discoursed on silent men, but his generalizations would scarcely include Paw. In fact, he is *sui generis*,—as hard to classify as the plant compounded of rhubarb root and strawberry leaves, on whose identification the botany instructor of our preparatory school spent his leisure for a week. No one appreciates Paw but those who know him well. To the stranger or the casual acquaintance he is merely an ignorant countryman, of rough manners and shocking profanity, and one is prone to be thankful that most of his time is spent in the seclusion of his own farm,

where none save his dumb "critters" can be contaminated by such language. That he is profane in the ordinary acceptation of the term, his most ardent admirers cannot deny. But profanity is of different sorts. Some comes from the heart; some, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek's and Paw's, is merely verbal. In fact, Paw knows no other language of endearment, and his strongest adjectives are reserved for his greatest pets. To hear him yell dire threats at the occupants of his barnyard would fairly curdle a stranger's blood and make him sigh for Mr. Bergh. Such a one would be astonished at finding these much abused animals the tamest and gentlest in the country round, and him the kindest and most considerate of masters. His heart is large enough for all, from the barn cat up, and any one need but touch one of them ungently to kindle Paw's ire in earnest. If a meek-eyed cow comes up to rub against him, and he addresses her with remarks of which the only one fit to be seen in print is a threat to skin her alive if she doesn't "git away," that cow, wise by experience, is not a whit abashed or repulsed. The only real danger is that he may injure her digestion by an extra allowance of fodder. I have said that he loves all his "critters," but not all alike. His particular delight, the apple of his eye, is his pair of "hosses." What the baptismal names of these over-fed quadrupeds may have been is scarcely more than a matter of tradition now. For convenience and euphony he calls them "Tiger" (or more properly "Tagger"), and "The Little Devil." When Tagger, however, does something peculiarly bright, he is generally honored with the appellation "you old devil." Both were once horses of spirit, but experience has taught them that it is best to move slowly and take life easy. Paw labors under the impression that they are still full of fire, and he himself a very Jehu. To hear him talk of how he drives them, might move many a susceptible woman who wears stuffed birds on her bonnet to tears of pity at such cruelty. The "hosses," however, and all who know, merely wink at such disclosures. To be sure, a superficial observation might tend to confirm these assertions

One of the commonest noises of the neighborhood is Paw's "hollerin" at his steeds. But they expect it, and his voice never seems to weary. Perhaps Tagger may show his appreciation of some peculiarly forcible adjective by pricking up an ear, and on rare occasions the Little Devil may switch her tail in response, but beyond this they make no outward display of feeling. It is to be inferred from their deliberate, contemplative manner, that they are silently admiring Paw's facility and felicity in the use of his lurid vocabulary.

Within his barnyard Paw's rule is supreme and absolute; in the bosom of his family he says little, as befits a second in command. The superior power in this domain, to whom he pays respectful deference, he always refers to as "She." "Maw," alias "She," is a woman of no grammar and considerable superstition, but withal possessed of a great, motherly heart, which by itself would repay an introduction to her, even if she were not so closely related to our hero. Her heart, large enough to take in the whole neighborhood, is filled with a particular tenderness for the "little boys" before mentioned, the sole survivors of a large family of children. With this weakness Paw is not always able to conceal his sympathy. Though they are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, he is in constant fear that Tagger may bite them or a cow kick them,—catastrophes hardly to be regretted from an impartial point of view, but extremely unlikely to occur, as Tagger is far too indolent to bite anything so uninviting, and under Paw's regime the cows have almost forgotten how to kick. Paw is in constant dread, also, lest they overwork or strain themselves, and on this point he has their hearty coöperation. They greatly prefer the light occupation of tramping about all day with an old shot-gun, to the arduous task of milking a cow or getting a pail of water for Maw. If by any chance they bag a squirrel or a rabbit, Paw's pride is unbounded, and his grin of delight would do honor, for breadth, to Goliath of Gath. His terms of endearment for these young rascals are much the same as for his "critters." One day he was heard to

go into a perfect ecstasy of profanity over some clever achievement of one of the "little skunks." The only domestic scenes occur on those rare occasions when Paw feels compelled to administer correction to one of them for some peculiarly flagrant misdemeanor. He uses a stick at such times, and though the effect produced is small, even when he can catch the culprit, the noise is tremendous between the rod and his voice on one side, and the protests of Maw and the patient under treatment on the other.

Paw is a successful farmer of the old style; that is to say, he has made money by a policy strictly conservative, some might say, hide-bound. He still sticks to the time-honored customs of his ancestors, such as killing pigs when the moon is in the proper quarter for the preservation of pork. Like them, he believes that stones grow, otherwise where do they come from in his plowed fields? Yet let no one underrate his attainments. Both he and Maw are literary in their tastes to the extent of reading the local weekly paper and religiously studying the almanac. Both are famous for their knowledge of "yarbs." Paw, indeed, is a better botanist, as far as knowing the names and qualities of plants goes, than ninety-nine hundredths of our college graduates. To be sure his knowledge was gained from tradition rather than from books, and one needs a ready imagination to translate his "piz'n markery" and the like into the "poisonous mercury" and the rest of polite society. In fact, this distortion of words through oral transmission is worthy the notice of the student of Homer. "She" boasts some medical skill which Paw doesn't pretend to share, though he shares her belief in the power of medicine to cure everything from a toothache to a broken heart, if only it be given in sufficient quantity. Nor is this belief shaken by the fact that several children have died in spite of an unheard-of amount of blistering and poulticing, internal and external. Only recently, when Paw was threatened with pneumonia, or in his own words, with "ammonia on the lungs," "She" came near making the little boys fatherless by giving him an erysipelas prescription, the only "bought medicine" in the house. I have

stated that Paw is a silent man,—save in one or two cases. One, already mentioned, is when he is driving his “hosses.” Another discloses a trait of character not yet noticed, though, perhaps, the most prominent one in his whole make-up. I refer to his weakness for exaggeration.

Once in a great while he walks a mile and a half to town of an evening, (he walks because he does not like to take the “critters” out and keep them up at night), and there, seated in the country store among his fellow farmers, he gives vent to stories that would do honor to Baron Munchausen. The subject matter is always his own crops, his stock, the fish he used to catch, the three ducks which he killed with a single buckshot through the head at twenty rods,—and everything in the deepest earnest. Of course he finds plenty of quizzical listeners, but strange to tell, no one who knows him well would accuse him of deliberate bragging or falsifying. Observation has convinced such that his is a *bona fide* case of pure optimism. Every cloud has its silver lining for him, in fact consists of little besides. If a crop fails, it will be to the advantage of the land to rest. If his hay gives out, Tagger has already eaten too much hay, and the best thing that could happen to him would be to go without it. While he sees things thus in the present, recollection only serves as a magnifying glass, with corrections for all inequalities and a power increasing with gathering years. Here is certainly an anomaly. To strangers, our hero is a profane liar; to those who know him well, a kindly optimist. A sketch like this cannot do justice to him in the latter capacity, but far be it from me to represent him in the former. For I must confess to a genuine admiration for Paw, which frequent excursions with him with gun and rod, (when the moon was right and the fish in the almanac pointed upward, both necessary conditions of successful sport), have only served to heighten. Sterling virtues such as his find but poor justice on paper. Our country could well afford a few more like him,—peaceable, law-abiding citizens, souls of honesty and honor and true kindness. He feels that he is growing old, that before many

years he must rest, with "Her" in the country "seminary."
May he rest in peace! Yet it is not hard to realize that
he will be sadly missed, as one sees him driving by with
his beloved "hosses" at full crawl, and hears his stentorian
voice yelling "G'long ye lazy little devil, *git ap* Tagger, or
I'll hist ye!"

VIVE LE ROI!

One hears,
When glad old England's laughter
Is turned to tears,
Of mingling shouts that after
Sadly murmur and merrily ring—
"The King is dead; long live the King!"

Ah me!
Here across the water
A stranger sight we see,
Where Britain's degenerate daughter,
With half a sigh for what has been,
(And a glance at the glass to make all sure),
Opens her heart with a smile demure
To let a new love in.
L'Amour est mort :—Vive l'Amour!

A REFORMER IN ENGLISH CRITICISM.

MR. RUSKIN says, we often judge of a writer's excellence not so much by the resemblance of his works to what has been done before, as by their difference, and further, that we do not admit his greatness until branching away from beaten tracks he strikes out into those paths along which his own individuality and originality lead him. And in no form of modern literature have there been within the last two or three decades so many reformatory investigations, so many inroads of original conceptions embodying ideas fundamentally different from preconceived notions as in the realm of modern English literary criticism.

From the time of its rise as one of the elements in our literature, English criticism has been upon a bias. This bias was largely due to the dogmatism, partisanism, and mysticism, which were the distinct phases criticism naturally and successively developed under Johnson, Macaulay, and Carlyle. Thus necessarily constrained and warped it continued its narrow and conservative course until it met with an influence which wrought upon it changes not only largely reformatory in themselves, but which, by reason of their scope, essentially altered its purpose. The tendency of the age is toward investigation and analysis. There is a recognized connection between thought and production, and an effort to see the one through the other. Our literature has not escaped this sifting spirit of inquiry, but reveals its presence in the analytical tone of our review and newspaper criticisms. No doubt this questioning spirit is largely due to the tendency of the age, but its activity in criticism, and its just conception of what criticism should really be are characteristics of its present vigorous attributes which are mainly due to the reforms of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

In the development of the true analytical spirit or that which endeavors to see the object before it in its true rela-

tions, Mr. Arnold has instituted a reform in criticism whose importance cannot be overestimated and whose truth had long escaped the notice of previous critics. Nothing shows more clearly what a faint idea former critics had of the function of this analytical conception and its real worth in determining accurate criticism than the one-sided views that even such eminent literary men as Macaulay and Carlyle took of the men they criticized. Mr. Arnold's conclusions have a clearness and a roundness whose width of vision and depth of careful deliberation are apparent to every man who stops to compare them with the judgments which Macaulay and Carlyle reached. Milton seen through Macaulay is faultless. Yet, does the exquisite rhetoric of that essay bear beneath the glitter of its surface that searching thought without which all criticism is worthless? Macaulay was too interested to handle Milton with fairness. He was more in sympathy with the right or wrong of the ideas promulgated, than in an endeavor to discover the real literary qualities which Milton possessed. But take up Arnold's *French Critic on Milton* and how changed is Macaulay's long perspective. With Mr. Arnold we get a nearer and more scrutinizing view, and we feel we see more truly. When Mr. Arnold says that Milton's prose is not the exquisite prose which Macaulay praises who does not feel the accuracy of the statement and again when he says that Milton had little or no originality, who can honestly dispute him. Indeed, every thoughtful man must realize that Mr. Arnold throughout his essay upon Milton reaches conclusions the entire truth of which forces itself upon the reader as being a correct and genuine estimate of that poet. This marked difference of attitude, this liberal, unbiased method of looking strictly at the *works* of a man as works of literature, and not being drawn from them by any sympathy or prejudice for the *man*, is a characteristic of Mr. Arnold which shows itself even more strongly when we compare Carlyle's essay upon Goethe with that of Mr. Arnold's upon the same man. With his head full of the "Divine Idea of the world, that which lies at the bottom of Appearance," sat-

urated with the philosophy of Hegel and of Richter, inclined as he was to mysticism and symbolism, how was it possible for Carlyle to criticize accurately? Could he possibly view the "Object as in itself it really is?" Analytical criticism was too material for his speculative mind. Carlyle was a deep thinker upon all philosophical questions but he so conceived his thought in the rain-bow colors of his own symbolism that he necessarily viewed objects through a refracted and distorted light. In his essays, he placed his mind not so much in a critical as in a contemplative, imaginative mood. He preferred to dwell upon man and upon the world as they appealed to him in their *ideal* phase, and he carried into his criticisms the same spirit. His essays are philosophical reveries, not analytical criticisms. He saw in Goethe a symbolized ideal, a welding of the "Real to the Unreal" and of the "Seen to the Unseen." To sift Goethe, to find out his constituent elements was not his purpose. To him Goethe was the personified expression of the mental suffering which throughout Europe had longed to find a vent. Carlyle's work as a critic was not a search for literary principles but rather an endeavor to comprehend and to communicate the grandeur which the speculative ideas of German literature revealed. From Carlyle we come away convinced that if he was right in his views Goethe was an event in German literature which we could view as a symbol only; the opportune product of an age long awaiting him. But Mr. Arnold clears away all this mysticism and in his essay we see Goethe as he is,—the great creative impulse in German literature,—and view the grand elements of his genius clearly marked. Under Mr. Arnold we see Goethe, the broad observer of human society; the clear, philosophical thinker in an age when philosophy itself had grown dim and unsatisfactory; the artist with true conceptions of the beautiful, and finally the poet not endowed with a profound Dantesque imagination but with a wisdom as incomprehensible and boundless.

All men show their presence in their writings, but few have the faculty of throwing in their full weight. With

Mr. Arnold we feel the whole man in his words and they force themselves upon us as expressions of a matured thought which reveals itself in every sentence as the product of calm deliberation and thorough survey. In setting forth this thought, he seeks for no display of rhetoric, he does not wind it up in a net-work of long and involved sentences, but seeing clearly his own idea wishes to make it as distinct to the reader as it is to himself. To unfold his idea, to show it from all possible points, to make visible his own broad horizon of thought are the chief purposes of his direct, searching style. Mr. Arnold has brought into criticism ideas whose self-evident soundness and decided originality cannot fail to purify and invigorate it. He possessed "The rare power of discerning what was true from what was false," as he himself said of Spinoza, and his entire purpose was to exercise it continually in the search for absolute truth. He saw with a clearness which no mysticism could render dim, that Goethe's literary influence went on with Heine in his "War of Liberation," and not in the romance of Tieck nor in the speculative philosophy of Jean Paul, as Carlyle suggested. A reformer and a teacher in religion and in politics, Mr. Arnold had many things to reconstruct in literature as well. Kindliness of spirit, honesty of purpose, less of the old arrogant dogmatism and bitter partisanship are features which show plainly on every page of his critical essays. By schooling himself against what may well be termed among critics as their *youthfulness* or tendency to say things more paradoxical than strictly true, Mr. Arnold has broadened the limits and possibilities of correct criticism. He maintains the demeanor of a dignified spectator, stands aloof from any *absorbing* interest in the moral issue of the question itself and surveys it with a mind wholly free from biasing influences, and working in a purely intellectual condition. In reading his essays we are astonished at the marked absence of extravagant feeling. Indeed, they seem a trifle cold and unsympathetic; and it is not until stung to a sense of the injustice of English critics toward George

Sand, through their inability to see in her what she really was—a woman pleading for the regeneration of a society which Voltaire and Rousseau had delighted to mock, that his enthusiasm noticeably kindles.

Mr. Arnold has bestowed upon criticism a still higher function than that of truthful and unbiased analysis. That criticism should be analytical is a necessity, a fundamental principle which is its very basis. Criticism should not set up as its chief aim dexterity in mental surgery, but should develop functions largely constructive, or, in other words, should have a definite purpose to better the literature of the day. Mr. Arnold saw how the literary impulses of Shakespeare's age were nurtured into growth by the influence of new ideas, and fully realized that the main cause of the meagre originality in modern literature was a general dearth of literary ideas. To remedy this sterility is, as Mr. Arnold says, the end of all true criticism, for it is only by ceaseless discussion that currents of new ideas can be kept in motion. He saw the importance of ideas to the mind and the benefit derived from habitual exercise with them; and he never ceased to attack his countrymen upon their inborn *Philistinism*, or sluggishness to assimilate anything not essentially English. In considering criticism as a means of creating ideas in literature, Mr. Arnold has reached the limit which most men who push their natural endowments of talent to the utmost cultivation, finally attain. He has given it a flexibility it never had before, and by lifting it from its narrow limits to a freer, broader scope, he has raised it to the high region of intellectual art.

There have been in all ages men who recognize the illusions of existing beliefs, and impelled by the individuality of their questioning intellects endeavor to see the truth behind the illusion. Of this number Mr. Arnold certainly is one. Thoroughly honest himself, he has endeavored to make criticism sincere, careful, and more deliberative. He has given it a basis solid and well-grounded, and it remains for future critics to carry on his work. Former criticism was largely "out-of-joint," it was vague and shadowy, Mr. Arnold has made it distinct and definite.

He saw that *Philistinism* stood most in the path of the English critic, and in reading his liberal criticisms we are astonished to see how truly he has shaken himself free from its biasing influence. Has it been accomplished by long years of study with the French and the German literatures, by long continued observation through a foreign medium? In a measure it must be true that ceaseless contact with minds so differently constructed from his own must have had its due broadening effect, but this is by no means the principal cause of his extreme liberalism. What Mr. Arnold does not owe to the influence of French and German ideas, he owes to himself, to his tireless spirit of intelligent study, and to his great love of literary truth and literary integrity.

Such has been the influence of Mr. Arnold's reforms in English criticism. How much they are to benefit it, time alone will show; but with their sound and invigorating principles, we feel we can await with certainty the proper development of true and just criticism. Nor will those reforms influence criticism alone, but spurring men to increased and zealous literary study, and thus to a better knowledge of its true functions, criticism will become a power whose subtle but effective force will be felt throughout the vast enginery of modern literature.

Louis H. Peet.

NOTABILIA.

To the average Yale Freshman his first few months of college life are months of semi-serfdom. He comes to college as a stranger to a strange land. He finds himself surrounded by new customs and it usually takes him the better part of his first year to learn that he is not really the most miserable of earthly mortals. St. Elihu knows for his own part that, during his Freshman year, the need that he felt most was the need of fair play. If the average sentiment of the average Freshman class at the end of the first six weeks of its existence could be ascertained, it would probably aver very strongly that the Freshmen at Yale do not receive justice at the hands of the college. It is because this feeling occasionally crops out that it is worth while to look pretty earnestly at the social problem which the relation of the youngest class in college to its elder brothers suggests.

It is well to realize the rather trite truth that the things which are best worth having are the things which are the result of toil. It is true that we all, as Freshmen, had to meet obstacles which did not present themselves to us as Sophomores and Juniors and Seniors. But it is one of the peculiar things about life at Yale, that a man can not be a good Sophomore here without first having been a good Freshman, nor can he be a good Senior without first having been a good Junior. Such is the composition of the social system of our college community. The result of this system speaks for itself. Select the graduate element of any college in America. Let that college be large or small. Compare this element with the body of men which compose Yale graduates. In no case can any set of individuals be found who will surpass in regard to sturdiness of character the men who obtained their formative impulses from Yale life.

The upshot of all of which is simply that not one of the inconveniences which men meet during Freshman year is

purposeless. No one denies that youth is necessary as a preparation for manhood. No wise man shirks a disagreeable task, simply because it is unpleasant. The problem here is one of social economy, and the conclusion reached is that in so much as early life here presents more hardships than does the life of most colleges, by just so much are its results the better worth having.

For the men in '89 who have simply realized the inconveniences of college life, and have not comprehended its ultimate value as a grand educating power, Elihu has a keen sympathy. He bids such look forward. Surely a system, which is productive of so much college loyalty and conducive to the formation of so many strong men as is the system at Yale, can not be entirely bad. The time will come in the history of the present Freshmen, as it has come in the history of every class which has ever passed the college Rubicon, when men will look back upon their first year in college as upon a period of immense value to them in character formation. They will find, too, the most eloquent witnesses to its value in their own and in the characters of men around them. They will see that they and their companions have learned from the first two years in college a deal of simplicity, and manliness, and earnestness of purpose. Wait and see.

A SCHEME has long lived in the minds of a chosen few which had in view the erection of a suitable and efficient gymnasium for Yale. But, alas, while many were called few were chosen. For, save in the case of one exceptionally broad man upon our Faculty, no one felt the work of agitation to be a personal matter. It is useless to spend time in proving that the present gymnasium is unsatisfactory and about as ill-equipped as is conveniently possible. No sane man will argue that the accommodations furnished by it can possibly satisfy the needs of the undergraduate department alone. But the old question comes up, what are you going to do about it? It is a difficult problem for the authorities of a college which fails to meet its running expenses to solve. But is it as difficult of solution at the

hands of the undergraduates and alumni? On the contrary, if the college authorities can not or will not meet a deeply felt need, to whom does the duty belong rather than to the students and graduates of the college?

The time of the year, when the Yale alumni are holding banquets in most of our large cities, and when college loyalty gives itself a temporary shake and lazily opens its eyes from its customary lethargy, is the time of all times to agitate the gymnasium question. The plan which has been suggested of collecting money is most admirable, and it is the wish, Elihu feels sure, of every loyal Yale man that it may succeed even better than its creators have anticipated. The probable danger to be feared is that of inactivity. Men can get along with the old order of things, and some men do not realize the immediate necessity of a thoroughly equipped place of exercise. Therefore it is to be only expected that much work must be done, and that too on the part of many men. It strikes Elihu, too, as somewhat of a question of pride. If a member of our Faculty, who must be at best a hard worked man, is doing so much for the students, and doing it entirely without other compensation than is furnished him by the gratitude of men whom he is trying to help, it will not look at all well if these men do not try to help themselves.

PORTFOLIO.

—One of the prettiest of poetical conceptions is that embodied in Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes." A little silk-winding girl, Pippa, rises early on New Year's morning and wanders out for a holiday stroll. She thinks of the great people of the town, and is glad to fancy that for this one day she may be as free as they are. And after the day is over, she goes to bed with the same fancy, and with the query on her lips;—"Now one thing I should like to know: How near I ever might approach all these I only fancied being, this long day—Approach, I mean, so as to touch them—so As to . . . in

some way . . . move them—if you please, Do good or evil to them some slight way.” But the poet lets us see how Pippa, passing by at some crisis in the lives of “all these” has unconsciously turned them about and saved them from great danger. The man Sebald has planned and committed a murder, and won his victim’s wife for a reward ; just as he is about to devote himself to his new life, Pippa passes the window, singing—

“ God’s in his heaven,—
All’s right with the world !”

And Sebald, with a revulsion of feeling, flings away the creature who has ruined him. In another place, the young artist Jules, having brought home his bride, is just discovering that she has been imposed upon him by a fraud, and is only a sculptor’s model. The poor girl, not a party to the cheat, tells him her story, and he in his anger is about to cast her off : but Pippa passes, singing—

“ Give her but a least excuse to love me !”

and when the song is done Jules takes his wife to his arms filled with a pure and great resolve. Here and elsewhere Pippa’s service has been great this day, though her labor light : and before she sleeps she whispers ; “ All service is the same with God ;—there is no last nor first.” The moral of it all will bear more than a passing thought.

—While traveling in the South, some years ago, it was my fate to be detained, late at night, in a small village at the head of the Shenandoah valley. Some breakage in the internal mysteries of the wheezy little locomotive, which the skill of our somewhat exhilarated engineer could not repair, and the inability to obtain another engine—the art of the southern train-dispatcher is far behind that of his northern brother—made a night’s stop imperative. The accommodations of the local Boniface were not in the least Sybaritic and it was owing to this fact that one of his guests rose with unwonted earliness and strolled out while it was yet dark (do not hint at an unpaid bill) on a half-listless voyage of discovery. My good genius led me to an eminence whence a view of rare magnificence, a Virginian summer sunrise, was soon to be seen—its antecedent circumstances suggestive of sublimity and its after effects magic with the witchery of beauty. From

the eastern horizon spread a shining veil of transparent silver, faintly crimsoned above the hill-tops by the splendor of the coming dawn. The valley between and below was filled with a lake of level mist. The subtle flood lay in white silence around hills of shapeless darkness while inlets of faint gray tracery had flooded the intervalles and penetrated far up the inky flank of the mountain. To the west, in the middle distance, the inhospitable summits of the Cumberlands rose dimly against a stretch of leaden sky. Earth, and air, and sky, in this quarter showed a black contrast to the lengthening pools of light spreading from the now encrimsoned east. The splendor of the morning joined battle with the majesty of the night and the latter, worsted, slowly rolled its dissipating clouds into the receding reaches of darkness. Its fringing mist of purple faded imperceptibly into the morning gray, then, after an interval of pendulous change, melted into a blaze of crimson and gold and amethyst, and this was quickly intensified and simplified into a flood of clear light. The sun bounded (for there is no fitter word) above the horizon, the cool morning breeze, fresh with the spice of the mountain pines and freighted with their murmuring music, played down the valley, and day was come.

D. D. B.

—We hear on all sides complaints that modern poetry is not creative, is not spontaneous, and is rather better adapted to the expression of agreeable music in its rhythm than to the production of poetic inspiration. The reviews and the other organs of literary thought have ventured many explanations and have endeavored to arrive by careful analytical and afterward synthetic processes at some conclusion with regard to the future of poetry. Yet in spite of all this anxious research, and even though we look in vain to our rising poets for the rich imagination of a Byron, or the delicate, artistic taste of a Keats or a Tennyson, there is much in modern poetry which has real worth and merit, and which as truly belongs to the realm of the poetical as the soft moonlight of a "St. Agnes Eve," or the strong passion of a "Locksley Hall." Modern poetry seems to me to contain many exquisite touches of delicate thought enhanced by a rhythm which is itself the result of refined, artistic skill and which grows about the idea it enfolds, like petals upon some fragrant flower. Why not take modern poetry as it is and enjoy it? In a measure it is

representative, and reflects the spirit of the age. Suppose it is not creative, fantastic, or grotesque, is it less enjoyable because it is graceful and artistic? Is it less poetical because it is of lighter vein? Modern poetry is not frivolous—mere empty society verse alone. Its best productions have rather a pathetic tone. There is in many of the sonnets and rondels of Austin Dobson and of Andrew Lang a tinge of pathos which gives them depth and fullness. Modern poetry, as we all are well aware, certainly is not creative, nor in this age is it likely that it will be. It deals more with the sympathies than the imagination, its aim is to appeal to the feelings, and if the modern poet does not paint for us the "Cloud" which the imagination of Shelly idealized so beautifully, he at least gives us delicate and artistic expressions which fraught with a restful repose appeal strongly to our feelings, and are like summer brooks of no great depth, yet whose pleasant murmur is a music which does not tire.

L. H. P.

—It was early in the eighteenth century that the first distinctively English opera was produced. London had long been applauding the compositions of the German school, which Händel, then in his strongest musical vein, was completing with marvelous rapidity. The Haymarket reëchoed nightly with applause, while the supporters of the Italian school, with the brilliant Bononcini at their head, began to lose heart at their rivals' success. But fickle as public taste ever is, the mighty German's popularity soon began to wane. Opera after opera was unfavorably received. Some survived with half houses for a few nights; others fell absolutely flat. The people evidently were surfeited with German music. The Italian faction had gained but little in strength, and society was ready to adopt the very next novelty that appeared. It was at this auspicious moment that the wit John Gay brought the "Beggars' Opera" before the public. The name of opera it hardly deserves, for the music is nothing more than an aptly chosen collection of English ballad airs. But the piece killed everything then upon the stage. For sixty-three consecutive nights it ran with unabated success. Court ladies from the boxes fluttered their handkerchiefs and the noblemen at their sides seemed frantic in their zeal to applaud, while the pit stamped and clapped until every beam in the house trembled. Ladies had the songs copied on their

fans, and in a fortnight the airs were being thrummed in every parlor in London. The manager's name, by the way, was Rich, and the wags announced at once that the "Beggars' Opera" had made Gay rich and Rich gay. And yet it was a bitter satire on that very class in society that laughed most heartily at its witticisms. The poet had laid the scene in the worst quarters of the city, foot-pads and pickpockets strutted about the stage, and one was introduced to all the intriguing devices of the thieves' profession. Through it all, moreover, the resemblance to the ways of the powdered grandees of the day and elegant ministers of state was brought prominently to the front. The hero was an highwayman of the boldest type, yet as sensitive about his *honor* as any courtier. In short, the author intended that one should be left almost in doubt as to whether in their standards of etiquette and morality the then gentlemen of the court aped those of the road or *vice-versa*. But the songs had a wonderful life and swing, the wit was here and there keen and telling, and above all the piece was new and called for no effort on the listener's part to appreciate its merits, so society closed its ears to innuendos and applauded enthusiastically.

C. H. L.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Glee Club Trip.

Starting from New York on Dec. 28 in a special car, the Glee Club arrived in Chicago on the next day. They were entertained here as in all the cities where concerts were given. The Club sang in St. Louis on the 31st, in Cincinnati on Jan. 1st, in Louisville, Jan. 2d, in Pittsburg, Jan. 4th, in Wilkesbarre, Jan. 6 and in Brooklyn, Jan. 7th. The proceeds, though large, were not brought back to New Haven, but were contributed to the jollity of the jolliest trip ever taken by the Glee Club.

Junior Appointment List

Was given out on January 9th: *Philosophicals*—Archbald, Bennetto, Brownson, Cornish, J. Curtis, T. Curtis, J. Pomeroy. *High Orations*—W. Babcock, Burns, Diehl, Hand, F. W. Hart, Jenks, Lee, Pettee, Setchell, Whittlesey. *Orations*—Beard, Bliss, Copley, H. Ferris, S. Knight, C. Ludington, C. Morse, H. Perkins, Phelps, Stein. *Dissertations*—Chase, Dann, C. Jennings, Johnson, Kirkham, Leffingwell, Lewis, Pennell, Romaine, Rosenzweig, Spencer, Thacher, Tracy. *1st Disputes*—Brady, Douglass, Gillespie, Gray, Hare, Huntington, Penrose, Pickett, Porter, Smith, Thomas, Weed, F. Woodward. *2d Disputes*—Berkele, Burke, Cobb, Coit, Corwin, C. Ferris, G. Hill, Howe, Hume, Irvin, King, Leverett, Norton, Penney, Rogers, Seymour, Talmadge. *1st Colloquies*—Abell, Bowers, Cunningham, Gaffney, Gates, Grant, Maxwell, Middlebrook, Sanford, Sheppard, Staehlin. *2d Colloquies*—Bissell, Bonar, Hawkes, Ketchum, C. Knight, Leeds, W. McCormick, Meacham, Partree, A. Perkins, Pritchard, F. Trowbridge, Waring.

Senior Class Deacon.

At a meeting of the Senior class on January 12, W. A. Brown was elected class deacon in place of E. W. Reid, deceased.

A University Meeting

Was held on January 18, to consider the proposed change in chapel-hour. Resolutions were offered, which, though not definitely proposing any arrangement, were intended to recommend that the hours from four to six be left vacant on the recitation scheme, and that, in order to accomplish this, chapel be half an hour earlier. The motion to adopt the resolutions was carried by a unanimous *viva voce* vote and a committee appointed to hand the resolutions to the Faculty. The scheme is meant primarily to enable the various athletic teams to practice at the same time and also to furnish a common recreation hour for the college in general.

Lit. Election.

A Junior class meeting was held on Wednesday, Jan. 20, at which Mr. Phelps of the Senior board presided. The first ballot was formal and decisive, and resulted as follows:—J. N. Pomeroy, 125 votes; William Kent, 119; A. F. Gates, 108; C. H. Ludington, Jr., 94; W. L. Phelps, 91; Yan Phou Lee, 66; L. H. Peet, 57. The Senior board met immediately afterwards and ratified the election of the five men first named to be the Editors of the *LIT.* for the next year.

BENJAMIN KAYE HEATON

Died in his room in the old laboratory on December 28. Exhaustion, brought on by indigestion and over-work, caused his death. Funeral services were held on the following morning at the Church of the Ascension. The bearers were Messrs. Pardee, Crane and Townsend, '85, and Davies and Harrison of the Law School.

Items.

The President tendered the seniors a reception on December 14.—At a Navy meeting on December 16, the constitution was amended so as to place the President on the Executive Committee.—Dr. Barbour broke a leg on Dec. 21, by falling on the ice.—Prof. Beers has published "The Thankless Muse," including several new poems, and others which appeared in his "Odds and Ends."—John A. Porter, '78, is compiling a volume which will contain the best contributions to the *LIT.* and other Yale papers.—H. B. Bashore, '86, has invented an improved surveying instrument.—Prof. Fisher has just issued "Outlines of Universal History."—A hockey match between picked elevens from '86 and '87, was played on the Lake on Jan. 13. '87 won by two goals to none.—Dudley Winston, '86, has gone to Persia as Secretary of the Legation of which his father, F. H. Winston, is the head.—A new college hymnal, with tunes arranged for male voices, appeared on Jan. 18, compiled by a committee of which Dr. Stœckel is the head.

BOOK NOTICES.

Three Americans and Three Englishmen. By Charles F. Johnson, A.M. New York: Thomas Whittaker. For sale by Judd.

Too much is usually expected by students of the study of English Literature. Disappointment is almost sure to come to those, who take it up hoping to develop a fine literary taste and to gain a thorough knowledge of the subject itself. This is owing usually to the fault of the student—but sometimes the instructor can be held responsible. He does not enter upon the subject with the class, filled with a generous enthusiasm for his work, or, his enthusiasm carries him away from the real purpose of his instruction.

He confines himself to dry historical points, periods and styles; not seizing the inward lessons which the authors themselves were striving to convey—and presenting them to his class tinged and broadened by his own imaginative force. It is only by lectures, to be sure, that he has a chance to give free play to his own ideas—but lectures are fleeting and notes unsatisfactory. Again, the instructor takes much for granted. He imagines that every student has a good groundwork and no superstructure in the science, or that his superstructure is built on a most unsubstantial foundation. Now he may be right—but St. Elihu thinks (very modestly we trust, however, for he has never filled a professor's chair, although he has lived in a collegiate atmosphere for fifty years), that the lack of boys in college is a systematized knowledge of literature. They have read in many fields, poetry, fiction, biography, history—but it is fragmentary and chaotic, and what they hear in the class-room has little connection with the books they are fond of and with their own thoughts suggested by favorite writers.

Books on literature are proverbially worthless. The stuff and bosh with which they are filled would condemn any other kind of volume to the fire straightway. But unhappily the saving word "literature" is printed on the title-pages and they are preserved.

All this is changed in the little book before us, a book we are glad to say by a Yale graduate. He takes six authors—three representative poets of England, and three poets also, even if they are not universally known as such, from America. We have from the mother-country, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley—from this side of the water, Hawthorne, Emerson and Longfellow. Professor Johnson talks about these men to students, and one feels that he is thinking of those to whom he is talking. He does not fire over their heads, nor does he go on the assumption that they don't know a good thing when they hear it. Here are six charmingly written essays full of thoughts and suggestions. He takes hold of the subjects' lives and genius with a plain-spoken manliness that is refreshing. He does not dally on the outskirts of his subject. He does not soar up into the heavens upon what is mundane to most people—but throughout each essay runs a stream of true fervor and earnestness.

If there was space to take up each essay, we should be glad to do so. The Lectures on Coleridge and Hawthorne seemed especially attractive. Emerson was a trifle disappointing. We hope the time will not be long before Professor Johnson gives us another volume.

Poems. By William Wetmore Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Two Vols. Price \$1.25 per vol. For sale by Peck.

The Browning school has sent out only one singer really great. Browning himself; but in some particulars the master has been surpassed by some of his imitators. Among these is to be counted Mr. Story, poet, painter, sculptor, scholar. This artist, though American-born, has during his long residence abroad become so imbued with the European spirit that we can hardly recognize him as one of us; indeed much of his work was first issued in England. Mr. Story has a rare faculty for character-analysis and a rare dramatic power. His poetry is less obscure than Browning's, and is more uniformly musical; and his lyrics show what powers he might have developed as a poet of nature, for he introduces new figures and dresses them in new and charming ways. Perhaps the best of his shorter poems is "Cleopatra," on the same subject that he once wrought up so well with his chisel. Of the longer works, his dramatic monologue "Ginevra da Siena" is the most impressive. The story is simple, but is deeply interesting, and some passages are very powerful. Furthermore, the whole poem has a motive, not obtrusive, but yet distinct, and that motive is a worthy one.

Still, we miss, as we read, the presence of a great mind behind it all; and it must be acknowledged, that there are occasional sudden lapses from the sublime to the absurd. But in spite of them it seems strange that Mr. Story's works are not more generally enjoyed. As for the present edition, the fact that it comes from the *Riverside Press* is a sufficient recommendation.

Valentino. An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century in Italy. By William Waldorf Astor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

The novelist who selects an historical subject puts a hard task before himself. He is given time, place, an outline plot, and the general type of characters. But he is left to his own resources to fill in the incidental portions of the plot, to interpret as best suits the story, the necessarily hazy characters of history, to combine the heterogeneous elements of historical fact, tradition and invention into an harmonious and complete narrative. Scott did this; he saw at a glance the prominent traits in his figures, with a broad sweep of his brush he combined characters and background, touching everything with his hand of genius, and modeling the most incongruous elements into harmony.

"Valentino" is a success as an historical romance viewed in a strictly historical light, while as a story it is but passable. It is said to be written with great fidelity to all sources of information concerning the history of the time. All the characters are drawn with spirit, and they are alive, they do not walk like the wooden creatures which in some historical novels, we vainly attempt to regard as flesh and blood. There is not a lifeless character in the story. The conversations are natural, and they talk not up to date, so to speak, as do most characters of preceding centuries who are delineated for the pleasure of the nineteenth century. But there is a defect in the book and a glaring one. The story completely lacks unity. There is no subordination of one portion to give play to the more important incidents and scenes. Every scene is sharp—distinct. The characters are never clothed with a cloud-like mystery of action which, strange to say, adds so much reality to imaginative tales. The story does not move on with a steady stride

to the tragic *finale*. But the incidental parts run in parallel lines; they never intersect and blend with the main current of the narrative. There is an unwarranted confusion of names, also, so that the ordinary reader is often at a loss to discover who is talking and what he is talking about. One has to look back continually and see the connection, a connection very faintly indicated, sometimes, between the portions of the story.

Lucretia Borgia is drawn as a weak character rather than a monstrous one, and in this, as in other points, Mr. Astor is undoubtedly historically accurate. Valentino himself is a capital figure, and in general, the characters are most satisfactory. The book is most interesting both from an historical standpoint and from the course of the narrative. But artistically it is a failure. Mr. Astor is said to be engaged upon another work, which will undoubtedly be cordially welcomed by the public.

The Thankless Muse. By Henry A. Beers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

Professor Beers has again favored the public with another collection of verses. We trust the little book will have better luck than its predecessor "Odds and Ends." As the author humorously describes the life of the edition, "Half of that edition, five hundred copies, was consumed by the public, the other half much more rapidly by the fire which burned Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Boston store in 1879." "The Thankless Muse" ought to set out with good hopes for the goal of public favor. For its virtues are many and its defects few; modest and unpretentious, inside and out; the verses sweet and graceful; some of them deserving much higher praise, "Jeanne D'Arc" and "The Last of his People," for instance. Sometimes, however, the lines are uneven. And after a common-place set of rhymes we come across, now and then, a few verses, even beautiful in their poetic charm.

The "College Rimes" are amusing. "The Darke Ladye" is most true to life, unfortunately, and many students have experienced the charms of the Thimbles—less the Mermaid—in "The Mermaid's Glass."

The volume closes with a most inspiring prophecy in this time of New-York-Journal-discussion and flings at Yale—"The New Yale:"

"She comes—had come unknown before,
Though not on 'vext Bermoothes' shore.
Yet will she not her prophet fail
The new—the old—the same dear Yale."

ACKNOWLEDGED.

Ecclesiastical Institutions: Being Part VI of the Principles of Sociology. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

The Louisiana Purchase in its Influence upon the American System. By the Right Reverend C. F. Robertson, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

Problems in Philosophy. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Elihu has been greatly interested in watching the effect of the Christmas season on his contemporaries. Some it has inspired to a most laudable spurt, notably the *Ann Arbor Chronicle*. The Christmas number of that paper contains, among its other attractions, more than twenty poems, borrowed and other, a dozen illustrations, some of them of considerable merit, and almost as many prose articles. Not that he has read them all. By no means. Life is too short for that sort of thing. As chance would have it, however, his eye lighted upon an article on "Fair Harvard" at a point when the author's expatiates on the encouragement given to athletics by the Harvard directors. This was so good that he read on till he reached the following, which may be of some interest as showing what manner of men our Cambridge brethren are: "Just imagine a dignified student in Ann Arbor going to the post office attired in a red jersey, a blue and black striped cap, yellow and white coat, green knickerbockers and red stockings, and yet that would be an unusually quiet attire for a Harvard man. But the dress as a rule belies the man in Cambridge, for the Harvard man is but seldom 'loud.' As a rule he is gentlemanly, polite, attentive and willing to listen to your praise of your own college and is not continually holding up before your eyes 'Fair Harvard' as the only college on the face of the earth. He is in short the direct opposite of the ordinary Yale undergraduate."

A hard cut, this, from our voracious brother of the Great West. One would not like to raise a doubt as to the variety of glass used in making his observations, though those green knickerbockers do seem a little queer. Elihu wears knickerbockers himself, and therefore claims to be somewhat of a connoisseur on the subject.

But to return to the subject with which he began. Of course, the mistletoe's praises have been chanted *ad libitum* by hosts of college bards who never saw a sprig of it. This is the usual mid-winter epidemic, a sort of January thaw, as it were, of sentiment, to prevent the poet from becoming overcharged before the spring time comes to his relief. Elihu would give a specimen of what he refers to, but self-respect forbids. The *Kansas University Review* devotes its holiday number to republishing poems from its files. To speak candidly, they make up rather a dreary lot. Below is a favorable specimen:

MY LADY FAIR.

Soft as silk was her golden hair,
Bright as stars were her eyes of blue.
Truly I loved my lady fair,
Truly my lady loved me, too.
Did it break my heart when my love lay dead?
Why! bless your soul!! she didn't die!!!
Time changes wrought as it onward sped,
She loves another—so do I.

Another begins :

"Like the murmur of rippling waters,
As they purl upon the sands."

There is nothing particularly bad in that, yet it raises a question which has often puzzled Elihu, why this eternal purling? To purl is coming to be an accomplishment which no self-respecting brook of modern verse can do without. Are we going back to the Homeric usage, where Achilles was always "swift-footed" and the Trojans "horse-lashers" and the like. One can scarcely take up an exchange without encountering some delicious bit of word-painting, in which "towering hills point heavenward," and "green grass grows under foot," and "trees spread their leafy shade overhead," and so on. One is irresistibly driven to contemplate the frightful consequences that would ensue if the hills pointed the other way, and the grass was yellow and grew overhead. It seems to Elihu that this sort of thing could decrease to the infinite advantage of a large part of college literary work. Take the leader in the last *Williams Lit.*, which begins: "Finding its head waters amid the numberless sparkling rivulets of the Elizabethan period, the stream of poetical prose has come tumbling down the valleys of unconscious rhythm and broad imagination, until, as a calm, sweet river, it flows through the blossoming meadows of modern literature and offers sweet inspiration to the poets themselves." One might admire this metaphor, taken by itself, but when it is but the prelude to seven pages of "crystal water," "dimpling wavelets," "the river's shimmering tide," "flowering branches of imaginative thought," and worst of all "blossoming flowers," the innocent reader would fain cry "enough."

The following is from the *Swarthmore Phenix*, a new name, if Elihu is not mistaken, among his clippings:

DANCING THROUGH.

She could not dance, sweet Quaker girl, .
She could not balance, chain, chassée,
Nor e'er had heard of promenade,
Yet there she was amid the whirl
Of airy forms. She looked at me,
And seemed to say, confidently,
"Thee'll see me through."

So on we went ; her smiling eyes
Would often turn in merry glee,
Or sweet confusion back to me ;
Or sparkled with a shy surprise,
And shot at me a laughing glance
To meet me, as she thought, by chance—
In dancing through.

'Tis but a dream ; long years have passed,
 Yet—Fancy plays the strangest freaks—
 I can't forget those rosy cheeks,
 That fairy figure gliding past ;
 But oft have wished that, as my wife,
 I, in the promenade of life,
 Might see her through !

The next, though old, is a fair specimen of *Lampy's* style :

MONOPOLY.

I.

" These monopolies rise,"
 Said a Sophomore wise,
 " Out of error, and methods unfair ;
 And for men with the chink
 To give others, I think,
 Is the only way quite on the square—
 The only way quite on the square."

This he swore, by J. Laughlin and J. Stuart Mill,
 Was the only defensible notion—until,

II.

All alone in the shade,
 With a sweet little maid,
 Quite forgetting his I. Econ. Pol.,
 He was heard to declare
 That monopolies *there*
 Were not very bad things, after all—
 Not very bad things, after all.

1836 Semi-Centennial Number—1886

VOL. LV

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



*"Dum mosus gaudet, etiam, nonne, ludibrio VALENTINUS.
Christiani Soldatus, inordinatus PATRIS."*

FEBRUARY, 1886.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Thompson's.

TUTT, MOSHORE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

SHOOLEEY.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; emerging upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 5

THE PURPOSE OF THE LIT.*

WHEN the project of publishing *another* magazine was first started, its most enthusiastic supporters by no means felt assured that they were not about to add one more to the list of short-lived periodicals, which the history of our college exhibits, while many and "frosty-spirited knaves" foretold, and while foretelling wished, its speedy termination.

More than "a year and a day" has elapsed, reader, since we penned our initial address—twelve numbers of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE have seen the light of your countenance—our promise is redeemed—your doubts and misgivings, if ever you harbored any, are resolved—and we might roll ourselves into an abstraction, into an "*Ilium fuit*," without another word between us.

But we take an interest in this child of many fathers, to which we have so long stood sponsors, whose honor we have preferred to our own ease, and for whose nourishment we have not scrupled to ransack each nook and corner of this literary realm; and now that, in the order of things, we are to be thrust from our seats, by those who are for the coming year, to be to you, and to our *protegé*, in our stead, who shall blame us if we offer a word of parting to you, of counsel to them, of mingled gratulation and regret, in respect of ourselves.

The office of the "Editors" is no *sinecure*. How much soever matter contributors may furnish, and however few

* Mr. Evarts finding at the last moment that he cannot contribute anything new, as he intended to do, has consented to the republication of his "Valedictory to the Readers of Volume I."

pages they may reserve for themselves, still upon *their* energy and *their* devotion to its interests, the tone and spirit of the Magazine will mainly depend. Relying upon so fickle, procrastinating, irresponsible a set of beings, as students proverbially are, exigencies are constantly occurring, which they must be able promptly to meet. Add to this the labors of revision, the annoyances of complaining contributors and subscribers, the vexations of the press, and the interruption of private occupations, and the life of an editor is not all "a gilded show."

The apathy and indolence of many of those who are best able to render the pages of the Magazine entertaining and useful, and the persecutions of those who have none of these gifts, are two things most trying to an editor's temper. To incite the former without sacrificing his own independence, and to curb the luxuriance of the latter, without giving offense, in this consists all art.—*Hic labor est, hoc opus.*

Our opinion of the advantages resulting to the institution from such a publication, has undergone no change. So long as its proper scope and province are well observed—so long as it is sustained with *unanimity* and vigor, it will be an honor and a service to our community—but should it ever be allowed to transgress the modesty, which our years and station enjoin, should its management ever be made an object of party strife, should it begin to languish, or vibrate from energy to depression, its beauty and utility are at once destroyed.

That our successors may meet with the same kindness and forbearance, from within and without, which have ever been shown to us; that they may learn from *our* errors and *our* shortcomings, what is suitable and necessary to the discharge of *their* duties; and that the class which gave them their authority, may as fully and unanimously sustain them in its exercise, as ours has done with us, is our earnest wish.

To contributors, pleased or disappointed—to critics, severe or indulgent—to readers, cynical or good natured—

We tender a respectful farewell.

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1837.

Yale College, April 22, 1837.

ORIGIN OF THE YALE LIT.

IN the wide world of Literature, the question of the origin of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE may be of less interest, perhaps, than that of the Homeric poems, the Oriental Vedas, or even the Book of Mormon. But in the narrower world of Yale, it is natural that at least a passing curiosity should be awakened as to how, and under what influences, a periodical was founded, which is not only among the oldest of American magazines, but seems now, after half a century's honorable career, so likely to round out another half century with equal honor.

The fiftieth anniversary of its first appearance seems a fitting time for a brief account of the circumstances of its origin. And it is well to do this before all the original witnesses disappear; for in less time, even, than the age of the LIT. the plainest facts often turn into myths. Only half a decade older is the Book of Mormon, yet, to-day, its origin is plunged in impenetrable doubt and mystery.

Of the five original editors, indeed of the whole committee of ten, including the editors, by whom the magazine was founded, three only, so far as I know, are now living—Wm. M. Evarts, Wm. S. Scarborough and myself. Mr. Scarborough, now an invalid and with no memoranda at hand, has just written me a brief note, which, so far as it goes, agrees entirely with my own recollections. Practically, then, the witnesses are but two—Mr. Evarts and myself. I regret that I could not have had an opportunity before writing, to confer with Mr. Evarts; but it is understood that he is to speak for himself in these pages. Should we differ on any points, I trust it will not be more widely than might be expected of independent witnesses.

Of all who took part in starting this magazine, Wm. Thompson Bacon, beyond a doubt, is to be recognized as properly its originator. He, more truly than anyone else, could say of its beginnings, *quorum pars magna fui*. And no one, so far as I am aware, has ever thought of denying him this honor. His associates, I am confident, have always accorded it to him most cheerfully.

That Mr. Bacon should have been foremost in any such enterprise, is no more than was to have been expected. When he entered Yale, at the mature age of twenty-one, he had already shown decided literary talent. While in New Haven fitting for college, he had been associated with Henry W. Ellsworth, a brilliant junior of the class of '34, in conducting the *Medley*, of which three numbers only were issued, in the spring of 1833, and had written for it all the articles in verse but one or two—twelve or fifteen in all, and filling twenty-five octavo pages. He thus brought with him to college, experience as a writer, knowledge of college life, decided aspirations after literary distinction, and the requisite confidence in his abilities to attain it. He was a man of decided character, of poetic sensibility—a scion of the genus *irritable*—an ardent admirer of Wordsworth and Bryant, by whom his style was in some degree influenced. He aspired rather to literary fame than to high scholarship, and was undoubtedly of all the class the most prominent writer in the field of poetry and belles lettres. He was the class poet, and soon after graduating published a volume of poems, edited the *New Englander* for a time, founded the *New Haven Morning Journal*, was for some years settled in the ministry, and after 1866, until his death in 1881, owned and edited the *Derby Transcript*. That his literary career was not what he or his friends anticipated, was mainly owing to the mental depression resulting from dyspepsia, which dogged him all his days. A year before his death he prepared a special volume of his poems, entitled "Dawn and Sunset," which he affectionately dedicated to his class, and sent to every member.

I knew him well in college. We were always on good terms; were room-mates, indeed, for a time early in senior year. He often read to me his writings, especially those in verse. I well remember his telling me of the part he took in the *Medley*, and can readily believe that "even then," as he says in his own published account of the origin of the magazine,* "he resolved, at the right moment in his own college life, to make a similar venture." In his own dramatic style Bacon recounts the origin of

* In the *Derby Transcript* of April 5, 1877.

the magazine as follows: "One evening, in the fall of '35 two students straddling the old rail and post fence directly in front of North College, north entry, Horace Colton, familiarly bearing the soubriquet of "Hod" and my humble self.

"I am determined on this," said the one.

"It is absurd," said the other.

"But there is material enough in college?"

"Yes, and d——d raw, too."

"But will you help me?"

"The how?"

"You are a capital Greek scholar, and something by you in that line will be popular."

Colton, inspired by this, promised, and we separated. *That was the origin of the Yale Literary Magazine.*

This was Mr. Bacon's view. Though true, doubtless, as far as it goes, it would be unfair to omit all mention of other influences that contributed to the success of the undertaking at that particular time, Prof. F. Carter (then of Yale, now president of Williams College) in his history of the Yale Lit., in the "Yale Book," very properly recognizes the fact of these other sources. He says, "Doubtless there were conversations of a similar nature in various circles of students, as the time was ripe for a permanent magazine. Moreover, a club had existed in the class during the previous winter, at whose meetings papers on literary subjects were read, and a taste had thus been fostered which needed an outlet." I myself was a member of this club, which was called "The Literary Club," and met weekly in a room near the Brothers' Society Hall in the old Glebe building, on the Thursday evenings of the first and part of the second term of Sophomore year, and among whose exercises (fortnightly I think) was the reading, by a so-called editor, of such articles in prose and verse as were contributed for the purpose by others or written by himself. There were other similar clubs in the class devoted to literary culture, to some of which I belonged, while of others I knew scarcely the existence at the time. This rather unusual literary activity, together

with the marked spirit of enterprise in the class, conspired with Mr. Bacon's efforts to make the undertaking a success. H. C. Deming, of '36, remarked to Bacon, when asked to start the magazine in his class, "Your class has the brains."

The first step towards the formal organization of the magazine I find noted in an old memorandum book of mine as follows: "Sat. Dec. 5, 1835.—Class meeting to see about starting a magazine in college. Ten were chosen from the class, who were to elect five editors from their number. The editors elected were W. S. Scarborough, Evarts, F. A. Coe, Carter and myself."

After the subject had been well talked up early in junior year by Bacon and others, this class meeting was called for the purpose of securing a more general interest, and if possible, its formal sanction. Mr. Evarts, as minor bully,* was in the chair. After a free and full discussion, in which the chairman took a leading part, and so far as I remember, no particular difficulty occurred in coming to an agreement, the meeting gave its sanction to the enterprise, and appointed a committee of ten to fix upon the plan, arrange the necessary details, and then from their own number choose five as the official board of editors and managers. Seven of this committee of ten were W. T. Bacon, Wm. M. Evarts, W. S. Scarborough, Benj. Silliman, F. A. Coe, E. O. Carter and C. S. Lyman. Who the other three were I do not remember and cannot ascertain, but am almost certain that H. B. Colton was one. Neither can I recall the order in which they were chosen, nor in what way—though, probably, on open nomination. Mr. Evarts, as

* This office of "minor bully" was equivalent to class Vice President and was specially created for Mr. Evarts,—not by reason of any parties or cliques in the class, but simply as a spontaneous tribute of honor to one of the youngest and slenderest, yet most gifted and popular men of the class. The minor bullyship was the first one of the only two elective offices to which Mr. Evarts, in a public speech at New Haven, a few years ago, said facetiously he had ever been chosen—the other being his then recent election by the Yale Alumni as member of the college corporation:—a fact and witticism only spoiled when he was elected last winter U. S. Senator from New York.

chairman of the committee, called its meetings at his own room, 12 South College, also Mr. Bacon's, as his roommate in junior year.

The precise reasons for the selection of these ten men can now, for the most part, only be conjectured. Though including the future editors, they were not chosen solely with this fact in view, but also to decide upon the whole plan and character of the magazine, and practically set it on its feet,—to do a work, not merely receive an honor. It was a new enterprise, and so much hard work to be done, that there was no scrambling for places, no log-rolling or electioneering. The class acted freely, and chose whom they pleased. Mr. Scarborough says, "the idea of the class was to err on the safe side—to do something that, at least, would not be laughed at, and if possible start something that might last; conciliation of cliques and parties, if there was anything of it, was an unimportant factor." The committee chose for the board of editors the five persons named in the above memorandum. Doubtless more of the best writers in the class (as afterwards ascertained) might have been selected had not the choice been limited to the members of the committee itself. The selection was accomplished in entire friendliness, and, I think, to the satisfaction of all.

The reason why Mr. Bacon, its most enthusiastic advocate and active promoter, was not selected, was, as he himself states, "because there was no *need* of such selection; it was not then as now thought an *honor*—none sought it." And he cites, in confirmation, a remark he had heard attributed not long before to Carter, one of the editors, that "Bacon didn't wish to be harrassed with that sort of work; he had enough else to do."

This organizing committee spent much time on the work assigned to it—settling the plan, name, size, frequency of publication, title-page, vignette, motto, and other details, even to the color of the cover. What these were as fixed by the committee, they have remained ever since. *Ex uno disce omnes*. No one ought to blame the committee for an honest pride in this fact, even though some cynic should

suggest that "they builded better than they knew." Some of them, doubtless, have remembered the discussions over the minor details more distinctly than those of graver importance. The name was, of course, a prime consideration. Fancy ones were suggested in abundance. Bacon names "Palladium," "Collisseum," and the like, but the simple, modest title it now bears, suggested by Mr. Evarts, easily carried the committee. The vignette, a full length likeness of Gov. Elihu Yale, from a picture in possession of the college, was named by Benj. Silliman, since professor of chemistry in the medical department; and the Latin couplet, *Dum mens*, etc., from an epigram written on the back of the picture, was also, I think, the suggestion of Evarts. The aim of the committee, in which the influence of Evarts was conspicuous, was to make the magazine not merely a means of amusement or entertainment, but also of literary culture in college. Hence they sought to give it such simplicity and dignity of character and general "make up" as they judged would best answer this end.

After also taking steps to secure the most important preliminary of all—an adequate subscription list—the committee proceeded to its final duty—the selection from among themselves of the editorial board. As before stated, this was done without difficulty, and in an entirely amicable way. Of this board a few words may here be appropriate. It goes without saying that Evarts was its most prominent member. His influence from first to last in giving success to the magazine was no whit inferior to that of Mr. Bacon, though in a different way. The clear head, comprehensive views and correct taste of the one were as necessary to this end as the enthusiasm, facile pen, and literary zeal of the other. Both were needed as supplementing and balancing each other. Of the board none could well be spared from the diversified work that had to be done. Mr. Evarts has since led a brilliant life, but has never yet attained a position higher than his friends in college anticipated for him. Mr. F. A. Coe came to Yale from Hamilton College late in freshman year. He was a man of

splendid physique and fine abilities and character ; in after life an able and successful lawyer in the city of New York, until his death in 1870. W. S. Scarborough was a genial, energetic and popular man, a good scholar and debater, and held the office of senior *bully* (ex-officio, also, of *college bully*, or presiding officer in general meetings of college students) as did Evarts that of minor bully all through college. He has lived the life of a prominent lawyer in Cincinnati, Ohio. Evarts, Scarborough and one other were of Oration rank in scholarship, both at Junior Exhibition and Commencement, and sundry volumes in their libraries bear Dominie Day's autograph certificate to the fact of their "excelling in translation and English composition." Carter was a man of sound character and judgment, later, a civil engineer in South America, building railways and other important public works, and later still, until his death in 1881, a highly respected manufacturer and public-spirited citizen of Chicopee, Mass.

One of the most difficult tasks of all—the filling of the subscription list—was pushed diligently, mostly by the editors, but it was not until after the three weeks winter vacation, which ended Jan. 21st, that the receipt of subscriptions and articles warranted the editors in putting to press the first number, which, indeed, was not issued till Saturday, Feb. 13th. When it did appear it was received, I think, with reasonable favor—though I do not recall any special enthusiasm, but do remember very distinctly the mortification to which the editors were subjected by remarks made on the introductory article. Mr. Bacon naturally held a privileged relation to the magazine. It had been arranged that he should write that article. We expected something particularly appropriate, as well as fine ; but it may not be improper to say that when the paper was sent in, the editors regretted not a little that the salutatory had not been assigned to one of their own number ; for the article having been received quite too late to prepare another, even had it been deemed wise to reject it (which in the circumstances was out of the question), they were obliged, much to their chagrin, to have their first

number go before the public with an introductory address written not specially for the occasion, but for some previous one, and in the first person singular—apparently for a contemplated book or magazine of his own—and now made to do awkward service for the Yale LIT. by the lame device of a foot-note, telling the reader to “suppose himself conversing with the editors ‘rolled into one.’”

Among the other writers in the first number was H. W. Ellsworth, Bacon's associate in the *Medley* on “Revolutions and their Tendencies.” Bacon wrote “Story and Sentiment” and two poems; Giles Porter, brother of President Porter, “Every one his own Critic;” H. C. Deming, one of the ablest men of '36, “Confessions of a Sensitive Man;” and H. B. Colton, one of the brightest men in our class, the first of a series of articles on “Greek Anthology.” I have always considered these articles of Colton's as among the finest in the first two volumes of the magazine. They contain gems of translation, the polish and rhythm of which will please the most fastidious scholar. Take for example,

“Gently, oh, ivy, gently curl thy tresses,
Where the cold bones of Sophocles repose;” etc. (page 79.)

and

“Round the frail boat the wild winds, roaring, swept,
And shook the heart of Danaë with fear,” (p. 80.)

and many others.

In the nine numbers published by our class Bacon wrote the largest quantity, about one-fourth, and his articles attracted perhaps most attention and were most frequently copied into other periodicals, though the Coffee Club, by Evarts and Colton, is, I think, generally regarded by its readers as exhibiting, on the whole, the highest literary ability and promise. Some “Dramatic Fragments,” however, by Bacon, by J. Brocklesby, since professor in Trinity College, Hartford, and by A. L. Stone, since distinguished as the popular writer and eloquent pulpit orator of Boston and San Francisco, are the only articles

known to me to have attracted attention and enquiry abroad, as these did a few years ago of a British author who had discovered them in the only set of the *Yale Lit.* existing in Great Britain—the one in the British Museum. There were other good writers in the first two volumes, both in our class and those of '36 and '38, who have since attained distinction, among whom may be named, Rev. Sylvester Judd, of '36, author of "Margaret," Rev. Walter Clark, S.T.D., Rev. Prof. B. N. Martin, S.T.D., LL.D., Rev. Geo. Duffield, S.T.D., of '37, and Rev. J. P. Thompson, S.T.D., LL.D., of '38.

An examination of the list of contributors to the twelve numbers edited by the first board, shows that the number of different writers was small compared with the number of students in the classes. In the class of '37, for example, in which the Magazine originated, only seventeen individuals (one-sixth of the class) ever wrote for it at all, and their articles in all amounted to but half of the whole number (89 out of 176). Of the class above us but seven wrote, and of that below us ten. Three or four recent graduates (in the Law or Theological Schools) also contributed, and half a dozen or more minor pieces were anonymous.

But in truth, it must be candidly confessed that very many of the men of our class who have attained high positions in public life never wrote a line for the *Yale Lit.* or at least were not among its leading writers. Talent for writing, especially in Belles Lettres, is not necessarily a true measure of ability to achieve eminent success in life. It need then be no great cause of chagrin to any of the original editors that they did not write as much for the magazine as some of their fellows. In the case of the first editors, furthermore, some of them had somehow got into their heads the notion that they were chosen, in part at least, to edit, as well as to write—to publish the writings of others, even if a less agreeable task than to put forth their own. A faithful editor of the *Lit.* will be likely to find that after attending to the duty of editing, he has little leisure or strength left from regular college work for contributing voluminously himself to the magazine.

There was no formal organization, or permanent chairman, of the first board of editors. It was understood, however, that the general responsibility for the successive numbers should be assumed by each editor in turn, as I believe is still the practice. The board met often, especially at first, and soon fell into the way of meeting in the room which I occupied during junior year, number 3, in the rear of the Linonian Hall on the third floor of the building on Chapel street, opposite the campus. This happened mainly, I suppose, because I roomed alone, while the other editors had room-mates or were otherwise inconveniently situated. As a natural consequence I became virtually office editor, the articles being kept in this room (the rejected in a long, narrow box called significantly the "Coffin") and the printer's devil coming there with his proofs and for copy, so that I inevitably had my full share of the editing proper, the reading of MSS. and proofs. As a general rule, however, writers not anonymous read their own proofs. In senior year I had begun rooming with Mr. Bacon in 110 North College, when the want of a special editor's room was so felt that the same room was again secured for the purpose and I once more took possession of it, and it was known as the Editors' room through the year.

The magazine was issued monthly, except in vacations. The second number came out March 19th, the third, April 15th, the fourth about the middle of June, the fifth, July 18th, and the sixth, just before Commencement, August 18th. With the last we closed our first volume, so as to adjust future volumes with the college calendar. We issued six numbers of the second volume, which commenced with the college year, three in each term, until April 13th, when at the instance of our board, the class of '38 held a meeting and elected as the new board of editors for the ensuing year: G. Rich, T. G. Talcott, C. J. Lynde, J. P. Thompson, and J. B. Varnum. On Friday evening, April 21st, a supper was given to the old board by the new, which custom, I believe, has ever since been observed, and the Yale LIT. was formally handed down to the next class.

The first two volumes were published by Messrs. Herrick & Noyes, who kept a bookstore just east of where the New Haven house now stands. Mr. Herrick's careful attention to the subscription list enabled us to leave the magazine without financial loss.

Let me say in conclusion, that although the longevity of the YALE LIT. may have depended only slightly on the work or wisdom of its founders, but rather on the fostering care of the successive classes, I cannot but feel for it a sort of personal affection, and hope that with like care in the future, it may continue unharmed by the winds and storms of youthful instability and caprice—avoiding the Scylla of dead conservatism and the Charybdis of rash innovation—the rocks and quicksands of college feuds and politics, and so keep steadily on its course as an efficient aid in the literary training of the college, adding new features of utility with the changing exigencies of the times, until it shall have rounded out still another fifty years of usefulness, and been crowned with the laurels of a full century of success.

May it always merit the application to itself of the sentiment of the distich on its title page:—

While grateful hearts remain, in carols fit,
Yale's sons and sires will sing the praises of the LIT.

Chester S. Lyman.

OLD MAGAZINE DAYS AT YALE.

THE book store of Herrick & Noyes—next door to what is now, I think, the University Club—on Chapel St., used to be a great loitering place for book-loving students in our “Fresh” days, forty odd years ago; and I think it was there—sometime in the late autumn of 1837—that I came upon first sight of that Yale magazine, from whose brown covers the old gentleman in big cuffs and with big flaps to his waistcoat, has been looking out benignly upon the world, for fifty years. There was a respect for such literary monuments in those early and innocent times, before as yet the virus of Athletics had infected the college mind, and when we looked with a becoming awe upon the golden *spatula* of *Φ. B. K.* and the tri-cornered Delta of the “fine writers.” The magazine was not new; there was a completed volume to back up its dignity; and even then, traditions belonged to it of brilliant poems by Thompson Bacon and C. S. Lyman, and of rare puns by Editor Evarts, and of his ponderous periods—firstlings of those interminable sentences which now reach easily from Washington to New York.

The “board” which succeeded to these early men, and whose members we looked upon admiringly, in the flesh, as they paced up the chapel aisle, counted some notable ones. There was Jos. P. Thompson—afterwards known as a distinguished clergyman and Egyptologist, and who died in Berlin; there was Rich, who had left a sea-going life, and, I think, the command of a vessel, for college, and who put a realism into certain “Sea-Sketches” for the Magazine, which proved very taking; more noticeable than either by reason of his “swell” presence was Thos. Talcott, with a lordly gait, and velvet-faced lapels to his coat—abundant, glossy curls, too, if I remember rightly: we counted him the D’Israeli of the board.

After these, in 1838–9, amongst the presiding Five, were—the courteous J. D. Sherwood (author of a Comic His-

tory of the United States), R. D. Hubbard, not given to over-much zeal in writing, but subsequently coming to be Governor of Connecticut, and H. R. Jackson—then a gushing poet, essayist, and orator, and now representative of the United States in Mexico. I have definite recollection of these gentlemen, since to them I am indebted for the rejection of a certain MS. written with extreme care, and submitted to their attention, forty-seven years ago next June.

Among the well-known contributors of this class of 1839 I may name—that strange creature Charles Astor Bristed, full of Latin and of vehemence—Rodney McDonough, long the polite Secretary of the Century Club, N. Y.—Chas. J. Stillé, once Provost of the University of Pennsylvania—Rev. Niles Tarbox and Dr. Francis Wharton of Cambridge. Nor can I forbear mention of another member of that class whom I had known long before at school—known as a shy, sensitive, studious boy, who brought all his modesties with him to Yale, and a frailty of constitution which, under his long night watches (for he was given to Astronomy), broke him down early. This was Ebenezer P. Mason, who, I think, left one or two fragments of verse upon the pages of the Magazine which may show some delicacy of touch, but give no adequate measure of endowments that were full of brilliant promise.

Of the editorial board of 1840, I recall with most distinctness—Geo. Richards, an easy-going, fluent, musically-endowed man who became afterward a popular clergyman in Litchfield, and Gideon Hollister, of somewhat clumsy gait, and shyness, with a great dark eye, which—in those delightful young days—we thought had a Goldsmith-y reach and splendor in it. He was surely a most worthy man, and became in after-days the author of a well esteemed history of Connecticut.

Geo. H. Colton was by all odds the most zealous Magazine worker of that year, though missing—I suppose by some political hocus-pocus—his election to the board. He afterward established the *American Whig Review*, in whose pages, and under his editorship, first appeared Poe's

"Raven." I can recall now distinctly the rapt enthusiasm with which he recited to me some of the mystic lines of that wonderful poem—before yet it had come to print—in his dingy up-stairs office in Nassau Street.

Poor Colton was carried off by a brain fever in 1847; and it was thought that the fatal issue was hastened, if not provoked, by a blow from a slung-shot, which he received from one of his recalcitrant contributors. He left a long poem, *Tecumseh*; it stands upon my shelf now with his autograph on the initial page. I am afraid the dust has gathered on it.

From the editors of 1840, we—of 1841—received the good will of the concern, (on a certain festive occasion, at the Moriarty's of that day) abundant manuscripts and—unless I mistake—a bouncing debt. This, however, did not forbid a flow of humor at the festivities hinted at, and a limited popping of corks; small beer doubtless. I am confident that mineral waters had not then come into vogue.

Of my associates upon the board only two, I think, are now living: one, the venerable Dr. Yarnal of West Philadelphia, beyond us in years and in dignity—then as now—(you know this is so, Doctor!) and relieving the quiet cares of his Rectory (as I see from the newly established *Church Monthly*) by flashes of his early but always good-humored sarcasm. Another was the scholarly Professor Emerson, with eyes of poetic out-look, living many a year now in a quiet collegiate home of the West (Beloit) and enjoying—as of old—the classic odors that filter through the pages of Homer and of Eschylus.

I cannot leave these old Magazine days and memories without some notice of that most excellent—but sometime irascible—old gentleman who was in those days, printer to the college; I mean Benjamin Hamlen. His printing office (and ours) was upon some top floor reached by narrow halls and stairs that flanked closely the premises now held by Robt. Veitch, florist; a roomy office, with hand presses only, creaking and groaning at their work, and a pleasant outlook over the green, from the little table where we corrected proofs. And the master

printer, who presided over cases and presses, is as plainly before me, as if I saw him only yesterday. Tall, gaunt, gray-eyed, with a goodly Roman nose, hair straying and scattery, with color of age upon it, face reddened (but rather, I think, by the storms of life and the office, than by any alcoholic provocatives), having his own imperial notions about punctuation, a king of orthography, indulging no occasions in high Theologic discourse, watchful of all the galleys, and, at a big blunder of a compositor, breaking out, somewhiles, into discourse that was not Theologic—this was our Printer!

He lived in a small white house, which perhaps is still standing on High Street, between the Art School and the Library. From his door there I used to see him (from my window, in what is now the Photograph gallery upon the corner) striding forth with his scant camlet cloak, close wrapped about him, his locks straying out from under his well-worn silken beaver—braving all weathers; perhaps in the flurries of November, carrying a bead of dew at the tip of his Roman nose; always eager and earnest, and bound straight to the line of his daily duties.

I do not know when he died, or where he is buried; but for me his memorial is severely simple, and is Latinized—upon the initial page of the old Triennial:

B. L. HAMLEN, TYPOGRAPHO.

Donald G. Mitchell.

FAREWELL ODE.*

Gray rocks, by heaven's own arches span'd,
Twin giants guarding sea and land,
The vine shall wreath your brows of stone,
The cloud shall make your crags its throne,
When harvests wave and orchards bloom
Upon each long forgotten tomb.
Though stern the fate your dark lips tell,
Farewell, gray ramparts, fare ye well !

Broad bay, upon whose heaving breast
The billow waves its battle crest,
Our shallop helm and dipping oar
Shall part thy locks of foam no more !
We shall not plow thine azure plain,
Nor count thy snow-tipped hills again ;
Yet, while the tides of ocean swell,
Farewell, brave billows, fare ye well !

Dark elms, beneath whose emerald dome
Music and smiles have built their home,
Within whose realm of summer shade
Our dreams like wanton birds have strayed,
We shall not see you clothed again
With verdant wreath or crystal chain,
Yet long may leaf to leaflet tell
Our parting word, our sad farewell !

Old halls, through which the whirling tide
Of earnest toil and wrestling pride
Has rolled with many a billow shock,
As rivers lash the Sundered rock,
Your aged walls shall ring no more
With word or song of ours. 'T is o'er—
The changeful dream, the witching spell,—
One thought is left us,—'t is farewell !

* Judge Finch, being prevented by pressure of business from writing any new verses, sanctions the republication of these stanzas from his "Valedictory Poem."

LINONIA AND THE BROTHERS.

THE older graduates of Yale find it difficult to understand the decadence of Linonia and the Brothers in Unity. These societies had existed for a hundred years. They had a history which was inspiring and stimulating; a record of creditable and successful achievements. They exerted a marked influence upon student life, arousing ambitions and opening avenues of mental activity; they supplemented regular instruction with facilities for special training and developed special attainments. The honors they conferred, won through patient industry and zealous devotion, were among the highest prizes of the college and were valuable as proof of present merit and as the promise of future usefulness.

Although the regular exercises of these two Literary Societies, as they were called, embraced a criticism by the censor and a written essay, the prime idea which animated and governed them was the cultivation of extemporaneous debate. They were schools for training in public speaking. Their work involved the discussion of social, political and scientific problems, and required thoughtful preparation and discriminating judgment in winnowing the chaff from the wheat, in detecting error and weighing truth. This equipment was indispensable, but it was only preliminary to the main undertaking. Carefully studied ideas and positive convictions were essential, but it was the power to arrange and marshal ideas and to give terse and vigorous expression to convictions, which was the grand aim and purpose.

To think on one's feet, and to express those thoughts clearly and appropriately is a desirable accomplishment. Few possess it in large degree. It is said of Charles Fox that he could address an audience upon one subject while arranging his thoughts on another. Few men aspire to such extraordinary mental feats. But there are many situations in life which call for the easy and forcible expres-

sion of thoughts. Occasions are frequent when truth and justice can be served by appropriate speech, or retarded by inadequate and slovenly presentation. There are emergencies in public affairs, times of apathy or confusion, when the power to captivate and instruct the multitude by the statement of timely truths clothed in harmonious and vigorous speech may arouse to action or may avert danger. The clear and earnest words spoken face to face, the persuasive voice, and the commanding gesture give vitality to the truths which are uttered. The memorable debate between Lincoln and Douglas is an example of the effectiveness of speech. On both sides there was strong and vigorous language, incisive logic, richness of imagery and aptness of illustration; there was the appeal to the people, to their wants and wishes, their hopes and fears, their homes and country. There was the clear statement of the rights of individuals under the guarantees of existing institutions, and the demands inspired by the higher claims of justice and humanity. Had this discussion been in newspapers or magazines it could not have aroused the thoughts and consciences of the people to such a heat as it did when held on the platform, with the issues of a political campaign at stake. There was needed the personality of the orators. Stimulated by the magnitude of the issue and strengthened by their unhesitating belief in the soundness of their positions, they spoke to the hearts as well as the heads of their audiences.

But we are not considering cases of exceptional forensic renown, nor the rare oratory which captivates by its magic and marvelous power. The quality we commend and which these societies fostered, is the ability to take a truth out of the mist which may have gathered around it, to free it from hazy thinking, and place it clearly and vividly before men; the ability to drive home opinions by logical statements, expressed with distinctness, directness and earnestness; the ability to instruct, persuade and convince by a graceful and dignified manner, full and flexible voice, and easy and fluent speech. In short, the possession by workers and thinkers of the ability to command their material and to present it with power.

Great learning and rich natural gifts will aid the skillful and ready debater, but all the prodigality of nature and all the knowledge of the schools will not make an orator without special exercise and training. Henry Wilson, the young Natick shoemaker, understood the importance of this when he organized his fellow mechanics into a debating society and spent one evening every week in the discussion of problems of trade, finance, labor and human rights, questions which were agitating the public mind. His career as one of the most successful of public speakers in awakening the listless and indifferent, in converting opposition, in shaping opinions and influencing legislation, is an illustration of what this special drill and training will accomplish. He who spends his time in a study is not fitted to think in a crowd, nor can he cope with popular confusion and turmoil. Lacking the faculty of expression, distrust and timidity prevent intelligible utterance even though he is abounding in wisdom. The present methods of study lead to the abstraction of thought rather than the diffusion of it. The cultivation of speech is not the elevation of sound over sense. Speech is the currency or coin which represents the capital of thoughts and ideas. The one sets in motion and develops the power of the other, and to do its complete work must have the genuine ring of clear, direct and vigorous utterance.

The elaborate written essay, learned by heart and repeated from the platform is a poor substitute for oratory. The Commencement and Junior Exhibition orations, so far as they exhibit careful preparation and full knowledge, are commendable. But in these exercises the college orator does not learn how to read the thoughts of people, how to command the beating heart of a sympathizing audience, how to awaken interest and force conviction. The tone, the manner, the word, the presence of a spoken eloquence are needed to attract and win. There is needed the spark which comes only from collision in the pointed reply, the fallacy exposed as soon as stated, and the argument heard for the first time and answered on the spot. The member of Congress who rises in his place and reads

from a roll of manuscript, although his written speech may be logical in argument, strong in statement and fortified with statistics, convinces no one, for his fellow members, as a rule, will not listen to it. But in the debate under the "five minutes rule," which must of necessity be extemporaneous, and which is direct and earnest, terse and vigorous, aggressive and critical, persuasive and conciliatory, every one listens, for it is in this debate that opinions are formed and changed, votes controlled and legislation perfected.

It is asserted that a lower standard of oratory prevails now than formerly, and hence it is inferred that public speaking belongs to a less enlightened age. Since the press commenced to print speeches, the people have read instead of listened. The newspaper reporter follows the orator everywhere, and the substance and language of the oration is widely scattered. The liability of garbled and imperfect newspaper reports has led public men to furnish prepared speeches to the press before their delivery to the audience. And this is often done when the subject is of less than ordinary importance. The tendency of all this, since the press cares nothing for rhetoric and only for facts and reasons, is to lower the public interest in oratory. The relative power of the author and editor have increased in this age of books and newspapers, but they cannot occupy the whole field. Their work is as often imperfect as is that of the orator. There is thin and commonplace writing as well as dull speaking; there are trashy books as well as frivolous speeches; there are exaggerations in print as well as prolixity in declamation. The province of the public speaker differs from that of the press writer. Their methods are different. And so long as there are men who can be reached only from the platform, there should be skilled masters in the art of public speaking to attract and convince them.

Linonia and the Brothers undertook to promote forensic disputation. During an entire century, at some times more successfully than at others, they contributed to the acquirement of easy, graceful and effective public speak-

ing. What they accomplished had real value. Eloquent men at crowded re-unions of these societies have gratefully acknowledged their indebtedness to them and their speech has been the evidence of the benefits they afforded. Some of the "Statement of Facts" orations were models of college oratory. The champion disputants were selected from each society by reason of their superior proficiency in debate, and they made the occasion one of the notable events of the college year. There was more at stake than the individual reputation of the orator. His failure might bring disaster to his society; and his blunder in argument or his indiscretion in language might dim its prestige. In the presence of the whole college, with an audience equally divided between friends whose hearts were full of sympathy and pride, and foes who eagerly watched for his discomfiture, he presented to the freshmen the merits of his own society and the defects of its rival. Those who thirty and forty years ago listened to the senior and junior orators of *Linonia* and the *Brothers*, in their yearly struggle for members, have not forgotten the bursts of eloquence, the bright, keen wit; the persuasive appeals to freshmen; the fiery invective hurled against the opposition; the array of statistics, not in the dry form of the political economist, but dashing and brilliant even if not absolutely accurate; the recital of the glorious achievements of the past and the glowing promises of the future. An intense rivalry gave zest to the discussion. It was a struggle between the red and the blue. Objections were sometimes made that these societies fostered college politics. Undoubtedly they did, and partisanship at times was as rank and unreasonable as it is in later life. But far preferable is college politics with two large societies under the leadership of the strong men of the college, prompted by a worthy, intellectual purpose, and strengthened by the traditions and aided by the experience of the past, than with a score of cliques based on personal ambition or favoritism, and which having no broad and definite aim are transient and meaningless. It was the eager rivalry of these societies which kept them vigilant and earnest and led to excellence.

The revival of these societies perhaps cannot be hoped for. Other agencies may have taken their place and may in part meet the requirements of that special training without which the difficulties of public speaking are seldom overcome. Class debating societies may be substituted, but they can hardly furnish the advantages which came from bringing all the college classes together, in widening the competition and in elevating the standard of discussion above the commonplace of mere colloquy.

In the sympathetic and mysterious communication between speaker and audience, the speaker learns what arguments are effective and what are valueless. The mystery may not be satisfactorily explained, but the fact exists that the surest way to reach the intellect and soul of man is by the human voice. This power is seen on the platform, in the pulpit and before the bar. It is seen in the caucus, the town meeting and the halls of legislation. Is it worthy of cultivation? Do college men quite meet their responsibilities when they neglect the most potent agency for reaching and influencing the public mind? Will the limited and ephemeral methods of class debating clubs do for the present generation of students what the broad and vigorous parliamentary and forensic training of Linonia and the Brothers did for their predecessors?

Wm. W. Crago.

A LINK CONNECTING THE COLLEGES OF OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

ONE of the most interesting monuments of college education in this country is a report on the condition of Harvard College, six years after its foundation, which found its way into print at a very early day, and has twice, at least, in modern times been reprinted. Nevertheless, I have some reason to think that this memorial has been so rarely read by the college men of these days that an account of it will be acceptable in a magazine which records the "*Memorabilia Valensia*." I am interested in this curious document not merely because of its antiquity, and certainly not because of its quaint phraseology, but because it seems to be the link which unites the traditions and usages of liberal education in New England with the still more venerable usages of our mother country.

One of the ablest and wisest of the present generation of college professors—too soon, alas, cut down—has pointed out the significant circumstance that just at the time when the great revolution in the English universities was completed, by which they became universities only in name, the earliest American colleges came into being. "Taking for our model the English colleges," he says, "just at the time when the English colleges were at their worst, we have preserved but the shell of the system, carefully eschewing all its valuable features."*

But there is danger that his remark will be misunderstood. He refers chiefly to the subordination of the university idea to the college idea, and to the consequent evils which grew up in college government and administration. In this opinion he was doubtless right. But he did not then stop to consider the subjects upon which, in the middle of the seventeenth century, boys were trained who wished to be liberally educated. That is illustrated

* J. L. Diman, *Orations and Essays*, pp. 294-5.

by the schedule we are about to print. As for the results which were accomplished by such training, Goldwin Smith, by no means a rigid defender of the past, has said that it is impossible not to be struck with the high character and the high intelligence of the English aristocracy and gentry in the early part of the seventeenth century. As a class they "seem to have been more highly educated in the period of the later Tudors and the earlier Stuarts than in any other period of our history. Their education was classical, but a classical education meant not a gymnastic exercise of the mind in Philology, but a deep draught from what was the great and almost the only spring of Philosophy, Science, History and Poetry at that time."*. Now in order to understand these apparently conflicting statements, it is important to keep in mind the sharp distinction which should be made between collegiate and university methods of government and of instruction.

In the early part of the seventeenth century and for a long time afterwards, the professorships of the "university" were of little account in the promotion of knowledge and the advancement of liberal culture. The faculties of law, medicine and theology were all inefficient. But it can hardly be said that the "colleges" with their means of discipline and with their agencies for securing the intellectual and moral training of undergraduates were wanting in vigor. On the contrary, a rigid scrutiny of the scheme which is before us, the scheme of an education transplanted from Cambridge in the old world to Cambridge in the new, the scheme which is the ancestral scheme of all our courses of study, will reveal the fact that the teachers of those days, according to their opportunities, were as wise and as liberal, to say the least, as most of their descendants.

The report which has led to these remarks will be found in an old pamphlet entitled "New England's First Fruits," which was originally printed in 1643, in London, and in 1865 was reprinted by Joel Munsell for Joseph Sabin of New York. The first part of the pamphlet relates to "the conversion of some, the conviction of divers and the pre-

* Goldwin Smith, Inaugural Lecture at Oxford, p. 22.

paration of sundry of the Indians," and the second part relates to "the progresse of learning in the collidge at Cambridge in Massachusetts Bay." I pass by all that pertains to the administration of the institution, its buildings, and its mode of holding its commencements in order that the reader's attention may be fixed on the schedule of daily work. One of my colleagues, Dr. H. B. Adams, not long ago, gathered with some painstaking, from the general statements, the items which he has here combined in what may be called the first "Tabular View" of an American college course.

HARVARD COLLEGE FOR THE YEAR 1642-43.

"The times and order of their Studies unlesse experience shall shew cause to alter."

DAYS OF WEEK.	8TH HOURS.	9TH HOURS.	10TH HOURS.	2ND HOURS.	3RD HOURS.	4TH HOURS.
1 st Day.	<i>First Year.</i>	<i>Second Year.</i>	<i>Third Year.</i>	<i>First Year.</i>	<i>Second Year.</i>	<i>Third Year.</i>
2 ^d Day.	Logick, first three quarters. Physicks, last quarter.	Ethicks and Politicks at convenient distances of time.	Arith. and Geom., three first quarters. Astronomy the last.	Disputes.	Disputes.	Disputes.
3 ^d Day.	ditto.	ditto.	ditto.	ditto.	ditto.	ditto.
4 th Day.	Greeke, Etymologie, and Syntax.	Greeke, Prosodia and Dialects.	Greeke. The 3d yeare perfect their theory before noon.	Greeke. Practice the precepts of Grammar.	Greeke. Practice in Poesy, Nonnus, Duport, or the like.	Greeke. Exercise Style, Composition, Imitation both in prose and verse.
5 th Day.	Hebrew Grammar.	Chaldee.	Syriack.	Practice in the Bible.	Ezra and Daniel.	Trestius New Testament.
6 th Day.	Rhetoric to all at the 8th houre.	Declamat'ns, every scholar once a month	{ The rest of the day,	<i>vacat</i>	<i>Rhetoricis</i>	<i>Studiis.</i>
7 th Day.	Divinity Catechetical to all.	Common Places, to all.				

On the seventh day at the first hour of the afternoon, History in the winter. The Nature of Plants in the summer.

HAEC TABULA DOCET.

With this table before his eyes, let the reader observe the following points :

I.—Latin was not taught in the college. A knowledge of this tongue it was assumed would have been acquired in the Latin School, or elsewhere, before the student entered college. Every liberally educated man of that period must read, write and speak Latin, not merely, perhaps not chiefly, that he might become acquainted with the classical authors, but that he might read the works of modern scholars who were his contemporaries. Latin was at that time as essential to the man who would keep up with the progress of knowledge as French and German are now.

II.—Two other ancient languages, Hebrew and Greek, were taught in the college, and, with the Hebrew, the cognate Chaldee and Syriac were taught, and the student was expected to read the originals of the Old and New Testaments into the Latin tongue.

III.—To the English language, the sixth day of the week was allotted, if by Rhetoric and Declamation we may understand practise in writing and speaking the mother tongue.

IV.—The science of the day is represented by Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy and Physics, with a little Botany in the Summer.

V.—Logic, Ethics and Politics, with a winter course in History, represent the moral and political sciences.

VI.—A religious or theological exercise is appointed for Saturday morning.

VII.—Besides, there are "Disputes" in each of the three classes, and a general exercise on Saturdays when "Common-places" are discussed.

Examinations were held at the beginning of every lecture on the instructions of the previous lecture. For the three classes there were twenty-nine hours a week devoted to instruction, say ten hours a week to each class. Saturday afternoons were free with the exception of one hour.

Each day had its dominant theme ; thus, the appointments were for Monday and Tuesday, in Mathematics and Philosophy ; Wednesday, Greek ; Thursday, Semitic tongues ; Friday, Rhetoric ; Saturday, Catechism.

The conditions of taking the first and second degrees are thus succinctly stated :

“ Every schollar, that on prooffe is found able to read the originals of the Old and New Testament into the Latine tongue, and to resolve them logically ; withall being of godly life and conversation ; and at any publick act hath the approbation of the Overseers and Master of the Colledge, is fit to be dignified with his first degree.

“ Every schollar that giveth up in writing a system, or synopsis, or summe of Logick, naturall and morall Philosophy, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy ; and is ready to defend his Thesis or positions ; withall skilled in the Originalls as abovesaid ; and of godly life and conversation ; and so approved by the Overseers and Master of the Colledge, at any publique act, is fit to be dignified with his 2d degree.”

I venture to submit the opinion that it would in those days have been very difficult to make a better scheme for the education of young men, for here we have a fair amount of mathematics and of natural science (as science was then understood) ; two ancient languages (besides Latin) taught as an introduction to historic books ; the elements of history and politics ; and the principles of religious doctrine. It is not easy in scrutinizing this scheme to remember how much of what we now regard as essential to a liberal education could not then have been taught. Isaac Newton, the father of modern physical science, was born in the very year to which this report relates. Linnæus was born after the beginning of the eighteenth century. The great controversy between the fire and water schools of geology belongs to the latter part of that century. There are many persons living who might have known the originators of modern chemistry and physics,—Berzelius, Dalton and Sir Humphry Davy. Bossuet, who first endeavored to give a comprehensive view of uni-

versal history, was a school boy in his teens when the Harvard course in history was projected. Adam Smith's great work appeared in 1776. When we thus recall the beginnings of various modern sciences, we are tempted to ask what could have been taught in 1642-3, to non-professional students, which was not provided for in the earliest college of New England.

To Professor F. B. Dexter, all students of the early intellectual life of this country are indebted for the careful way in which he has traced out the university ties of nearly ninety graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, who were immigrants to New England between 1636 and 1647. To his admirable researches the inquirer should turn who would further study our academic origins and with it he should compare the studies of Mullinger in the History of the University of Cambridge during the seventeenth century.

Daniel C. Gilman.

TELEMACHUS.

Τηλέμαχος τις ἦν τὸν ἀσκητικὸν ἀσπαζόμενος βίον. Οὗτος ἀπὸ τῆς ἐφίας ἀπάρας, καὶ τούτου χάριν τὴν Ἑρώην καταλαβὼν, τῆς μυσαρᾶς ἐκείνης ἐκτελουμένης θέας εἰσελήλυθε καὶ αὐτὸς εἰς τὸ στάδιον, καὶ καταβὰς παῖειν ἐπειρᾶτο τοὺς κατ' ἀλλήλων κεχρημένους τοῖς ὅπλοις. Τῆς δὲ μαιφονίας οἱ θεαταὶ χαλεπήναντες, καὶ τοῦ τοῖς αἵμασιν ἐκείνους ἐπιτερπομένοι δαίμονος εἰςδεξάμενοι τὴν βακχείαν, κατέλευσαν τῆς εἰρήνης τὸν πρότανιν. Τοῦτο μαθὼν ὁ θανμαστός βασιλεὺς τὸν μὲν τοῖς νυκτόφοις συνηριθμέσσε μάρτυσι, τὴν δὲ πονηρὰν ἐκείνην ἔπασσε θεωρίαν.

Theodoret, *Eccl. Hist.* 5, 26.

I mused on Claudian's tinselled eulogies,
And turned to seek, in other dusty tomes,
Through the wild waste of those degenerate days,
Some living word, some utterance of the heart :
Till, as when one lone peak of Jura flames
With sudden sunbeams breaking through the mist,
So, from the dull page of Theodoret,
A flash of splendor rends the clouds of life,
And bares to view the awful throne of love.

The bishop's tale is meagre, but as leaven
It works in thoughts, that rise and fill the soul.

Telemachus, a Greek, far in the East,
Gave all for Christ, and led a life of prayer,
With longings still for Rome, Christ's capital.
He waits in Christ's name, with an open door,
To cheer the passing pilgrim, wash his feet,
And break the loaf, and gather from his lips
Signs of the Kingdom ; till one comes who, late
Touched by the holy hands of Innocent,
Still wears unchanged from Rome, Christ's capital,
His garments and his thoughts. Telemachus
With reverent service watches for his words,
As beams of light from God's own moon and sun,
The throne of Constantine and Peter's chair.

The Coliseum is his theme, between
The throne of Constantine and Peter's chair :
More horrid shrine than Moloch's, when he set
His temple right against the temple of God,
For murder there was worship, here is sport.

Here had he seen the gladiator fall,
Writhing in death, while throngs enraptured gazed,
And mercy's breath is vain as his last sigh
Drowned in the plaudits of unpitying Rome.

Telemachus gives ear, while from his soul
Fades that bright vision of the City of God,
End and delight of Christian pilgrimage.
Its sun is darkened and its moon is blood.
And where he looks for Rome, Christ's capital,
He finds another Rome, the mouth of hell.

His thoughts are chaos, till from out their depth
A firmament of love arising parts
The waters from the waters, life above,
Despair below, obedient to the voice
That spoke creation, but at Pilate's bar
Was silent; and his soul goes forth in prayer.

"Let not thy wrath be kindled, though they rage,
The heathen, in thy capital, nor stir
The sword of Gideon and the pit of Kore.
But, as when heaven was darkened, and the earth
Was shaken by thy sorrow, angel hosts
Hovered above thy foes, and hell beneath
Was moved to meet them coming, thou didst cry
'Forgive them, for they know not what they do!'
So now I see heaven's armies in thy train,
Thine eyes a flame of fire, and dipped in blood
Thy vesture, and a sharp sword from thy mouth
To smite the nations, as thou comest to tread
The winepress of the fierceness and the wrath
Of God, and on thy vesture and thy thigh
Is written 'King of Kings,' and none can stand
Before thee; but upon thy hands and side
Is written a new name which no man knows,
With power to still the fire and dull the sword
And stop the wine-press. Yet once more let wrath
Wait upon mercy, for that name is love,
And love is Lord of Lords. O Word of God,
Thou who wast silent, scourged at Pilate's bar,
And—smitten anew in whom thou diedst to save—
Art silent now in Rome, dost speak in me.
Yea, through me, at the mouth of hell, between
The throne of Constantine and Peter's chair,
Speak, if thou wilt, though these be silent still,
For lo I come to do thy will, O God!"

A short farewell, and with his leathern scrip
And pilgrim staff, he took his lonely way,
And begged his bread in Christ's name, hiding still
His purpose in his heart. Companionship
Was none, save that the moon, lonely as he,
Seemed the familiar face of one pursuing
A path of light, unfaltering in God's eye.
Twice waned, thrice waxed that angel form, and sunk
At last full-orbed behind the Capitol,
Pale in the first beams of the Christmas morn
That lit the towers of Rome. On Tiber's bank
He paused a while to wash his bleeding feet,
And stay his heart upon the word within.
The city awoke before him ; hour by hour
Strange faces passed, strange garbs, strange voices raised
In praises of their saviour Stilicho,
Till, in the pilgrim's soul, his Saviour felt
Again the loneliness of Calvary.
They swept him to the Forum, where a wild
Confusion of white steeds and purple robes
Pressed through the throng, and charioted high
Honorius and his saviour Stilicho
Led the chained Goths in triumph. Then, above
The clatter of sandals and the clash of arms,
The din of hoof-beats and the rumbling wheels,
Arose an eager cry of multitudes,
" On to the Coliseum : the games ! the games ! "

To the stern portals of that wondrous pile,
As one drop on the tide, Telemachus
Was borne, and entered, but he knew not how ;
Nor saw nor heard the thousands as they passed
Before the throne, and joined in loud acclaim ;
" Hail to thee, Cæsar, happiest and best,
Be victory thine forever ! Thy right hand
Is Stilicho, who smites the foes of Rome.
We greet Honorius with Stilicho."
He heard not, saw not : other thousands filled
His inner sense with music and with light :
Saints who in Pagan days had met their Lord
And triumphed over death, in these grim walls.
He felt the soil, long drenched with martyr's blood,
Send healing through his feet to all his frame.
He drank the air that trembled with the joys
Of opening Paradise, and bared his soul
To spirits whispering, " Come with us to-day ! "
The longings of his life were satisfied.
He stood at last in Rome, Christ's capital,
The gate of heaven, and not the mouth of hell.

Suddenly, rudely, comes disastrous change.
He starts and gazes, as the glory of saints
Fades round him, and the angel songs are stilled.
A world of hatred hides the throne of love.
Hell opens in the gleam of myriad eyes
Hungry for slaughter, in a hush that tells
How in each heart a tiger pants for blood.
Into the vast arena files a band
Of Goths, the prisoners of Pollentia,—
Freemen, the dread of Rome, but yesterday,
Now doomed as slaves to wield those terrible arms
In mutual murder, kill and die, amid
The exultation of their nation's foes.
Pausing before the throne, with well-taught lips
They utter words they know not ; but Rome hears :
"Cæsar, we greet thee who are now to die !"
Then part and line the lists ; the trumpet blares
For the onset, sword and javelin gleam, and all
Is clash of smitten shields and glitter of arms.

Without the tumult one of mighty limb
And towering frame stands moveless : never yet
A nobler captive had made sport for Rome.
Throngs watch that eye of Mars, Apollo's grace,
The thews of Hercules, in cruel hope
That ten may fall before him ere he falls.
They bid him charge ; he moves not ; shield and sword
Sink to his feet ; his eyes are filled with light
That is not of the battle. Three draw near
Whose valor or despair has cut a path
Through the thick mass of combat, and their swords,
Reeking with carnage, seek a victim new
The glory of whose death may win them grace
With that fierce multitude. Telemachus
Gazes, and half the horror turns to joy,
As the fair Goth undaunted bares his breast
Before the butchers, and awaits the blow,
With peaceful brow, a firm and tender lip
Quivering as with a breath of inward prayer,
And hands that move as mindful of the cross.
And with a mighty cry : "Christ ! he is thine !
He is my brother ! Help !" The monk leaps forth,
Gathers in hands unarmed the points of steel,
Throws back the startled warriors, and commands :
"In Christ's name, hold ! Ye people of Rome, give ear !
God will have mercy, and not sacrifice.
He who was silent, scourged at Pilate's bar,
And, smitten again in those he died to save,

Is silent now in his great oracles
The throne of Constantine and Peter's chair—
Speaks thus through me: 'In Rome, my capital,
Let love be Lord, and close the mouth of hell.
I will have mercy and not sacrifice.'"

The slaughter paused, he ceased, and all was still.
But baffled myriads with their cruel thumbs
Point earthward, and the bloody three advance:
Their swords meet in his heart. Honorius
Cries 'Save'—too late, he is already safe—
And turns, with tears like Peter's, to proclaim
The festival dissolved, nor from that hour
Ever again did Rome, Christ's capital,
Make holiday with blood, but hand in hand
The throne of Constantine and Peter's chair
Honored the martyr-saint Telemachus,
And love was Lord, and closed the mouth of hell.

Charlton T. Lewis.

YALE IN '53.

The Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine :

GENTLEMEN—As nearly as I remember the request in your original letter, you asked me to give my reminiscences as an editor of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

They are of very little importance or interest. The fact is that there was very little indeed of anything that could be justly called *literary* life among the students of Yale College in my time. There were no lectures upon either ancient or modern literature. Such a thing as a discussion from a Professor's chair of important points or periods in English literature or in any other was unheard of. Nor was there any literary criticism. Students read essays in the division rooms, and, in the first years of the course, tutors were supposed to make corrections of these manuscripts. I say "supposed to make" for the reason that I do not remember that this supposition was ever verified by myself or anybody else.

The New England colleges of that period, with the possible exception of Harvard, had the advantages neither of the tutorial system of the English universities nor of the professorial system of the German. Of that enthusiasm and devotion to literature aroused by professorial lecturers in the universities of Germany and France, there was very little; of that interest maintained by direct personal intercourse with the tutors, which has been the redeeming trait of the English universities, even at their worst, there was none. The main occupation of professors and tutors in those times was that most absurd and comical of all substitutes for instruction—the "hearing of recitations" from a text-book, a system which I have heard alluded to in terms of amazed ridicule by university professors in every part of Europe.

No one can deny the great merits of some of the men who were then professors at Yale. The only trouble was that the system was too much for them. As a rule it had

stiffened around them until their individual independence and direct individual influence on the student was impossible. The ideal education at Yale College then was simply the questioning of a student, by a man perched in a box, as to the words of a text-book generally more or less out of date. This being the main thing, lectures were few and far between, were very little attended to, and practically went for next to nothing. One of the most gifted professors our country has ever known, a man whom I have heard alluded to in terms of the highest respect and even enthusiasm, by the head of one of the greatest colleges at Oxford—a man who, if he had held a chair in France or Germany, would have attracted vast crowds of students to his lecture-room and exercised a marked influence upon the literature of his country, was, under the system then in vogue at Yale, a hearer of “recitations” and nothing more. He heard freshmen “recite” by rote from a little Greek grammar; he heard sophomores “recite” by rote the dates in a little historical manual; and he heard juniors “recite” in Thucydides. But in this “recitation” upon the great historian of antiquity, there was never a discussion of the wonderful history involved, of the style, of the relation of the author to the events of his time or to the literature of his country. It was simply construe a few lines,—parse,—give some “derivations” and then “sufficient;” “only that and nothing more.” Instead of lectures or “talks” such as this thorough scholar and man of genius could have given us on such a theme, and such as his excellent colleague could have given us in Latin literature—we had during one-third of the time through two full terms of the junior year, the most precious part of student life—“recitations” in a manual of Natural Philosophy, the tutor who heard the “recitations” not unfrequently acknowledging that he did not understand the book. Regarding this exercise, one of the most eminent thinkers and writers in religious and political philosophy that Yale has produced in the last fifty years, once said to me, “there is one thing in my course at Yale on which I shall never cease to congratulate myself, and that is that I never got ‘average’ in Natural Philosophy.”

There were, indeed, strong men in the Faculty, and their lectures during senior year would have exercised a great influence but for the deadening effects of the whole system pursued during the three previous years. When a youth has been trained during three-fourths of his course to regard "reciting for marks" as the one object in life, he can hardly be expected to care much for lectures which are understood "not to count" on standing.

I remember that when my own class was reading the *De Senectute* of Cicero, the thought and style were virtually passed unnoticed by the tutor. His *forte* was Zumpt's rules for the subjunctive mood; not a word regarding Cicero, but, day after day, questions on Zumpt. And I recall how, after one of these exercises, the best Latin scholar in the class, a man who has since become certainly the most eminent foreign correspondent of the American press, coming out of class-room, made, in the presence of several of us, a solemn vow that he would never answer any more such questions. (I omit the expletives actual, which he applied to the questions, and conditional which he applied to himself.) As a consequence the tutor daily plied him with questions from Zumpt, with the final result that our martyr friend had, at Junior Exhibition, no position on the scheme and, at Commencement, a very low one.

Well do I remember my first attendance upon a class exercise at Yale. It was in the Sophomore year:—the subject, the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. Never, from beginning to end of the book, was there any discussion of its literary or philosophical value. The only thing the tutor cared for was the rapid "synopsizing" of the Greek verb. Shortly after that particular exercise had begun, a student made a beautiful translation—accurate, well-worded, spirited,—but when asked to "synopsize" the second person singular of one of the tenses through the various moods, he halted. At this another gentleman was called up. He made a translation of no merit other than what resulted from careful construing by a plodding schoolboy; but when called upon to "synopsize," his tongue ran like the clapper of a mill. Coming out I learned that the latter gentle-

man was expected to become the valedictorian of the class, whereas the former was considered as "no scholar at all." As to the sequel, the valedictorian died without farther signs of his ability, and the "no scholar at all" became the editor of the most respected metropolitan journal in New England.

Even such masterpieces as Tacitus' *Germania* and *Agri-cola* were "recited" like everything else. There was no discussion calculated to arouse interest in their wonderful style, their unique historical value, the suggestiveness of the facts related in them and their profound bearing upon any theory of the collapse of Rome, and the origin of modern civilization. There was simply "the construing" of a few passages, two or three questions and then the inevitable "sufficient," the Professor bending over his record and making the cabalistic mark which indicated his view of the student's performance. And this from a Professor who was eminently capable of stimulating interest in the author and illuminating the text from the resources of his own study and thought. But the system was too much for him. I remember that when we closed our last "recitation" in Tacitus the Professor closed the book and gave a short off-hand lecture on the value of Latin studies in general and of Tacitus in particular. Nothing could be better, and my thought was, "Oh, that he had said this at the beginning instead of at the end of our work with him;" and this thought must have been echoed in the hearts of all thinking students present.

You will ask, then, what were the sources of literary activity. Literature never leaves itself without a witness, and the first source was the character of the period ;—great historical events drawing on ; the greatest political questions possible sounding in our ears ; Webster, Calhoun and Clay making their final speeches ; Seward, Sumner and Chase coming upon the stage.

Then, too, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Lowell and Longfellow were in all their freshness, and students of a literary turn generally thought it a duty to be assiduous at the metropolitan theatres

when Forrest or Macready gave anything from Shakespeare, Massinger, or Bulwer-Lytton.

There was also one thing in the college itself which did much to stimulate thought; in the stated class-room discussions of the junior and senior years, the off-hand decisions of the President and sundry Professors were very valuable, though there was a reserve and even timidity on both sides that gave a sort of unreality to these exercises.

This general statement, made in great love for my Alma Mater and in the highest veneration for my instructors there, will serve, perhaps, to explain some characteristics of the Yale LIT. in 1852-3. The result was not very brilliant I fear; but I have often wondered at what might have been evolved under a different system. I have seen much of professors and students in all parts of the world since those days, and I am sure I have never found sounder, stronger, better, material than there was in the Yale Faculty and students I then knew; and if the literary results of their relation have been disappointing we may hope that under a university system at Yale in the true sense of the word—a system that generates enthusiasm in research and vigor in statement—the passion for truth in matter with the instinct for beauty in form,—Yale will become more truly a literary centre and the magazine more truly a literary representative. I remain

Very sincerely yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

CANNES, France, Jan. 28, 1886.

THE YALE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THERE is nothing in the line of brick and mortar that now is so much needed at Yale College as a new library building. The present structure was completed in the year 1846. It was then without doubt supposed to be ample enough to furnish all the accommodations for books that would be needed for a century at least; and at the rate at which the library had been growing for a century previous to its erection the expectation would have been fully justified. At that time the number of volumes in the library of the college in all its departments did not exceed, if they even amounted to thirty-five thousand. This represented the total accumulation of the one hundred and forty-six years that had elapsed since the time when, according to the ancient story, ten divines had met together and given a certain number of books for the founding of a college.

For many years after the completion of the present structure the rate of progress continued to be very slow. It was not until 1854 that any account of the library is to be found in the college catalogue. The number, all told, is then put down as sixty-two thousand. For many successive years after this time the annual increase was stated at about a thousand. It is obvious that at this rate there was no immediate danger of the building being found unequal to the demand likely to be made upon it for the hundred years to come; for it could furnish accommodations, though far from satisfactory ones, to two hundred thousand volumes.

This state of things no longer exists. The fund for the purchase of books, though still altogether inadequate, has been largely increased within the past few years. The growth of the library has, in consequence, been comparatively rapid. Either by gift, exchange or purchase, about six thousand volumes are now annually added. The result is that the whole number is already rapidly approaching

two hundred thousand, and will speedily pass that limit. The building itself begins to show everywhere signs of over-crowding. Shelving has lately been put up in the alcoves, still further darkening a space that was never burdened with excess of light. The difficulty of finding room for the fast accumulating supply of books interferes seriously with the business of cataloguing. It is obviously of little advantage to record the title of a book when the place where it is to be found can not be recorded also. In some instances the volumes have been set up in double rows upon the shelves—an arrangement which can only be justified on the score of necessity. But to a much larger extent, they still continue to be piled up on the floors of the receiving rooms, waiting for a time when shelving can be contrived for their reception in places already overcrowded. This humble imitation of the practice of the library of Congress is not a feature to be commended or to be continued a moment longer than the requirements of the situation demand.

The difficulty of disposing of books with the limited space at command is naturally most conspicuous in the case of long sets. Special provision has usually to be made for these. Thus, for instance, a file of the *London Times*, extending from 1838 to 1882 inclusive, and comprising about one hundred and fifty heavy, or rather unwieldy volumes, was received at the library a little more than a year ago. For the accommodation of these it was necessary to construct special shelving on each side of the staircase in the main hall. This is, however, a process that can not often be repeated, for the present space for readers is none too large, and can not bear much farther encroachment. It can readily be seen that under such a condition of things a librarian is put to his wits' end to find space for some six thousand new volumes annually dumped upon the floors of the receiving rooms. No man of sense wants to stop the supply. Respectable as is the number of volumes found here, as libraries in this country go, there is a constant demand for books that are not upon the shelves, and this is a demand that must go on, constantly increas-

ing, if there is constant increase in the intellectual life of the college.

The present building, when completed, was unquestionably looked upon as the main architectural ornament of the college ground. It was the one to which our fathers, to adopt the language of political platforms, pointed with pride. There was some reason for this feeling. External appearance, not fitness for use, was the object they had in view in its construction, and judged by the standard of their day they succeeded. Nobody then knew how a library ought to be built, and if he had known, it is safe to say, his opinion would have been disregarded, if not actually scouted. It was a period when men had not the slightest conception anywhere of what was required in such a structure. The present building, in consequence, is full of suggestion to all persons or communities purposing to put up any edifice of this character. It combines in itself about all the peculiarities and qualities which it is desirable to avoid. A library above all things should have in it no dark place. This building, modeled like that of Gore Hall at Harvard, upon a chapel, is characterized throughout by that dim religious light which, however soothing to the spirit, is very discouraging to the eyes. A library should be so planned that additions can be made to it, whenever needed, that will easily harmonize with the original design. This has been so constructed that the intellect of all the architects of the world would be tasked to add to its space without impairing its proportions. Without mentioning minor points, it ought finally to be said that a library, rich in treasures as is this, ought to be fire-proof. This the present structure is not. To danger from that quarter the building is indeed little exposed. But a great collection of books, many of which could only be duplicated after long years of watching the market, is something too precious to run the slightest risk of such a calamity which can be avoided.

There used to be a venerable tradition existing among the older graduates that the library was mainly theological in its character. I find it still occasionally cropping out.

The only way I can account for the existence of this impression is that it springs from the tendency of the human mind to ascribe a supernatural character to everything of which it is supremely ignorant. It is certainly as far out of the way as it well can be. The theological section is fairly represented, but it does not equal in fullness many of the other departments. As a matter of fact, there are a good many more plays on the shelves than there are sermons.

There is no space to speak here of the directions in which the library is specially strong; but it is perfectly safe to say that the collection, as a whole, is far better as well as larger than most of even the best-informed of the graduates and friends of the college suppose. Important additions have been made to it without noise and advertising. The money spent in the purchase of books has been made to go as far as any similar amounts have been made to go anywhere, and much farther than in most places. One illustration will make the care and foresight displayed very conspicuous. By the will of the late Joseph J. Cooke of Providence, R. I., ten libraries in the country were allowed to purchase at the auction-sale of his books five thousand dollars worth without paying for them. It was a most generous bequest and was conceived not only in a liberal but also in an enlightened spirit, for it was unquestionably as wise a distribution of a library as could have been devised by any one who did not seek to make of it a source of profit. Yet a good deal of complaint was expressed, in some cases, it is to be feared, on the part of the recipients themselves of the bounty. It was represented that books were sold at double or triple their actual value, and that the donor in consequence received a credit for liberality two or three times greater than that to which he was actually entitled. If such in any instance was the case, the fault was with the purchaser, and not with the generous maker of the gift. With the five thousand dollars allotted to it the Yale Library procured three thousand volumes. It bought nothing worthless, and many of its accessions were of valuable and costly works, some of

them in particular being early editions of great English authors which rarely make their appearance in the market.

But while it is impossible to speak here of the particular works of value contained in this collection, the mention that has been made of the *London Times* may render it worth while to say something specific on the subject of periodicals. There are in the library more than twenty-one hundred bound volumes of newspapers. They extend back with more or less interruption for nearly two hundred years, though it is not until the middle of the last century that unbroken series can be found covering all the time. There is also an indefinite number of unbound volumes of newspapers. Unfortunately there is no money available to put these in order, bind them, and thus make them easily accessible. In periodicals the library is very rich. Especially is this so in the case of the periodicals of the last century, particularly English ones. Including in this term reviews, magazines, and essays, which come out at regular intervals, but excluding newspapers, there are more than one hundred and fifty sets belonging to that period. From this number, moreover, are excluded all scientific and technical publications. Some of these sets are very long, running through sixty or seventy years of the last century and extending into this. Others are confined to a few years, and in some cases to a few weeks, or months.

It is not meant to be implied by anything that is here said that there is a single department in any way complete. That, indeed, is far from being true of any American library, no matter what are its resources. The student of any special subject, if he hopes to exhaust it, must in this country go from place to place, before he can get what he seeks, and is too often forced to cross the ocean. But a great beginning has been made here, which can now be easily made to ripen into a greater result. The importance of it from the point of view of higher education is something that can not be over-estimated. A library is the intellectual center of any great institution of learning, and it is hopeless to expect original work of any sort to be accomplished at the latter, where the former is small in

size, or deficient in quality. On this point men whose views of education are as far apart as the poles, can meet on common ground. A resolute movement can make this library so complete in the number of works belonging to it that it will of itself draw students from all quarters who purpose to pursue special investigations; and the effect of the bringing together of such a body speedily makes itself felt in the whole atmosphere of a university.

It is a gross error to suppose that the library is of poor quality as regards the character of its contents. It has been the creation of scholars, who have been obliged, in consequence of its scanty income, to limit their demands to the great representative works in their various departments. There is in it, in fact, as little of what is vaguely denominated trash, as in any collection of similar size. The word is an indefinite, if not unmeaning one, and it is therefore hard to treat the point with much precision. From the librarian's point of view there is hardly any such thing as trash. Books, like men, have an individuality of their own, and the very qualities which recommend some to one class or to one generation may render them distasteful or valueless to another. No man's circle of sympathy is wide enough to take in all the works which satisfy the natures of other men, nor is his circle of knowledge sufficiently embracing to decide what books the world will finally come to settle down upon as essentially valuable or worthless. Still it may be conceded that there is a class of ephemeral publications which probably all generations will agree in considering as being as little worth consideration as anything which purports to be the product of mind. It is not an assertion that can be positively made; for the foolishness of one century too often seems to succeeding ones to be the height of wisdom. Still the probability can in certain cases be safely granted. From members of what may be called this bibliographical proletariat, the Yale library is as free as any library which owes a part of its accessions to gifts from all quarters and not entirely to purchase.

One thing more is to be said here. There are few libraries—as a matter of fact I know of none—in which

so much freedom is given to readers. Especially is this true in the case of the Society Libraries, since they have come under the control of the Library Committee of the College, and form really a part of the main library. In these there are about twenty-eight thousand volumes, mainly in the departments of history and English literature. To the shelves the students have unrestricted access. They can take from them any book they please, examine it as much as they please, and carry away with them a fixed number, if they are so disposed. Obviously such unrestricted access affords ample opportunity for secret mutilation or theft of books. Much anxiety was felt on this point when the experiment was first tried. The security of the collection depended, as a matter of fact, upon the personal honor of the students. The result has fully justified the hopes of those who first proposed and carried through this change. A sufficient answer of itself to the host of sneers at and charges against the morality of the students as a body, is the fact that this privilege has been so little abused. Few books have ever been stolen, fewer still have been mutilated. Instances have, indeed, occurred of both, but they are exceptional, and if known, fall nowhere under as heavy a condemnation as from the student body itself. It is to be added also, that the few books which have been thus purloined, have usually been of as little worth as the men who have taken them. It is doubtful if any such record could be furnished, if similar privileges and opportunities were afforded to any community in the land which particularly prides itself upon its own virtue and is much distressed about the failure of college students to come up to its own lofty standard.

A question may be here fairly asked, How are the advantages furnished by such a library improved? A careful perusal of newspaper editorials would lead most of us, whose information is derived mainly from those sources, to believe that nothing was much thought of at this college, and little done outside of athletics. I have long ceased to argue this question with people at a distance from here, for the wealth of information they possess on

the matter always makes disgracefully marked the poverty of knowledge possessed by those on the ground. Among the latter there is a general impression that, low as may be the standard here prevalent, both of conduct and of study, it is far higher now than it ever has been in the past. One fact in connection with the subject may seem to some to have weight in this discussion. The present librarian has been in office a little more than twenty years. He tells me that as near as he can calculate, the use of the main library by students has increased not two or three times as much as when he first entered on the duties of his position, but twenty times as much; and that the disposition to use it, and the ability to use it to better advantage, are all the while steadily increasing. Other institutions may be doing better in this respect. Of that I have no knowledge. But an increase of two thousand per cent. in the course of twenty years in this particular direction ought certainly to suggest that the intellectual stagnation here existing may not be so great as reported.

It is no doubt true that this showing is partly due to the fuller facilities now afforded for consulting books, and the more liberal ideas prevalent among librarians as to the treatment of those seeking to consult them. The modern generation of students are a pampered race of men compared with the students of little more than a generation ago. New ideas about books and the use of books have come in, and the awe which the librarian once inspired is something that can hardly be comprehended by the younger men of our day. It is only in occasional instances or in remote places that he can be found as he once was, armed with all his terrors. For the main object for which the librarian of old existed was to prevent people from reading books. His duty was to preserve the volumes entrusted to his care. Obviously the most efficient means of securing that end was to keep them out of the hands of the misguided beings who supposed that books were printed to be read and not merely to be catalogued and put on shelves. Every applicant was therefore to be treated with reserve—to put it mildly; he might often deem himself happy if he were not treated with con-

tumely. He was always regarded as a mutilator of the volume for which he asked, and as a possible thief. He must show cause why he wished to look at a particular work. Any motive so contemptible as mere curiosity met with an absolute rebuff, and ignorance of precisely what was wanted was looked upon with ill-concealed scorn. Even when compelled by law to show the book inquired for, the librarian of former times gave the impression of doing it under protest—as if he were guilty of pandering to a depraved taste, seeking for information which it might just as well be without. Of course in any case an applicant had to establish the general purity of his character by the most unimpeachable tests before he could be allowed to take a volume from the shelves. But even then the reader felt himself under the eye of one who watched his every movement with suspicion and glared upon him with every additional book laid hold of, with a look of renewed and increasing detestation. It is doubtless due to this eternal vigilance that the librarians of old became, as a class, the fiercest and most savage body of men to be found in any civilized community. Specimens of them may still survive in the general decay of their species, and if so they should be carefully studied. If they exist at all, they can always be recognized by their position of perpetual protest against the change which has taken place in library methods, by their resentment of any criticism to which that change has made them subject, and by their denunciation of the black ingratitude of their fellow-men who refuse to be thankful for the gift of that which can not be used. Whatever other defects may exist in the Yale Library, its treatment of students and scholars has been and continues to be of the most generous character. Every facility for consultation and study has been afforded that the limited means at its disposal would permit, and with the spirit that pervades its management it is fair to say that were its resources sufficiently increased, those facilities would be increased a hundred-fold.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

A MID-DAY REVERY.

Messrs. Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine :

WHEN you bring to my mind, by your courteous invitation to take part in your semi-centennial celebration, the time of my own college days, with their participation in the joys and woes of one of your editorial chairs, you recall a period of my life for which I have a curiously mingled feeling of commiseration, regret, reproof, and, at the same time, of a very hearty respect. For, looking back at our company of college mates (peace and love to them! living or dead), I not only like us heartily, as I see our youthful figures again in my mind's eye, because we were bright, wholesome "good fellows," but I heartily respect us, because we were trying to find out the truth of things, and to bring our lives into some accord with it as fast as found. That virtue, at least, there is in youth: whatever infelicities anyone may find in that necessary period—that "useful trouble," as some elders might regard it—of being once a boy. Painful enough, surely, is the spectacle—we occasionally see it—of the old man who never *was* a boy. The world's men of genius have notably been—have they not?—men who, having had a manly boyhood, have kept their boyhood late. And they have kept it in no sense more notably than in respect of this distinction between the attitude of successive ages toward new truth. When an idea is presented to an elderly man, he may ask first, "Is it a comfortable idea?" When it is presented to a man of middle age, he may ask first, "Is it a safe idea?" But the young man only asks, "Is it true?" And for this I profoundly respect him.

I do not mean, in saying this, to flatter youth. It knows, better than any elder of ever so good a memory, its own disabilities. No boy of good searching brains needs to have pressed upon him, beyond what he has in his own secret heart, any consciousness of his own lack of power as yet—with all his fine impulses and plans—to pay the

world, in *cash down* of useful service, for so much as his bare living. Insomuch that he is ready, twenty times a day, to agree beforehand with Thackeray in his ballad of "Once you have come to forty year." "*Then you know*" —says Thackeray—but we can all read it in the book for ourselves. The boy knows very well that he will know more to-morrow. But he can respect himself to-day for the fact that now, at least, he *wants* to know more; and his wisest old age may not turn out to be, in that regard, as respectable as he. When Wordsworth wrote,

"The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety"—

he meant something quite different from what he is commonly misunderstood to have meant. He used "piety" in the Latin sense. He wished his later age to look back with a certain filial piety, a kind of respect and even reverence, to his youth, for its

"obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things ;
* * * * * *
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

It is the glory of the natural sciences, among our studies, that they promote these "obstinate questionings," and hold that test of—"Is it true?"—the only proper test of ideas ; as it is the glory of the classics and the literatures that they feed this hunger of the spirit with the human truths of the highest import to man.

When I was a LIT. editor, I used now and then to contribute a copy of verses of my own. Once I sent one in under an assumed name, as a translation from some impossible author, for a number of which my chum had editorial charge. I will not say whether I enjoyed all his comments on it; but he printed it. We forgive anything in an editor when he does that. Falling into my old custom,

in writing once more for the venerable old magazine—old, but keeping a boy's heart in it still, as I hope we may all do—it comes very natural to me to append a bit of rhyme.

THE COMING DAY.

God's house of Life hath many rooms :
Some front the East, and morning light ;
Some face to westward, and the glooms
And ghosts of slowly passing night.

One saith : " Look not abroad—beware !
Make fast the door with bolt and chain ;
There's venom in the early air,
And sights of dawn will turn the brain."

Another saith : " I see the gold
Of a new day all up the sky ;
We stifle in the murk and mold
Of this low chamber where we lie.

" Let the decrepit and the blind
Go huddle by the dying fire ;
We will throw wide the door, and find
In open day our heart's desire.

" Truth a grim shape to fear and flee ?
Who flouts the Eternal Order so !
The only safety is to see,
The surest service is to know."

E. R. Sill.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, O., Dec. 4, '85.

NOTABILIA.

THE active editors of the LIT. feel that two facts with regard to the present issue of the magazine require explanation. The first fact is that the number is somewhat late in appearing. The reason for the delay was entirely beyond our control. It is simply because our contributors are busy men and were not absolutely prompt in forwarding their contributions. The appearance of the usual departments in this issue calls also for mention. The departments are inserted for the reason that, although their presence adds little to the interest of the number, still to have omitted them entirely would have resulted in severing the continuity of a series of records which, since the founding of each department, has remained unbroken.

AFTER a perusal of the contributions of this issue of the LIT. our readers will have an idea of what the magazine has been in the past. It may therefore prove interesting to any who are acquainted with its present position and condition to know just what it is to-day. With the idea of conveying some such information the editors have endeavored each to tell something about his own department, its origin, and its present significance. The *Notabilia* originated with the board of editors from the class of 1871. The department makes its first appearance on pp. 342-345 of the May number of 1870. Its purpose was to supply a want which in former years the *Memorabilia* department had filled. That department was originally intended "to be a receptacle for all that was odd or antique about Yale." It became, however, a mere record of events, and the editors for '71 feeling the need of "a place which should afford opportunity for brief discussions of small subjects," established the *Notabilia* department. The name, so far as there is any record of it, originated with them. Their idea of it was "a department which should

serve as a record of the old and also as a place for the discussion of the new." It was not intended originally that it should be written up entirely by the editors, but contributions to it were solicited from the college. From its founding down to the present the form of the *Notabilia* has remained unchanged, except that the editors of one year placed before the various pieces in the department titles indicative of the subject matter contained in them. A study of this portion of the magazine reveals the fact not wholly to have been unexpected, that as a record of events it has proved of little utility. It grew, within two years after its formation, into the editorial department of the paper. That sphere it has filled most successfully. It has carefully eschewed subjects of an especially trivial nature. The questions with which it has occupied itself, being, as they have been, the product of many brains, are very varied but possess a common characteristic. They as a whole deal with the deeper and more serious questions of college life and interest. Of course, statements of the position of the magazine on various questions concerning its own weal or woe has necessarily occupied a good deal of space in this department. The *Notabilia*, while the responsibility of filling it rests ostensibly upon the one individual to whom it was as a department assigned, is open always to the whole editorial board.

PORTFOLIO.

—Certain literary and sociable souls of '79, circled about the tables of their eating-clubs, were in the habit of munching bits of intellectual food while they were digesting their dinners. As tradition has it, the LIT. editors of the class conceived the idea that some of the best bits of conversation would bear digesting, too ; and it was thus that the *Portfolio* was opened, a repository for such gems as seemed worth keeping. Pieces of description, criticism, adventure, sentiment,—anything in fact that was too short for the body of the magazine but too good to be left out,—were welcomed by the *Portfolio* editor. So far as the original design can be adhered to, the *Portfolio* is undoubtedly doing a good service, for it demands the very kind of work which most needs to be done. College journalism ought above all things to be spontaneous, but spontaneity is just what it lacks. Moreover, there is doubtless too much truth in the complaint that there is little literary life in American colleges, anyhow. They are not literary centers. The questions about which Yale students (and probably all others) think most, and their only topics of general discussion, are of an economic or political character ; and where so few confine themselves to *Belles Lettres*, one is not surprised to find *Belles Lettres* confined to a few. As the college magazine was founded and carried on to encourage literature in its more serious form, so recent editors have hoped that the *Portfolio* might stimulate literature in its purest form. Scraps of easy criticism, and other stray ideas that happen to find us out, are therefore inserted with the heavier part of the magazine, and we are glad to fix a paper-weight upon loose leaves which might otherwise be blown away.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Freshman numerals were not this year displayed by the customary flags but appeared on a floral screen which was placed upon the stage during

The Glee Club Concert.

We do not recall a more brilliant Glee Club audience nor a more finely rendered programme than those of February 9. The character of the programme however was not, to all at least, entirely satisfactory. There is but one class of music in which a college glee club is inimitable, and it seems unfortunate that other music, the singing of which must in the nature of things be inferior, should be so prominent in the programme.

Following the Concert was the Sophomore German, led by Messrs. Allen and Walker.

The receptions in the college rooms which have been so pleasant a feature of past Promenade weeks, were this year omitted owing to a decree of the Faculty.

The Promenade.

It would be very trite to rehearse the worn-out sentiments about "fair visitors," "sombre broadcloth," "the decorator's magic touch," "the enchanting music," and it would be unjust to "the others" to imitate a contemporary in naming "the handsomely dressed" in one sentence and "the others" in a second, so Elihu will only tarry to shed a tear over the significant absence of the usual foot-ball, to congratulate the committee on their supper arrangements and to venture his hope that next year the musicians will allow some slight intermission between the dances.

Mr. Sheffield led the Junior German on Wednesday evening. Silver vinaigrettes and Flemish stains were the principal favors. Mr. Lambert led for the Seniors the most enjoyable German of the course.

How suggestive of the desolate season that follows the gay week is the transition from "The Promenade" to

Φ. B. K.

On February 3d the following men from '87 were initiated : Archbald, Bennetto, Brownson, Cornish, J. Curtis, T. Curtis, J. Pomeroy, W. Babcock, Burns, Diehl, Hand, F. W. Hart, Jenks, Lee, Pettee, Setchell, Whittlesey, S. Knight.

Freshman Deacons.

Messrs. Fisher, Parsons and Pinchoft were chosen Freshman deacons on Feb. 16.

Senior Class Elections

were held Feb. 24. The following committees were elected : *Senior Promenade*—Richardson, Bates, Churchill, Goodlett, Francke, E. C. Smith, J. C. Adams, Brinton, Stiles. *Class Day*—McElroy, Goodwin, Hellier, Washington, Davis, Hyde. *Class Supper*—Hord, Wing, Anderson, Morgan, Griggs. *Ivy*—Dickey, Dutcher, E. L. Smith. *Class Cup*—Arkell, E. C. Lambert, Sewall. Mr. Goodrich was elected class secretary.

News Editors

for 1886-87 were announced the same day. The board will be composed of : W. H. Cowles, '87 ; W. B. Kendall, '87 ; H. B. Ketcham, '87 ; J. H. Kirkham, '87 ; Robert Maxwell, '87 ; W. L. Thacher, '87 ; L. A. Jenkins, '87 S. ; W. P. Ordway, '87 S. ; W. D. Manro, '88 ; W. H. Seward, Jr., '88 ; E. S. Moore, '88 S. ; W. L. Armstrong, '89 ; H. E. Mason, '89. At a meeting of the new board Mr. Cowles was elected Chairman and Mr. Kirkham Financial Editor.

Courant Editors

were announced Feb. 28th. The board will be composed of the following gentlemen : Chandler Parsons Anderson, '87, New York City ; William McCormick, '87, Harrisburg, Pa. ; Henry Lawton May, '87, North Brookfield, Mass. ; Louis Harman Peet, '87, Brooklyn, N. Y. ; Harry Leon Hamlin, '87 S. S., Chicago, Ill. ; William Miller Vinton, '88, Athol, Mass. ; Charles Edward Curtis, '88 S. S. S., New Haven, Conn. ; Samuel Newman Pond, '89, Falls Church, Va.

The Courant Prizes.

The *Courant* has announced the following prizes: For the greatest number of published poems: W. McCormick, '87. For the best literary sketch: P. Beardsley, '86, "Ensenore." For the best humorous article: R. W. Playford, '87, awarded on the merit of several pieces.

The Record Prizes.

The *Record* has announced the following prizes: For the best humorous sketch: J. S. Dutcher, '86, "The *Princetonian* View of the Game." For the largest number of published poems: F. W. Hart, '87. For the largest number of Owlisms and Campus Items: F. W. Hart, '87.

Items.

The Andover Club banqueted at Redcliffe's on Saturday, January 23.—The lot on the corner of Elm and High streets has been set apart for the new gymnasium.—Prof. Seymour has published an "Introduction to the Language and Verse of Homer."—Rev. Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn filled the college pulpit on the day of prayer, Thursday, January 28.—Prof. Sumner lectured in Linonia Hall on "Socialism" January 27.—G. L. and W. L. Kingsley, '86, have given \$1,000 to the Gymnasium Fund.—Representatives of the Harvard and Yale navies met at New London January 30. Arrangements were made by which the course is to be kept clear of steamers during the race. The old Yale quarters were re-rented.—An address to the Alumni has been prepared by a committee from the college, setting forth the need of a new gymnasium.—Prof. Hadley lectured on the Labor Question February 3.—Prof. Thompson is giving a series of lectures in North Sheff. on Protection.—The navy has presented Andover with two shells.—The Cup offered by the Cleveland Alumni as a single-scutt prize has been received by the navy President.—A chess tournament between the Columbia and Yale clubs was played February 27 and resulted in a tie which is to be played off in New York.

BOOK NOTICES.

Book reviews were not particularly in Saint Elihu's line when he was in the first flush of young manhood. He had so many ideas of his own, perhaps, that he preferred to talk upon them, rather than to criticise the opinions of others. Then, too, he was naturally modest, and opposed on principle and from taste, to judging the productions of those whom he considered his elders and betters. Whatever the reason, then, the department of Book Notices rather stole its place among the pages of the *LIT.* We find the first heading "Book Notices" in June, 1856, and under it—a review of Whittier's "Panorama and Other Poems." Remembering that Yale was the favorite college of the South at that time, and that the war-cloud was already lowering near the horizon of the future, it is interesting to read that "those who sympathize with the political ideas of the Quaker-poet will enjoy the production, while those who differ will probably not go to sleep over it." In the volume of '57-'58 book-noticing was regarded with renewed favor by *LIT.* Editors, but it was gradually dropped, and when taken up once more, incorporated into an already bulky Editor's Table. New publications had scant notice there, and the '73 Board decided to give the department a position such as it holds to-day—a position, which, we hope, will be permanent.

Outlines of Universal History. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Yale College. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor and Company. For sale by Judd.

Perhaps that which strikes most forcibly the average person who glances over such a book as this last publication of Professor Fisher, is the profound depth of his own ignorance—or, to put it in a more self-satisfying phrase, the profound learning of the author. Another thing which impresses the most casual reader—the author remarks upon it in his Preface—is the unity of history. Most people's ideas of general history are lost in the haze of mere impressions. Special periods they may be familiar with, from some accident of study or taste. But very few can frame in their own minds distinct yet connected pictures of historical periods. This is what Professor Fisher has attempted to show in his "Outlines of Universal History." But he has accomplished more than that. His work is not a mere digest of dates and facts, but around the bare frame-work to which he was necessarily limited, he has woven a thread of narrative, throwing in suggestive expressions and phrases, so that the book is entirely free from the barrenness which characterizes the ordinary catalogue of events. He has made use of a most concise style, but clearness is not sacrificed to brevity and an arrangement of different styles of type has greatly facilitated the ease of study.

Professor Fisher is so well known for careful scholarship that the accuracy of his historical statements cannot be called in question and in the completeness with which he treats mere externals, he has not neglected the establishment and changes of institutions,—political, social, religious. The

author has done not only the student, but the general reader, a great service in the preparation of this volume. We wish we could speak so well of the work of the publishers in the matter, for the appearance of the book does scant justice to its importance and value. The immensity of the number of subjects treated makes the compilation of an index a task of great difficulty, and in spite of its thirty-five pages, this is but fairly complete. The maps which accompany the volume are beautifully engraved and form one of the most valuable features of the "Outlines of Universal History."

Sketches of Yale Life: Being Selections, Humorous and Descriptive, from the College Magazines and Newspapers. Arranged and Edited by John Addison Porter, of the Class of 1878. Washington: Arlington Publishing Co.

Saint Elihu greets with a warm welcome a guest who calls up to his mind so vividly and pleasantly the memories of fifty years. He looks, too, with complacency upon his own face smiling back at him from the title-page although his good old soul did wax a trifle wroth when the likeness first met his eye, unhallowed by the ancient red-earth colored background. "Certainly," the old man argued, "my permission might have been requested, to say the least." Then, also, he did think he might claim his own loved children. To see them heterogeneously classed with the offspring of others was a trifle trying, but he has forgotten all that in re-reading his own sketches of a score or more years ago. Naturally, it pleases him to be so honored in his old age and he has long wanted to cry out against the false views which have been presented as the true Yale life and spirit. Some years ago, a novel appeared purporting to picture existence in these "classic halls." Since the edition has been suppressed, he refrains from further characterizing it, except to ask any of his readers who have known it, to compare its distorted and trashy account with those delineations which have appeared from time to time between his covers, and to mark the difference in spirit and taste. Yet there are many other sketches of his which he would liked to have seen bound so artistically with their fellows. Would it not have been well to give the whist-lover a chance to speak and defend his game as played in college walls? The eating-club has been sketched in college literature with closer attention to its curious features than is here given to some of its peculiarities—But why should he cavil over another's selections? "Tastes differ," and he has lived long enough to understand the triteness of the remark. So he thanks the Editor heartily for presenting to the public such pleasant and graceful, yet honest and unflattering pictures of the college world as he has given in his "Sketches of Yale Life."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The *LIT.* has had an Editor's Table almost as long as Elihu Yale's revered though somewhat antiquated figure on the cover has worn his traditional wig and knickerbockers. However greatly its character may have changed in later years, in name at least it is a decade older than any other department, dating from 1841. Before this, the editorial mind had found vent for views on college affairs and general literary gossip in the "*Epilegomena*," which in turn had supplanted a department called "*Our Magazine*."

The Editor's Table of to-day has a very different province from that of forty years ago. Since then most of the other departments have been differentiated from it, and it has come to be occupied with the host of publications that have sprung up among our few colleges and the many institutions that claim that name. In this field its work has been of two sorts,—to criticise where criticism seemed needed, and to copy for its own readers what seemed most noteworthy, especially in the line of verse, in its exchanges. In carrying out this idea, our Saint (Elihu was canonized long ago for editorial purposes) has endeavored above all things to avoid the fault of ill-judged and indiscriminate praise, a fault which has made many an exchange department a mere vehicle for the exchange of compliments to tickle editorial vanity, to the destruction of all helpful criticism. If this purpose has sometimes led him into severity, or "cynicism" as an exchange puts it, or on the other hand, into a flippancy hardly foreseen by the editors of fifty years ago, his motives have never been those of jealousy or fault-finding, but always of devotion to the cause he has tried to further, the cause of college journalism and college literary effort. Of his seniority he has ever been proud, never intentionally boastful, realizing that an honorable record is, first and chiefest, an incentive to stronger endeavor.

Instead of the usual exchange verses, Elihu wishes, on this his anniversary, to recall certain verses of his own of years gone by.

A PEN OF STEEL.

Give me a pen of Steel !

 Away with the gray goose quill !

I will grave the thoughts I feel,

 With a fiery heat and will ;

I will grave with the stubborn pen

 On the tablet of the heart

Words never to fade again,

 And thoughts that shall ne'er part.

Give me a pen of steel !

 Hardened, and bright, and keen,—

To run like the chariot's wheel

 When the battle flame is seen :—

And give me the warrior's heart,

 To struggle through night and day,

And to write with this thing of art

 Words clear as the lightning's play.

Give me a pen of steel !
 The softer age is done,
 And the thoughts that lovers feel
 Have long been sought and won ;—
 No more of the gray goose quill—
 No more of the lover's lay—
 I have done with the minstrel's skill,
 And I change my path to-day.

Give me a pen of steel !
 I will tell to after times
 How nerve and iron will
 Are poured to the world in rhymes ;—
 How the soul is changed to power,
 And the heart is changed to flame,
 In the space of a passing hour
 By poverty and shame !

Give me a pen of steel !
 But even this shall rust,
 The touch of time shall feel,
 And crumble away to dust ;—
 So perishes my heart,
 Corroding day by day,—
 And laid, like the pen, apart,
 Worn out and cast away !

George Pratt, '57.

THY MERCY.

(AFTER SWINBURNE.)

Thou hast covered thy people with sorrow ;
 Thou hast tainted our joy and our mirth
 With the fear of a fateful to-morrow ;
 Thou hast cursed us from birth.

Thou hast given us love, but the treasure
 Is tarnished with rust and with stain.
 Thou hast fed us with promise of pleasure ;
 Thou hast given us pain.

Thou hast filled us with passionate yearning,
 With desires that unceasingly war ;
 Thou hast showed us a freedom worth earning ;
 Thou hast bound us with law.

Thou hast given us life, but our sleeping
 Is poisoned with waking ; our breath
 Is freighted with sighing and weeping,
 Thou hast given us death.

Rich gift to thy children who languish !
 Sweet rest for them under the sod !
 Thou hast granted release from our anguish,
 Most merciful God !

F. D. Root, '72.

Mr. E. C. Stedman, while yet an underclassman, contributed to the *LIT.* an "Ode to Pastoral Romance," from which we select the following, only regretting that lack of space prevents us from including the whole poem.

Through coral grottoes wandering and singing,
The merry Nereid glided to her cave ;
Anon, with warm, luxurious motion flinging
Her sinuous form above the moonlit wave,
To the charmed mariner gave
A glimpse of snowy arms and amber tresses,
While on his startled ear
The sea-nymph's madrigal fell clear ;
Then to the far recesses,
Where drowsy Neptune wears the emerald crown,
Serenely floated down,
Leaving the mariner all amort with fear.
In the under-opening wood,
What time the Gods had crowned the full-grown year,
The Dryad and the Hamadryad stood
Among the fallow deer ;

Bending the languid branches of their trees,
With every breeze,
To view their image in the fountains near :—
The fountains ! whence the white-limbed Naiads sang,
Pouring upon the air melodious trills,
And, while the echoes through the forest rang,
The white-limbed Naiads of a thousand rills
Far o'er the Arcadian vales a pæan spread.
Led by Diana, in the dewy dawn,
The Oread sisters chased the dappled fawn
Through all the coverts of their native hills ;
Home, with the spoils, at sultry noon they fled,—
Home to their shaded bowers,
Where, with the ivy, and those sacred flowers
That now have faded from the weary earth,
Each laughing Oread crowned an Oread's head.
The mountains echoed back their maiden mirth,
Rousing old Pan, who, from a secret lair,
Shook the wild tangles of his frosty hair,
And laid him down again with sullen roar :
But now the frightened nymphs like statues stand,
One balancing her body half in air,
Dreading to hear again that tumult sore ;
One, with a liquid tremor in her eye,
Waving above her head a glimmering hand ;
Till suddenly, like dreams, away they fly,
Leaving the forest stiller than before !

Elihu's poetry has not always been of a serious character, as the following will testify.

THE SWEEP'S DEFENCE.

I find a deep and widely spread opinion,
Which puts our guild beneath the public ban,—
A college-sweep is nothing but a minion,
A small-type man.

* * * * *

What madness strange those editors has hit,
That they all flap their wings and chirp and twitter?
Their business is to manage the YALE LIT.,
Mine, the Yale litter.

My honest heart could never have mistrusted
That folks would be so insolently free,
That when they found their sofas were not dusted,
They'd sit on me.

Of malice none am I the guilty hider;
My kindness bides the universal ebb;
I would not harm the cruel, sinning spider,
Nor yet his web.

* * * * *

Young gentlemen, when you complain the sweep
Takes absolutely no dirt from your room,
One sad and mournful fact you overleap;—
He swallows some.

* * * * *

If they could make a Doctor Musicus,
To keep his talents great from rusting,
Why can't they choose a new D.D. from us,
Doctor of Dusting?

One with his jingling keys and hurrying mind.
Sweeps organ boards,—far other boards sweep we;
The difference, still, is not at all in kind,
But in degree.

EDITORS OF THE YALE LIT. FROM 1837 TO 1887.

1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.
E. O. Carter, F. A. Coe, W. M. Evarts, C. S. Lyman, W. S. Scarborough.	C. J. Lynde, C. Rich, T. G. Talcott, J. P. Thompson, J. B. Varnum.	C. Hammond, R. D. Hubbard, H. R. Jackson, I. P. Langworthy, J. D. Sherwood.	J. S. Babcock, H. Booth, G. H. Hollister, J. G. Hoyt, G. Richards.
1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.
J. Emerson, E. P. Gaines, D. G. Mitchell, G. B. Schott, T. C. Yarnall.	E. L. Baldwin, W. P. Greedy, A. Mathews, S. B. Mulford, R. W. Wright.	R. Aikman, D. W. Havens, J. A. Lent, F. Munson, E. W. Robbins.	I. Atwater, J. W. Dulles, O. S. Ferry, W. Smith, J. White.
1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
W. Binney, G. B. Day, J. W. Harding, G. C. Hill, T. Kennedy.	J. B. Brisbin, W. B. Capron, H. B. Harrison, D. Hawley, W. R. Nevins.	B. G. Brown, W. S. McKee, D. T. Noyes, J. Munn, C. F. Sanford.	F. R. Abbe, W. Aitchison, T. H. Porter, G. B. Wilcox, B. D. Young.
1849.	1850.	1851.	1852.
C. G. Came, J. Campbell, F. M. Finch, E. D. Morris, C. B. Waring.	E. W. Bentley, W. R. Bliss, W. S. Colton, E. H. Roberts, O. L. Woodruff.	A. H. Carrier, E. W. Evans, B. F. Martin, S. McCall, J. W. Noble.	A. Bigelow, C. M. Bliss, W. W. Crapo, D. C. Gilman, H. B. Sprague.
1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.
A. Grout, G. A. Johnson, C. T. Lewis, B. K. Phelps, A. D. White.	W. C. Flagg, J. W. Hooker, W. S. Maples, L. S. Potwin, C. T. Purnell.	W. H. L. Barnes, E. Mulford, W. T. Wilson, S. T. Woodward, H. A. Yardley.	G. F. Bailey, J. M. Brown, W. H. W. Campbell, H. Dubois, L. C. Fischer.
1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.
F. E. Butler, J. M. Holmes, H. S. Huntington, N. C. Perkins, G. Pratt.	E. F. Blake, D. G. Brinton, C. S. Kellogg, J. E. Kimball, S. H. Lee.	S. D. Faulkner, G. W. Fisher, B. N. Harrison, T. R. Lounsbury, A. H. Wilcox.	R. S. Davis, W. Fowler, E. G. Holden, W. C. Johnston, C. H. Owen.
1861.	1862.	1863.	1864.
W. H. Fuller, J. L. Shipley, S. Shearer, E. R. Sill, R. O. Williams.	G. M. Beard, E. Hemenway, W. Lampson, R. Skinner, J. P. Taylor.	E. B. Bingham, J. H. Butler, S. W. Duffield, C. W. Francis, J. F. Kernochan.	M. C. D. Borden, S. C. Darling, L. Gregory, G. S. Merriam, A. D. Miller, W. G. Peck, H. M. Whitney, M. H. Williams.

1865.	1866.	1867.	1868.
T. Bulkley, T. F. Caskey, A. McLean, C. E. Smith, W. Stocking.	H. Cole, G. C. Holt, C. M. Southgate, L. C. Wade, H. O. Whitney.	W. Bruce, J. J. DuBois, A. E. Dunning, J. M. Hartshorn, R. W. Woodward.	R. W. Ayres, J. Lewis, W. A. Linn, W. A. McKinney, A. P. Tinker.
1869.	1870.	1871.	1872.
L. H. Bagg, E. G. Coy, H. V. Freeman, H. W. Raymond, E. P. Wilder.	E. P. Clark, J. H. Cummings, W. C. Gulliver, C. H. Strong, T. J. Tilney.	C. D. Hine, A. B. Mason, W. R. Sperry, G. A. Strong, E. F. Sweet.	R. E. Coe, C. C. Deming, J. H. Hincks, C. B. Ramsdell, G. Richards.
1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.
W. Beebe, H. W. Lyman, W. A. Houghton, F. B. Tarbell, S. O. Prentice.	O. F. Aldis, T. W. Grover, A. D. Whittemore, T. P. Wickes, J. S. Wood.	C. T. Chester, H. S. Gulliver, J. W. Brooks, A. F. Jenks, W. R. Richards.	J. B. Gleason, E. P. Howe, W. W. Hyde, J. H. Marvin, R. B. Smith.
1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.
C. F. Chapin, E. R. Dillingham, A. Gould, A. C. Hodges, A. R. Kimball.	G. B. Edwards, T. S. Jenks, C. H. Kelsey, E. H. Seely, C. L. Spencer.	L. F. Burpee, H. S. Green, L. J. Swinburne, A. Tighe.	J. A. Amundson, W. M. Hall, A. B. Nichols, D. Scudder.
1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.
P. G. Bartlett, J. D. Burrell, J. C. Coleman, S. Evarts, A. S. Van de Graaff.	Benj. Brewster, W. I. Bruce, J. E. Whitney, C. A. Wight, F. E. Worcester.	G. W. Johnston, F. W. Kellogg, E. T. McLaughlin, H. H. Palmer, W. Trumbull.	R. Foster, E. C. Gale, H. M. Painter, H. W. Prouty, H. M. Wolf.
1885.	1886.		
H. DeF. Baldwin, J. C. Bridgman, H. L. Doggett.	E. L. Richards, F. R. Shipman,	C. M. Lewis, C. W. Pierson,	E. J. Phelps, A. L. Shipman, E. Woollen.

VOL. LI.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata mandet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabant SONORES, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1886.

NEW HAVEN.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired; and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

MARCH, 1886.

No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '86.

CHARLTON M. LEWIS,

CHARLES W. PIERSON,

EDWARD J. PHELPS,

ARTHUR L. SHIPMAN,

EVANS WOOLLEN.

CLASS TRADITIONS.

EVERY new college generation sees some of the old college traditions given up and forgotten, and generally no new ones take their places. Great as is the number of those that we still preserve, a perusal of old records and old laws shows that there were vastly more that most of us never even heard about. I suppose no one can see these customs broken, and our visible connection with the past severed, without some degree of heartache; but, for some reason or other, the further we go in our college course the less regret we feel; and those of us who have reached senior year generally look back with a kind of lordly indifference to what we are pleased to call child's play, and almost wonder how we could ever care for it. We are only bored when we hear the underclassmen's mutual recriminations, etc., under our windows, and call it nonsense, with expletives more or less mild. We remember how we used to go into this business of rushing, at a cost—in clothing—of more than it was worth to us, and with only half a heart anyhow, only because the juniors inveigled us into it. It seems to make no difference, that we take so much pleasure in the conventional senioric

pastimes, although it remains to be proved in what way they are at all less childish.

Still, if anyone does feel just a little cynical about these traditional methods of seeking fun, he certainly cannot be blamed. As somebody recently said in the pages of the *LIT.*, the tendency of the four college years is towards the unromantic, and it is easy to see in these customs nothing better, and a good deal that is worse, than the romantic part. Outsiders look upon our custom (for example) of handing down the fence and imposing upon each freshman class the strict conditions that always goes with it, as a piece of pretty, artless sentiment, and nothing more. If it really were nothing more, we ought to feel no serious regret if Yale's new progress does threaten somehow to encroach upon it; it would be well to relegate it all to the high schools and academies, and let the more mature work of the university be accompanied by maturer play. Then, too, there is a deal of dissatisfaction, even in college, among the men whom our customs temporarily victimize. Every year there are men in the youngest class who wax uneasy and wroth at the injustice they are suffering. I have known such men to vow that when their time came they would make a clamor for "fair play," and try to do away with this thing altogether. They have not since been heard from. Either their time never came, or they settled back, among the upperclassmen's luxuries, into a comfortable decision that the game was not worth the candle; or possibly they adopted the dogma with which so many of us complacently flatter ourselves, that a little snubbing discipline was necessary, in our first years, to make us what we are.

It seems to me, however, that when we think of all those loving and unloving doings of our college course, we generally overlook the one greatest blessing that they have left with us. They were not by any means all sentiment, none of them served only to snub us and rub off the edges; but they helped to bind our body of a hundred and fifty men together so tightly that they can never feel themselves really separated except by death; and it is, I

think, very largely to them that the proverbial name of Yale Friendship owes its fame. I once heard a graduate of our sister and rival say that he had formed no tie in his four years' course at college which had not already suffered dissolution. Though we cannot for a moment suppose that his experience could have been that of many, can we doubt the significance of it, or believe that it could be easily duplicated here? Yale boys of twenty may sometimes think lightly of their college friends, but gray-haired men speak of them with tears.

About a year ago, when the elective system was still but an experiment, St. Elihu expressed himself as fearful lest it should make this brotherhood a thing of the past. Another twelvemonth's observation, however, has done nothing to strengthen his fears, and although from some reason (or unreason) rumor makes him suffer from chronic despondency, he now feels very hopeful. There is a partly new tendency to form State clubs, whist clubs, and all sorts of clubs, for all classes, and although these are wisely welcomed by everybody, they certainly have in their way the same effect as the mixing up of recitations; but there are influences on the other side which may make themselves felt in just as marked a way. Is it not well to second them? Does not every little sophomore-freshman squabble, if it does no damage and furnishes as little opening as possible for the imaginings of outside adult journalists, deserve to be encouraged?

One of the things, in fact the thing, which can do most to preserve the unity and individuality of each class, is its own separate system of athletics. This system takes care of the class feeling by giving to all the members common interests and common aspirations; for nothing more than these is needed, and what but these is it that we are afraid of losing? If every one of the class contests does not in this way do much good, I am much mistaken; and I can have no patience with those who look upon the minor organizations as mere conveniences for the use of the larger ones,—training-schools for the University teams. The good that the lesser can do is the same that the larger

are doing, only in a smaller sphere, and I cannot but feel that they deserve just as strong backing always, but of all times, now.

Hoping and believing that the students' natural desire for fun will take care of itself, I can see no reason for dreading any encroachment upon the ancient and antiquated systems of instruction here in vogue. If some future administration should contrive to step over what seems to have been the stumbling block of those of the past, and discover that the University is not the Academic Department, the danger to student-life and class feeling may seem greater; but a careful nursing of tradition will, I doubt not, overcome it. When Yale College is in government, even if not in name, what it now is chiefly if not only by private enterprise,—a university,—later generations of students will still get here what we all know has been the best element of our college training. I can see no reason why anyone who speculates about the future of that element should feel in the least disheartened.

THE BOUQUET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

If many meanings flowers and shrubs contain,
If in the rose Love's fire is signified,
Forget-me-nots in name are not belied,
If laurel Fame declares, and cypress, pain,
If where all other signs are sought in vain
Yet in the colors subtle imports hide,
If in the yellow, Envy lurks and Pride,
If Hope's green banner on each bough is plain;
With reason then I went my garden through
And plucked these flowers of every kind and hue,
And bring them to thee in disordered state
Thus I devote my Joy, Hope, Pain to thee,
My Love, my Faith, my Fame, my Jealousy,
My Life, my Death to thee I consecrate.

—*Alfred Raymond.*

THAT BUCK.

THE first rays of an August moon were just forcing themselves into notice through the deepening twilight, as my friend Alden and myself, in that comfortable state of mind following upon a hard day's work and a solid meal, put away the last of our cooking things and settled ourselves in the door of the tent to enjoy a quiet talk. For the past week or more, ever since leaving Georgetown, we had been riding steadily into the heart of the Rocky Mountains; first through the great parks and open plains; then gradually into a country wilder and rougher, until on this afternoon we had camped finally in a little valley guarded on all sides by the mighty precipices of the White River Plateaux.

As we lay there at ease upon our blankets, a scene was spread before us, the grandeur of which I shall never forget. In the foreground could be seen the dim shapes of our horses feeding quietly in the moonlight; just beyond them and across the stream which flowed through the little meadow at our feet, began the slope of the opposite mountain; easy and pine-covered at first, then ending in a sheer, rocky wall, whose gloominess was only relieved here and there by snow patches, gleaming far up the height. Back of us rose a similar wall, but on this side every outline was hidden in the deepest shadow, and the whole mountain seemed like some black monster, overhanging and threatening our camp.

We had come to this lonely spot for a hunting trip, and our special game was to be the Rocky Mountain sheep. My companion was a passionate lover of those mountains and through many trips had come to know every nook and corner in them better than any guide; I, it is needless to say, was a "tenderfoot" of the worst description. In the morning was to take place our first hunt, and Alden was just giving me my final directions, for we were to take different courses.

"I have brought you," he said, "to the best hunting country that I know, and I trust to your common sense not to spoil it by needless or reckless shooting; above all," he added, with a smile, "don't risk that precious neck of yours by trying a shot at the big buck."

"What big buck?" I asked in surprise.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have been in Colorado upwards of a month and haven't yet heard of the old yellow buck of the plateau? Well, I didn't think it possible!"

"I wish you would explain."

"Why, man alive, for the past three years the whole country has been talking about this wonderful old buck said to be rambling around these plateaux and about every hunter in the Park has been trying to kill him."

"Well?"

"But somehow the old fellow seems to have a marvelous knack of getting himself out of scrapes and his pursuers into them; for almost everyone who has had a shot at him has ended up by tumbling off a precipice, or getting laid up in some way. You saw Jem Bullard down at the Springs?"

"Yes, I believe so; that lean, scraggy-looking fellow, wasn't he?"

"Scraggy or not scraggy, Jem used to be one of the finest men and best hunters in this country, until last fall, when he went off on a trip into these Flat-tops. Then he wasn't heard of for months, till one day he crawled into Peterson's ranch so thin and haggard that at first nobody recognized him. After a long while they managed to nurse him back to life, but he has never been right in his mind since then. His story is, that as he was prowling around somewhere on these very mountains, he struck this miserable yellow deer, and fired at it. He says he hit it, but somehow the beast got away from him, and that afternoon, as he was climbing down to camp, a cloud-burst cleaned out the whole valley, sweeping away his horses, blankets, provisions,—everything in fact, so that he had to foot it through the snow, a hundred and fifty miles to the settlements, with scarcely a thing to eat."

"So you think that the old buck raised the storm himself, do you? That's a likely story!"

"Oh, I don't vouch for the truth of it," said Alden, laughing, "only I warn you to give the old fellow a wide berth; he is said to have a relish for nice fat tenderfeet." And with that he turned in for the night.

Sunrise the next morning, found us leading or rather dragging a pair of much-to-be-pitied horses up the only accessible trail to the plateau. Two long hours of steady pulling, hauling, jumping boulders and wading snowdrifts, caused me to wonder repeatedly and emphatically, what earthly use a horse would be to us up there above the clouds; but when we reached the top the mystery was explained. Stretching before us as far as the eye could reach were a succession of vast, barren plains; green and fertile in spots, to be sure, but it was a fertility which only brought into sharper relief the rocks and snow about it. You might ride for miles over a grassy plain, then suddenly draw rein at the brink of a valley, so cold, so desolate, so lifeless, that you fairly shuddered at the thought of entering. This was the region in which we expected to find our sheep.

Of the day's hunt which followed I have only a confused recollection. I scaled bluffs, crossed plateaux, waded snowdrifts, all without a glimpse of game, until at about three o'clock I found myself seated on the side of a deep ravine resting and eating my lunch. Suddenly, out of a cluster of firs across the gulch, a large animal came walking slowly down to the edge of the precipice. In an instant I was flattened out behind a rock, with my field-glass fixed on the new-comer; then my heart gave a tremendous thump as I saw that it was a monstrous buck, and that instead of being of the ordinary red color, he was apparently a bright yellow! "The enchanted deer, by all that's mighty; and just out of range, too, confound the luck!" But how grand he did look, as he stood there in the afternoon sunlight, turning first one sleek side and then the other toward me! And his antlers! I tried to count the tines through my glass, but gave up in despair; they

seemed like a perfect network of horn. Then admiration gave way to action, and in a moment I was stealing back, clumsily and noisily, I've no doubt, but still as carefully as I knew how, to get around the gorge, behind him. The distance was greater than I had estimated it to be, and so, as a natural result, when I reached the spot the buck was gone. Wild despair on my part! Abandoning all caution in my disappointment, I went thrashing through the evergreens in a way calculated to raise the dead; and it did raise the deer. Like a yellow streak he came flying down from his bed in the bushes past the spot where I stood petrified. Then somehow my Winchester came up to my shoulder; I touched the trigger, and peering under the smoke, to my utter astonishment—for I am an abominable shot—saw the old fellow struggling on the ground. Delirious joy took possession of me at once; what happened in the interval I really could hardly tell; but it was not until an hour later as I was trudging back to my horse, my precious antlers under one arm, my rifle under the other, that I recovered my senses enough to notice what a change had taken place in the sky. It was no longer a clear, deep blue, but films of grey, driving up from the west, were beginning to darken and obscure it. The huge back of the main plateau, over which lay the way to camp, cut off all view in that direction, and as I hurried onward, now thoroughly startled, I could not help feeling that behind that great dome, something black and terrible, yet all unseen, was bearing swiftly down upon me. All of Alden's horrible stories of storms and cyclones came flashing through my mind, and finally, when I burst through the last copse of evergreens and found old Poke feeding quietly where I had left him tethered in the morning, I felt a mighty sense of companionship and of relief at having something living, even if it was only an old horse, to share the danger with. Fifteen minutes more and we were climbing out of the valley on to the bare plateau. There the whole scene burst upon us. Heavens, what a cloud! Like a great black pall it spread from peak to peak, lapping down upon the plateau and sweeping be-

fore it a perfect fringe of lightning. Putting spurs to my horse, I galloped for the ridge of the plain, hoping to get over before the storm struck us. It caught us just at the summit. For a moment I lost all sense of sight or hearing; then I recovered to find us in a whirling mass of cloud and hail, while every instant a bright flame would shoot downward through the dense vapor, and the whole earth would fairly shake with the concussion. Old Poke stood trembling in every limb; he knew the danger as well as I. And indeed, now as I look back at it, it seems a miracle that we escaped; the lightning struck several times within a hundred yards.

Late that evening two very wet, very bedraggled creatures stole quietly back into the little camp in the valley, the horse with drooping ears and lagging step; the man more jubilant, and with a large, reddish-gray buck's head, also very wet and bedraggled, still safely tucked under his arm.

Henry Stimson.

IN ITALY.

A garden, where the centuries
Of men had passed and none did care
Save for the blue sky or the breeze,
Or shelter from the noontide glare;
But years that died in thoughtless peace,
Have left the deepest sadness there,
And that which makes the garden fair,
The stamp of life's futility;
A deathless beauty born of death,
That blossoms under lifeless air,
One's very dream of Italy.

And in the garden, lo, I found
An Aphrodite's sculptured grace,
Deep in the wild flowers on the ground;
I reached a hand to draw away
The blossoms from the marble face,
But underneath a viper lay,
That stung me in its hiding place.

—*T. G. Waterman.*

IS "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" A NOVEL?

THE appearance of a new edition of Mrs. Stowe's great work has been the cause of an interesting discussion in some of the magazines in regard to the offices and limitations of a novel. It is said on the one hand, that the novel, as a work of art, can fulfill only the purposes of art. That is, a novel must be created for pleasure, can have no objective purpose, and must seek to realize the ideal perfection in itself. In so far, therefore, as it serves a practical aim—is made the conveyance of some theory or moral teaching—it ceases to be, in the strict sense, a novel. In other words, it is the manner of work and not the matter, which should engage our chief attention. On the other hand it is replied that the novel cannot be confined within the narrow limits of the definition of art. Its purposes are so manifold, in the fulfillment of which the highest artistic and literary power may be displayed. The novels of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, are among the most artistic works in our language, yet, since they are written with a distinct ethical object, they cannot come within the definition of art. Art for art's sake, it is claimed, cannot be the aim of the novelist. Or, in other words, it is the matter, and not the manner, which should be his chief thought.

The discussion is not a new one, for it proceeds out from that much-disputed question of the relative importance of manner and thought or style and substance. It is our debt to French literature that we are outgrowing the old, popular notion that art has no large place in expression—in literature. It has been characteristic of the English-speaking mind to seek directly for the substance, for the thought, and to hold as a secondary matter the setting or style; while the popular notion of French literature has been that the reverse was true. One can get a good idea of the influence of the French mind upon our own from the fact that this canon of literary criticism

should be applied to the novel, in which we have been accustomed to allow the largest freedom. Our people—who are not immediately under French influence—will, however, be slow in accepting this canon in its application to the novel. Yet the principle which it expresses, of the value and place of style, will be more and more a service in our literature. The ideal of the future must be the complete harmony of style and substance—neither encroaching upon the other—each with a recognized value of its own. It will be the union of the English and French mind in literature.

But this discussion, I was thinking, has a peculiar interest in contrast to the reception given to the first edition of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," thirty-three years ago; and illustrates the critical tendency of our time. We seem just now to be not creative, but analytical, speculative, discriminating. But when the first edition appeared it was in that moment before the storm, when the people's breath was held, when the blood beat thick in many a heart, when passion and greed ran riot. In that hushed and expectant hour this woman's soul was on fire. She was the prophetess of the age, for she caught up the feeling of the time, moulded it with consummate skill and passion into tangible form, and flung it out again to awaken and arouse a nation. It is passing strange how a book or poem sometimes gathers into itself the feelings of a people in a moment of crisis, until its pages seem to throb with their tumultuous passions. The power of such a book cannot be estimated—it inflames, it inspires, it guides, it moulds, a people. So was it with "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." It lighted a conflagration the embers of which yet remain. It steeled the hearts of a nation against a national sin and melted the hearts of a nation for the sufferers of that sin. In view of its immense influence it seems trivial to discuss its technical right to be classed among novels—to recall the fact that it tells no love story—that it sought no artistic perfection—that it was written with an ethical purpose. How these considerations sink when we remember that no other book of modern times has so deeply moved the

heart of the world. It touched humanity, not only in America but in every nation of the earth, which speaks one of the twenty languages into which it has been translated. Shall we not agree with Wendell Phillips that it was not a novel, but an epoch.

It is strange to think how large a place Mrs. Stowe has filled in the world—this gentlewoman whom we so often see walking about the streets and fields. She has carried the weight of years and of honors lightly. Her life is full in the enjoyment of her early tastes. Over her quiet home she still presides. Books, flowers, birds and music are her unfailing delight. It is said that her voice in singing is as sweet and clear as a maiden's. One is struck by the beautiful, pensive face and her quiet, simple ways. After all, greatness is not separated from common life. That old story of Cincinnatus can never be forgotten, for it has been acted over and over, since his day. The great leaders move the world this way and that, so that their influence is felt ever afterwards, and then return to the quiet shelter of domestic life and to the interests of common living. Mrs. Stowe lives in her quiet little circle and finds her pleasure in simple things, but the large part she has played in the world can never be forgotten; nor can the world ever cease to remember her with gratitude.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS.

“**N**OW! Join that circle round!” This cry and the sound of a fiddle drew me to Dave Martin’s hotel in the little mountain village of Lexington. There was evidently something of interest occurring and as a number of people were looking on through the windows I did the same and found an old-fashioned country dance in progress. At one end of a long, low room was a platform for the musicians, but in this case it was occupied by only one man who, as is usual in the country, performed also the duties of prompter. “Uncle Davy,” for so was the musician called, was a tall, handsome old man of eighty or more, with snow-white hair and whiskers. As he sat there on the platform with the light shining on his hair and strong, old face, directing the crowd of younger people around him, he presented a decidedly patriarchal appearance. On the floor before him were about thirty couples of all ages and sizes, from the old man of sixty or seventy treading a measure with his wife down to a little girl of eight or nine summers, with her coeval young man, both of whom fully appreciated the dignity of dancing along with their elders. The girls were all in their best, but as it was only an ordinary week-day affair, the men were in their working clothes, improved a little, however, by the addition of clean faces and hands. But the dance has begun and Uncle Davy’s voice is heard as he gives his promptings in a loud sing-song tone, often running off into an air.

“Join that circle round.” “Bal’nce to corners.” “Swing yer honeys.” “Prom’nade all.” “Ladies in centre all han’s roun’, turn yer pardners all han’s roun’, prom’nade all, bal’nce to corners all han’s roun’, back t’yer places, all han’s round!”; the musician’s voice rising almost into a shriek as he gave his last “all han’s round,” while the scraping of the fiddle, the whirling of the dancers and the steady tramp, tramp of the feet, combined to give an

effect of excitement and gaiety wholly unknown to our languid city square-dances. "Forr'd an' back, fire, fire, o-oh, o-oh!" and away they go again. There was one couple which particularly attracted my attention, the woman decidedly stout, though dancing with the greatest vigor, dressed in purple, with ear-rings and frizzes, evidently a visitor and determined to outshine all the natives; the man, a middle-aged farmer bent on the same purpose with respect to visitors and scattering double-shuffles, hornpipes, and other breakdowns in plenty through every figure. They both did their parts manfully and when the dance ended, though neither could have been called the victor, yet each one had a proud consciousness of having nobly upheld his, or her, native talent.

Among the dancers I recognized one familiar face, which recalled to me an interesting ride of the day before. It was that of "Jim," as he was familiarly called, the driver of the stage from Lexington to the railroad. The previous day I had driven up with him and had been much amused at his peculiar comments and actions. It was he who had informed me about the dance. While we were passing a farm house on the way up, he suddenly yelled to a friend whom he saw there, "Say, Bill, d'yer know Dave Martin's goin' to give a dance to-morrer night, Uncle Davy's goin' to play. 'Yer comin'?" The man seemed to hesitate, so Jim shouted again encouragingly, "Better cum, it's only ten cents; yer kin dance all night fur ten cents." The man then promised to come. Seeing a look of inquiry on my face Jim proceeded to explain. "Uncle Davy, he's the best fiddler this side Stamford. I tell yer, he kin mak'em dance. He allers draws twice't as big a crowd, tew. Why, Johnny Van, he keeps th' hotel at Lexinton, he hed him to play twice't a week an' he got lots o' folks, but Johnny, he thort he could git better crowds by gittin' up a band from the city to play along with Uncle Davy. But, bless yer, Uncle Davy, he would'n' stand thet an' went over to Dave Martin's an' played thar, an' everybody folered him. Johnny Van only tuk in a dollar'n ten cents. Suv him right, tew. Johnny Van ain't one o'them accom-

merdatin' folks, yer know, an' does kinder mean things, now en then. Folks don't userly go thar tew summers."

With this opening of conversation, Jim proceeded to inform me of everybody and everything that we passed. He, most certainly was one of those "accommerdatin'" people, for he omitted no service which he thought could aid the comfort of his passengers. He first fixed them up as comfortably as possible—it was raining hard—with shawls and other covers, threw a mail bag over my knees to keep me dry, for I was sitting on the front seat and was more exposed to the driving rain, and then started talking at the top of his voice. I judged that this last peculiarity arose from his sociable feeling to everybody, for he never saw an acquaintance without giving him a greeting or a bit of news, even though his friend was two or three fields off. The stage was a large, roomy concern with four seats, capable, when well filled, of holding perhaps twelve persons. But Jim declared that once he carried sixteen, together with a proportionate number of bags and bundles. At first I could hardly believe that he was speaking the truth. But afterwards I was convinced that something like that must happen once in a while, for I found out that Jim never refused a passenger, no matter how many were in already. "But where do you yourself sit, when all the seats are full?" I asked. "Oh, sit on the tongue, sit on the tongue," he answered, and, referring to his sixteen passenger trip, added, "I had tew more sittin' on it thet time."

Just then we came to the top of a hill, and as we started down on a trot, Jim suddenly fastened down the brake, threw the reins over the horses' backs, jumped out and dashed down the road ahead of the wagon. Not certain but that he had gone crazy, I watched him, but it was only one of his acts of beneficence to his passengers. His objective point turned out to be an orchard on the side of the road a little way ahead. Over the fence he vaulted, gathered a couple of handfuls of apples, jumped back over the fence and was in the road again before the wagon came up. We received the apples with many thanks for his kindness. "Oh, thort yer'd lik'em," was his only answer, but it was only one of many similar acts.

He also had his particular little joke. He kept declaring that at one point there grew oysters on trees. We doubted this and demanded an explanation, but without granting it he stuck to his assertion. Soon after we were passing through a narrow gorge where, as Jim said, "Last Winter I druv thru' here when the snow wuz twenty-five fut deep," when suddenly he pulled up his horses and with a shout of "Thar's one o' them 'yster trees," jumped out of the stage and rushed back to a tree which we had just passed. In a minute he reappeared and handed me what he called an "'yster." It was a small piece of that fungus which we often see on trees and which in this case had a form and color very like an oyster. "Ain't that an 'yster?" cried Jim. "But you can't eat it," I objected. "Never said it war good to eat. It lukes like an 'yster, don't it?" It certainly did. "It feels like an 'yster, don't it?" That also I had to acknowledge, for it had just an oyster's cold clammy feeling. "Wal! It ain't one o' the eatin' kind, but it's an 'yster jest the same." We could not gainsay that argument very well and Jim's triumph was complete.

One act of generosity to his passengers on Jim's part I must not forget to mention. He actually forbore to trade horses with a friend who asked him to do so. But it was still raining hard and, much to the comfort of the passengers who had no wish to be kept waiting even for Jim to make a horse-trade, he, with a sigh, drove on. "I bet, thar's nary man in this county kin beat me in swappin' hosses," said Jim, and if he really thought what he said, his refusal must be counted as something almost heroic.

We had come along a little ahead of time, when as we passed a farmhouse, Jim suddenly bethought himself of a commission which he had promised to perform. "Wal, I say now, I'm ahead o' time an' I mout as well take Jake Ennis's pianner up to Lexinton to-day." No sooner said than done, and Jim drove his horses up to the gate and shouted to a woman sitting in the window "Say, Jake in?" "Yer," laconically replied the woman. "Wal, I've cum to take thet pianner o' his'n along." "Yer can't do it,"

said the woman. "Yes, I kin," confidently replied Jim, "call Jake." The woman thereupon sent out a shrill cry of "Ja-a-ke," and at the call Jake appeared from the barn. He and Jim then had a long discussion which could easily have been heard a quarter of a mile away, and finally decided to try it. The "pianner," a small cottage organ, was brought out, and with the help of three or four men who appeared from different directions they tried to lift it into the stage. But the cover of the wagon was in the way, so they set the organ down on the ground and indulged in another long argument as to the best way of overcoming this difficulty. Jim was bound not to give it up, so he took his whip and measured the organ, then the stage, took out a seat and measured it over again, then the organ in another direction, then the stage once more, and finally, all the time talking at the top of his voice, he decided that by removing the cover from its supports and letting it rest on the organ, the affair could be managed. All this time it was raining steadily, but the men did not seem to mind; if a particularly hard burst came, they climbed into the stage and continued their arguments over the heads of the passengers. A monkey-wrench was at last obtained and with much turning and pounding and much more talking, the cover was loosened and the organ lifted in. Then with some final talking, this time consisting of news of the day and of the surrounding country, from which I learned much about the people of Lexington and more about Uncle Davy, Johnny Van, and Dave Martin, we at last started off.

Just before the end of the journey I happened to notice a little bark pouch hanging to the roof of the stage right in front of the driver, and asked what it was placed there for. "Cigars fur the driver," yelled Jim, with a chuckle and a significant wink to the non-smoking part of his passengers. The pouch was well filled before we reached Lexington.

Laurance Johnson Carmalt,

AN OLD WHEEL.

In a dim and dusky corner, out of sight,
There stands a quaint, old-fashioned spinning-wheel,
Silent, and dark, and grim, in the half-dead light
That timidly through the casement seems to steal,
Casting faint, straggling moonbeams on the reel
And the slender spindle, long ago grown mute,
As if it were reluctant to reveal
To a mortal's eye a form so destitute,
Which the dust and mould of years unsparingly pollute.

Once that swift wheel, with gently whirring sound,
Blended harmoniously with a maiden's song,
As her light foot sent it whirling gaily round,
Drawing a thread of silver from among
The tangled flax on the tapering distaff hung,
But all is now grown still, and the cheerful day
Has turned to dark, and the reel that softly rung,
To silence died, while the spiders gaunt hold sway,
And spin through the gloomy darkness a net of cobwebs gray.

— *William McCormick.*

HENRY TIMROD.

TO most of our readers, I think the name of Henry Timrod possesses the doubtful charm of novelty. Still he has written poems that would add lustre to any volume of our best known Northern writers. Often in his critical writings, Richard Henry Stoddard has spoken of him as the best of Southern poets. Whittier, too, has been warm in commendation of the merits of his contemporary singer. We have in America a vast number of versifiers, and perhaps we are too prone to often place real merit in this list, without careful consideration. For South Carolina's truest poet I ask a kindly hearing; and if I show that his life and poems have merit and interest, perhaps you, like myself, may be prompted by a motive of curiosity to open his little volume; perchance your

curiosity will kindle into interest and admiration. After reading his brief memoir you are prepared for his poems, which are a reflection of all that is best in a man who possessed to an eminent degree the poetic temperament. The first poem is a dedication to the English lady who afterwards became Timrod's wife. It is no better than many others in the volume, but could anything be prettier than—

" All birds that love the English sky,
Throng round my path when she is nigh ;
The blackbird from the neighboring thorn,
With music brims the cup of morn.
And in a thick, melodious rain,
The mavis pours her mellow strain.
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice,
I hear, with cheeks that flush and pale,
The passion of the nightingale."

It is poetical throughout in feeling and form ; the rhythmical movement is grace and beauty itself. There is no posing for effect ; it is the healthy happiness, and the ringing melody of a joyful young heart. Whether we think of these things, or of the tenderness of the sentiment, and the delicately turned compliment, we are, at the start, on the best of terms with our poet ; and we have only to read on to establish our belief that the South has given birth to a true singer. His next poem is as different from what I have quoted as sunshine and darkness. There are thoughts and words in it that may grate harshly on Northern ears, but in 1861 the Carolinian kindled from head to foot when he heard such lines as—

" I hear a murmur, as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina !

" And now it deepens ; slowly grand
It swells,—as rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina !

" Shout ! let it reach the startled Huns,
And roar with all thy festal guns !
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina !"

The rhythmic roll of verses like these fitted well to the stormy sea that bathed the South with its crimson waves. His war poems were quite numerous and won for him popularity at the South ; still his claim to perpetuity rests on his other poems. His longest and most ambitious work is his "Vision of Poesy." Graceful and felicitous in passages, we must say of it, what we can of no other of his works, that it is a task rather than a pleasure to read it. On the whole, there is a remarkable evenness in his poetry. No American author has written more quotable lines to the amount of his productions than Timrod. An ardent admirer of nature, he never bores the reader with detailed descriptions, but Carolina's palm groves and cotton fields have an added charm when seen through his eyes. In the poem "Too Long, O Spirit of Storm," we have stanzas lighted up by true poetic fire. Our poet soars on wings that seem scarce his own and produces a poem which Shelley, at his best, might have been proud to own. If, in much that he has written, our author has shown more grace than power, surely in this song to action he has proved that force, as well as beauty, is in him.

Perhaps the most charming thing in the whole volume is the "Lily Confidante." Henry Austin had this poem in mind when he said that "Timrod's airiest trifles of rambling rhyme are polished and carved like Chinese chessmen." A lover confesses his passion to the Lily and finally queries,—

"Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do."

Listen to the Lily's answer—

"Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art ;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart."

Could anything be freer from objectionable sentimentalism, or be more filled with the music of feeling and maiden delicacy? It not merely charms the senses and delights the ear, it expresses the truth. It is not the poetry of the learned,—artificial poetry, but the genuine and pleasing music of the heart, of nature, and the sentiments.

The life of Timrod was never cast in pleasant places. For a brief time it seemed as though prosperity was smiling upon him. He was in Columbia publishing and editing the "South Carolinian." His heart was no longer in the Civil Contest; he had turned his thoughts to other work, and was enjoying a brief period of material prosperity. Then came the news that Sherman was marching on Columbia. The doomed city waited with feverish expectancy the coming of the Northern host flushed with victory. The army came and went, but Columbia was in ashes. Why the city was burned no one ever knew for certain. Timrod's enterprise was swallowed up in the general ruin, and he was adrift in the world. His only child dies; poverty overtakes him; ambition leaves him; consumption claims him. The day was at hand of which he had been thinking years before when he wrote:—

" Somewhere on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn hour for me.

* * * *

" In a dim and musky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

" As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, " 'He is gone.' "

Prophetically true! The last moment came to him in his gloomy chamber, as "day purpled in the zenith." The sun rose that October morning in 1867, to light for Henry

Timrod the journey over the Unknown Way. The memory of his life and the possession of his poems is his only, but all-sufficient, monument. He died at the age of thirty-eight. The years that might have perfected his powers were denied him. His poems, beautiful as they are, were but

"The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit."

Comparative obscurity had been his lot; misfortune his constant companion. It was his fate to live among a people, who, though moved by his more stirring strains, could ill-appreciate the beauties of his work and afford him the pecuniary aid he needed. He was an indirect victim, so to speak, of that cruel war that blighted the South, but made it possible for her to reap in after years more bountiful harvests.

Born in poverty, he was forced to answer the harsh, and to him, unwelcome requirements of a life of practical drudgery. Yet his misfortunes never perverted a sweet and gentle nature. Now and then his sunshine is turned to April shower, but in a moment the sun breaks through the cloud with clearer beauty. His private life was beyond reproach; his principles were never vague, but his days were bound to each other by natural piety. He was not a great poet. Grandeur, sublimity, Titanic power, he did not possess. But from the Southern field in which it was his pleasure to toil, he has brought spoils of beauty and of thought, that should, and will, win a host of friends for Henry Timrod.

Andrew F. Gates.

NOTABILIA.

A RECENT contributor to the *News* makes a suggestion which is peculiarly worth reading. The writer speaks at some length upon the advantages which would result from the formation of a college congress. It is undeniable that the project would be valuable to Yale. The old-fashioned idea, that student and teacher were enemies sworn, was detrimental to the establishment of that intimacy between teacher and pupil which is necessary to the best development of the latter. It may be true that the presence of the guardians of the peace upon the Campus has done much to suppress various difficulties between the faculty and the undergraduate. But, however that may be, it is apparent that great progress has of late been made in the direction of a better understanding between the college authorities and their pupils. A college congress, irrespective of its value as an educating power to its members, must, if subjects of local interest be discussed in it, serve to bring men nearer together.

Again, a more accurate knowledge of parliamentary law is imperatively necessary here. The number of students in college who are acquainted sufficiently with the rules of debate to preside with accuracy and grace over an assemblage of their fellow students is absurdly small. The question is a practical one, for it is hardly an exaggeration to say that one-half the members of the present undergraduate department will during their lives be placed in positions in which a lack of knowledge of parliamentary training will be keenly felt. It is knowledge which must be obtained sometime. Why not now as well as later?

No one, who is willing to think carefully of the formation of a congress such as is under discussion, can deny its obvious merits. But St. Elihu is on this, as on other points, a conservative factor, and while unwilling to be guilty of needlessly throwing cold water upon college enterprise, he is yet none the less unwilling to advocate

unreservedly the proposed plan. The old societies of Linonia and Brothers were born and have died during his existence. The aged saint was enabled to study the causes which gave rise to their birth and the causes which brought about their death. He finds it to be true that they possessed the same recommendation which does the proposed congress. The advantages which they afforded no one denied, yet they were suffered to deteriorate and finally they were placidly consigned to oblivion. The reasons why they died are very trite and very apparent. They themselves, apart from other agencies, did not possess merit enough to compensate for the time and energy which they demanded. If anything, there are more demands made upon the student's time and upon his reserve force now, than there were in the palmy days of Linonia and Brothers. Athletics consumed then very little of college enthusiasm. They now consume a great deal of it. We have two bi-weekly papers instead of the one which then existed. We have a college daily, where then there was none. It is because the amount of interest and enthusiasm and time which the college can give to outside work is a limited quantity that Elihu is of the opinion that Yale men will be moving in the right direction if they do well what they now have on their hands, instead of forming new plans.

COLLEGE men must have been very much interested in a letter which appeared over the name of Mr. Page, a Yale graduate, in the New York *Evening Post* some days since. The figures which the writer gives in forming a comparison between Yale and Harvard are significant. Some comments upon their accuracy have been made, likewise in the columns of the *Post*, by Mr. Edward G. Bourne. Mr. Bourne declares that he writes with the intention of removing certain wrong impressions which might easily have been created by Mr. Page's letter. It is a question whether he has succeeded in destroying more wrong impressions than he has conveyed. He is of the opinion,

that Mr. Page has given an unfair idea of Yale's resources because he omits in his estimate of the respective numbers of Harvard and Yale all mention of our Sheffield Scientific School and our Theological department. Now what Mr. Page tried to do and what he has done is not to compare the total "resources" of Yale and Harvard, but the resources which are *available for students of the Academical Department*. Hence he has rightly omitted in his estimate all mention of our Scientific School or our Divinity School. The point to be made is that in just so much as Harvard has opened her Scientific and Divinity departments to the member of her undergraduate department, by just so much is the equipment of the member of her undergraduate department extended. There is the difference only between a resource and an available resource. Mr. Bourne makes the point that Harvard has an advantage over Yale because she is nearer Boston, a great literary center. The literary activity of Boston surely has not increased so suddenly as to be even a remote cause for the sudden increase of numbers at Harvard.

Mr. Bourne concludes that, because Harvard's Board of Overseers consists of a self-electing corporation of seven, with the addition of the President and five others, she is more closely governed than Yale. This conclusion is scarcely a warrantable one. The board of self-electing overseers is now so constituted that no one class of men are represented in it to the exclusion of another class. The complexion of the total governing board of Harvard is so arranged that it represents men of all professions and employments. No one class of men in it are represented strongly enough to form a majority over the rest of the board. It is not the number of the clergymen of the State of Connecticut on the Yale Corporation, at which the Yale undergraduates look askance. It is their number in proportion to the whole number of the corporation. Yale might have fifty members of her corporation elected by her alumni, but she would not be broadly governed did her corporation also possess seventy-five clergymen. The point, then, is that it is not the total number of gentlemen

upon a governing body that determine its complexion. It is the proportion which exists between various elements that determines it.

It appears to Elihu that Mr. Bourne makes an inference by which few Yale men will care to stand. He says: "Harvard stands in her new position practically without a competitor. Yale has grown as her sister institutions of her own kind. Yale could never reap as much as Harvard, since Harvard secured the first fruits." He reasons that because Yale, as he thinks, occupied a certain position her numbers are smaller. He is undoubtedly right in his inference. But the only conclusion to be drawn from his language is that such a condition of things is wise.

Are we then to suppose that the character of the crop is unchangeable? Do not the fields produce each year better grain? Are not our young men every year demanding more and better things? Is it not logical to suppose that the most grain will be secured by the contrivance that is best equipped to garner grain? Will not Harvard secure more young men if she is better equipped to secure them? Elihu is unwilling to admit as easily as does the gentleman with whom he differs, that Harvard stands "practically without a competitor," *and is destined so to stand*. He is not prepared to admit definitely that Yale is far from being a University.

PORTFOLIO.

—We have a friend, a Mrs. Ballow, an apostle of culture somewhat after the baser Boston type, who, though she does not always gratify our aesthetic longings, does often make her little back-parlor very cheerful for us when we call. Mrs. Ballow is one of that select circle of ladies which favors a particular butcher-boy because he wears gold-rimmed spectacles ; (think of it, a butcher's-boy with gold spectacles !) ; and she calls a curious old wardrobe which her grandfather made with his own hands a "chiffoneer." She has a cook whose speciality—she has heard that the English use that form of the substantive—is macaronæ ; the latter word being pronounced in accordance with some deep-laid principle, perhaps after the analogy of Cincinnatæ. I sometimes drop in at eight o'clock or so, and find Mrs. Ballow in the uncertain light of her open fire, sitting alone. When we have both made our bows and compliments, she calls—"Augusty, come and light the gahs !" and then she herself fetches the backgammon-board, knowing well that I am as glad as she of a chance to play the ancient game. I sit in front of her, in a straight-backed chair, with my body bent in two right-angles, holding the board all on my own knees ; for Mrs. Ballow is more than middle-aged and has prospered and fed so well that now she has no lap. After we have played for an hour or more, Mrs. Ballow says "Seems to me the gahs blows a little, doosn't it ?" and with that apology she turns it all the way down ; this makes the flickering light of the hickory logs brighter and pleasanter for a fire-side chat, and it also saves gas-bills. Then, when I hear the unharmonious clock in the kitchen strike ten, I know it is time for Mrs. Ballow to retire—of course she never goes to bed—and so I muffle up again and say good-bye ; and I think we are both sorry it is time to go. The dear old soul does not always pay attention to Hill's and Swinton's dicta, and her thumb *is* usually a little bit shiny,—but she is to me one more confirmation of the old saying that handsome is that handsome does.

—Somebody has called Longfellow the "laureate of women and of gentle men," and there is a deal of truth in the

remark. He is strikingly lacking in passion and grandeur ; he never strikes the stronger harmonies of human feeling, but is well content to voice the simple melody of some simple thought. For this very reason he is popular, because the untrained ear does not appreciate harmony, and prefers melody. He is beloved, too, because he is sympathetic, for if there is one thing that wins the hearts of humanity it is sympathy. Perhaps it is this quality that has won him such affection abroad, along with the title of the "representative American poet." To those who would know their bard through his writings, who are baffled and unsatisfied if he hides his personality, Longfellow is eminently satisfactory. He lets them know him and sympathize with him, and this quality many esteem more highly than the grandest flights of imagination. These qualities, it strikes us, however admirable in the man, have caused the poet to be over-rated. Simplicity of thought is no blemish, but paucity of thought is. The thoughtful reader will find in Longfellow little quickening save of the sympathies. The true laureate is a man of broader views and deeper nature. Longfellow has brought out the lovely side of much of our daily life, and thus he has done a work for which thousands will thank him. That he should stand before the world as the distinctive American poet is another matter, which we cannot regard with complacency. Perhaps the true American poet is yet unborn, but there is little in Longfellow's work to indicate that the American muse has found in him her Ultima Thule.

C. W.

—"It seems almost cruel to remind so irresponsible a being as Shelley of the tragedy of poor Harriet and the misadventures of his early life, as Southey does with a stern virtue which in any other circumstances we should approve." So writes Mrs. Oliphant. It is always amusing to see how she treats the virtues and vices of the poets ; she seems to feel the natural feminine revulsion against everything that is not nice ; but at the same time there is a sort of lingering belief—hardly half-expressed—that every genius ought to be exempted from the moral obligations of ordinary men. The result of this mixture of emotions is that she carries her readers along through ten pages of warm-hearted enthusiasm about whoever happens to be her subject, and then suddenly drops back to earth with the remark that he was a wicked man and she

despises him, or words to that effect. Her treatment of Mary Shelley and Mary Wollestonecraft makes us feel that either of them possessed twice the genius of Mrs. Oliphant, although she certainly is looking down upon them both from a higher level of moral excellence. Why is it that so few women can make a deep mark in the world of mind without losing their places in the rest of the world's affections? I suppose that a woman's yearning for more knowledge and more intellectual power may be quite as strong as any man's, but her yearnings have to go unsatisfied. Is it the fault of the fairer sex themselves that some of their number are pushed to extremes? The stalking examples of blue-stocking-ism, it seems to me, are products of the unfortunate condition of the whole of society, not of a necessary and innate inferiority of its better half. Mr. Besant says somewhere, perhaps truly,—(let me quote from memory)—that “women's wisdom is but to know a small part of what men have said;”—but it is a pity that even that small part should not be as large as possible.

—A sketch lately published in “Life” of Irish reconstruction according to Ruskin embodied a very truthful satire. Mr. Ruskin has been and is a general favorite, and undoubtedly deserves some degree of popularity; but with his great gifts unfortunately great faults are mixed, and a great part of the admiration lavished upon him is misplaced. I doubt if anyone has a better gift of seeing than he; but seeing is not always knowing, and Mr. Ruskin, much as he has seen, is still on some points ignorant and unwise. After he had for ten years studied the masters of art and the beauties of Nature he undoubtedly knew better than anybody else how they ought to be studied; and as a guide he cannot be undervalued. No writer is richer in suggestiveness. Unfortunately, however, he has no great quality except this gift of seeing and suggesting; and he thinks that is everywhere sufficient. He carries the principles of art, as he understands them, to everything, going even so far as to construct a system of Political Economy on his ideas of justice, with a text from the Old Testament for a starting-point. His ideas of the labor-question would startle most of us, whose aesthetic experience, beside being comparatively limited anyhow, has always been content to let the political sciences alone. According to him, society, or government, or something, ought to “fix the rate of wages

so as not to vary with the demand for labor ;" that would enable men to "live comfortably, whatever be the state of trade." Such theories quite demolish Ricardo and Stuart Mill, and are very laughable. It is but natural that as Mr. Ruskin has grown older he has had it more and more impressed upon him that the world does not altogether conform to his standards, and that life is not half so beautiful as he says it ought to be. Such an impression must necessarily be made upon a man of his sensitiveness to beauty and ugliness. When he sees a little boy spitting from a bridge down on the passers-by, he takes the act as an indication that (again I quote from memory) "men's only occupation now-a-days is malice, their only satisfaction, shame." This sort of thing is suitable for sentimental ladies to read aloud on Sunday afternoons, but for most men it will not do at all ; and one who reads Mr. Ruskin's latest works cannot fail to feel a hearty contempt for his cynicism. It is a great misfortune that a man with one such great gift as his should, through self-assurance and unreason, be turned into a sulky misanthrope.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

A consolidation of the Academic and Scientific Freshman boating interests was effected at a

Freshman Boat Meeting

on March 1. Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Mosle, '89; Vice-Pres., Pratt, '88 S.; Treasurers, Merrill, '89, Dockendorf, '88 S.

The News Supper

was given at Barkentin's on March 5th. Besides the retiring and incoming boards there were present: P. K. Ames, S. M. Colgate, P. Beardsley, C. F. Clarke, G. E. Eliot, Jr., C. M. Lewis, H. T. Nason, E. J. Phelps, J. A. Seymour and W. J. Hand. Mr. Peters presided as toast-master. The following is a list of the toasts of the evening: Retiring Board, S. T. Crapo; Incoming Board, W. H. Cowles; Eighty-six, F. W. Moore; The Lit., E. J. Phelps; The Navy, P. K. Ames; The *Record*, G. E. Eliot, Jr.; The Faculty, W. L. Thacher; The *Courant*, H. T. Nason; S. S. S., M. T. Hutchinson; Former Editors, S. M. Colgate; Our Exchanges, G. R. Mosle; "Chestnuts," C. M. Lewis.

The Winter Games

were held in the Gymnasium on Saturday, March 6th.

Tug of War—Won by S. S. S. against '87.
High kick—Won by Brown, '86, 8 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Rope climbing—Won by Haight, '88, 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
Club swinging—Awarded to Fellows, '86.
Fencing—Won by Brinton, '86.
Heavy-weight sparring—Won by Gill, '89.
Light-weight sparring—Won by Leverett, '87.
Middle-weight wrestling—Won by Townley, '86 S.
Light-weight wrestling—Won by Davison, '88 S.
Feather-weight wrestling—Won by Magruder, '89.

An exhibition was given by the University crew, rowing in the following order: 1, E. L. Burke, '87; 2, H. Farrington, '86 S.; 3, E. A. Stephenson, '88; 4, E. L. Caldwell, '87; 5, A. Cowles, '86, (captain); 6, C. W. Hartridge, '87; 7, John Rogers, Jr., '87; stroke, R. Appleton, '86.

The Courant Supper

was held at Traeger's on March 12th. Besides the two boards there were present: Messrs. Adler, Bailey, Bates, Crapo, Dutcher, Eliot, F. W. Moore, and Woollen, '86; Kellogg, '83, Richmond, and Willcox, '86 S., Kent, '87. Mr. Wing was toast-master. Retiring Board, H. T. Nason; Incoming Board, H. L. May; Retired Boards, F. B. Kellogg; S. S. S., W. W. Gordon; "Ads.," J. C. Schwab; Muscle, C. L. Bailey; "Bright Conceits," W. B. Anderson; Minerva's Sisters (the ladies), W. McCormick; Noah's Ark, W. Kent; The "Birds," E. A. Bates.

Josiah Spalding Graham

died on Sunday morning of pneumonia. The Sophomore class adopted the following resolutions:

Since God in His all-wise Providence has seen best to remove from our midst our beloved friend and classmate, Josiah Spalding Graham, we, the members of his class, wish to express our deep sorrow at the loss of one so true-hearted and generous, and we would also testify to his ability and manliness, for which he was so generally esteemed and respected.

It is with sincere feeling that we would convey to his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy, and, as a mark of our own grief, we would wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

H. L. STIMSON,
W. H. SEWARD, JR., } *For the Class.*
M. R. WAITE, JR., }

BOOK NOTICES.

Inquirendo Island. By Hudor Genone. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

One is puzzled at first to declare the character and the purpose of this novel; but before he has proceeded far into the story, the reader can come to but one conclusion—that it is an attempt to satirize the Christian religion. The author's mysterious *nom-de-plume* and the vague note, which by way of a postface, hints at once that he is either satirizing Christianity *in toto*, or only poking fun at what he considers non-essential forms. But it is a poor attempt at a satire, although the story has some merit as a clever piece of imaginative work. In the novel, "Mathematics" plays the part of religion at Inquirendo Island, "Numbers" is the inhabitants' God. "Oversea" is their Heaven. In brief the story is as follows: John Cliff is lost when sailing from Far Rockaway in a small boat, and, drifting around in a fog for three days, is finally thrown upon a strange island in the Atlantic. It is certainly out of the path of steamers and has some peculiarities of climate which prevents iron from rusting. But the people are ordinary enough, except for their strange religion of mathematical relations and their utter ignorance of the outside world. One personage, however, is far from ordinary—at least in the eyes of the Rockaway young man. Margery Mayland is the daughter of the great man, the judge and governor, of the island. Cliff has made some indiscreet statements concerning New York Elevated Railroads and other equally strange and incredible marvels, and, on trial as an insane and dangerous character, he is condemned by the judge, his future father-in-law. The verdict is "non compos," the worst form of madness, the penalty for which is a journey in an iron coffin down a sliding way into the ocean beneath—the customary form of burial as well as execution at Inquirendo. According to the mathematical faith, "Numbers" coming on his raft rescues the arithmetically and hopefully pins and carries them safely to "Oversea." A rival in Miss Mayland's affections has brought this calamity on young Mr. Cliff, but a New York education gets the better of Inquirendo intrigue. John slides down the way in a wooden coffin fitted with patent bolts and accompanied by his mistress, who heroically prefers death with her lover than life without him. The coffin-craft floats to the astonishment of the Inquirendians—the bolts are loosened—the sails are spread—and John, after giving a large piece of his mind to the horror-struck people on the cliffs above, who firmly believe the two to be ghosts of their former selves—sails off to New York. Arrived at Rockaway he is in time to participate in life and health at his own funeral services and marries Margery as a postludium to the memorial performance.

The analogy between mathematics and Christianity is far too faint to be witty—but is only extremely sacrilegious, while the defect of the story is a trial as lengthy and tedious as a genuine law-suit. The book is rather diverting and that is its only recommendation.

Snow-Bound at Eagle's. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

In "Snow-Bound at Eagle's" Bret Harte has given us another of those charming short stories which have made his name known in every household in the land. Bret Harte is a born story-teller, and, while it may be questioned whether anything which he has since written has surpassed in genuine attractiveness his earliest work, his books have never failed to interest the reader. The scene of the present story—like that of so many of its predecessors—is laid amid the wild grandeur of the Sierras. The plot is simple, but with more than one well-thought scene and unexpected position. The point of the whole lies in the curious way in which, by an unexpected series of events, John Hale,—a precise Bostonian, with all a Bostonian's love for law and order—is led, without being himself aware of it, to take the very same position which a few hours before he had most vehemently denounced. The male characters of the book are drawn with Bret Harte's wonted skill. Lee and Faulkner, Stanner and the "Kurnul" bear favorable comparison with the best of his former creations. George Lee especially, is admirably drawn, and he would be a hard-hearted reader indeed who would not forgive him his illegal calling for the sake of his imperturbable presence of mind and unflinching good humor. With the female characters we confess we were not so well pleased. Kate, the heroine, is not so badly done, but the characterization of Mrs. Hale is distinctly weak. In Zeenie Hennicker we have one of those strange Western beauties whom Bret Harte loves so well to paint—slovenly yet charming—dirty but divine. Whatever its faults, "Snow-Bound at Eagle's" cannot fail to interest, and we predict for it a warm welcome from the story-reading public.

Through the Year with the Poets. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 75 cts. per vol. For sale by Peck.

The idea, which is carried out in this series, of compiling the poems typical of each month and publishing in twelve volumes will be a pleasing one to lovers of short verse. The initial numbers, *December* and *January*, are evidently labors of love on Mr. Adams' part; though disclaiming the German idea of exhaustive compilation, the editor has made an extended selection of poems peculiar to either month. In fact, paradoxical though it may seem, the chief fault of the editing is its thoroughness. The field of English verse has been so completely and so laboriously gleaned by Mr. Adams that some chaff has been gathered with the wheat. By winnowing out this, the compilation could have been abridged into a collection of representative poems and, from the standpoint of literary attractiveness, *December* and *January* would have been greatly improved.

Most of the poems selected are descriptive and lyrical. The best of them excel in artistic beauty and gracefulness of expression rather than in depth of thought; this is surprising, perhaps, when it is considered that the period treated of is mid-winter, the time when Nature lies dormant and her monotonous soberness and want of external attractions are conducive to reflection. Still, the beauties of winter, as they exist, are praised with all the skill of verse, all the charm of legend and story. Of profound feeling there

is little. This leads one to the thought that the series necessarily, through the limitations of its subject-matter, has little to do with the deeper passions but is meant rather as a collection of attractive *morceaux* for the appetite of verse-loving literateurs.

A poem, different from the majority, is clipped. For the combination of picturesque scenic effect with a certain sombreness of thought, it is hard to parallel.

How coldly sets this winter sun—
The bitter day is well-nigh done ;
Forlorn December fades, with one
Sad smile of last regret.

Thus from thy brief and wintry day
O Soul ! the sunshine ebbs away :
Thus fall on thee the frozen ray
That lingers wanly yet.

Thus dies—how fringed with icy gold—
The clouds above yon mountain rolled !
Behind whose summit, dark and cold,
This winter sun has set.

Without Blemish.—To-day's Problem. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. New York : Cassell & Co., Limited. Price \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

If there is one social problem which deserves especially the careful and best thought of the day, it is the negro question. What is to become of the mass of negroes in the South, who, living in slavery with all its evils, yet with none of the responsibilities of freedom, by the decree of Emancipation were thrown upon their own resources in the battle for existence? How shall they be assimilated with our national life? The question is more complex than this—for there enters into it the future position of the unfortunates who owe their life to the sin of white fathers. Will the whites and negroes in the South be still kept apart by the hard and fast lines of *ante-bellum* days, or in the new spirit of freedom, will old prejudices fade, old barriers be cast down? This is the problem which the author of "Without Blemish" has presented to us, and her characters and incidents in this book are well calculated to strike home to her reader's minds its importance. Mrs. Stanhope—the proud, old, Southern lady, and Miss Denton, who is overflowing with kindness and well-stocked with common-sense also—are admirably drawn. Olga and Virginia, although the former throughout the story is an impossible embodiment of human perfection, are hardly inferior. Virginia's light, selfish and fickle nature brings out in bold relief the scarcely defined traits of her negro blood. Eustis Stanhope, the joy and pride of his mother's life, though he has the generally useless characteristics, which we not unusually find in the heroes of women novelists, is well contrasted with the lazy, dandified, selfish, typical, Southern gentleman—Mr. Trowbridge, Rose and her "mammy," the old negress, are passable; but the scene between Rose and her child Virginia is almost masterly in the exhibition of the negress's contending mother-love and her ambitions for her daughter's

future. The point in the story is in the fact that Olga's past and that of Virginia are mistaken, and although Eustis Stanhope loves, his family pride prevents him marrying, a girl whose blood is contaminated by a negro strain. By a happy accident, the mistake is rectified. Virginia is fortunately carried off the scene by the unpleasant death of half-cremation, to be sure, yet it does not prevent the happiness of two persons who are supposably and according to the novelist's pen "just made for each other." The story is neither exciting, nor particularly well sustained; indeed, the sentiment is false at times, but it has a good purpose and holds to it, which is more than can be said of the majority of modern novels.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

The Chaldean Magician. By Ernst Eckstein. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Peck.

War and Peace—An Historical Novel. By Count Léon Tolstoi. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Peck.

The Story of Chaldea from the Earliest Times to the Rise of Assyria. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Popular Family Atlas of the World. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price 30 cents. For sale by Judd.

Adam Hepburn's Vow—A tale of Kirk and Covenant. By Annie S. Swan. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Poetry as a Representative Art. By George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D., Professor of Oratory and Aesthetic Criticism in the College of New Jersey at Princeton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.75. For sale by Judd.

 EDITOR'S TABLE.

The season of editorial farewells is upon us; outgoing boards are singing their swan songs and bequeathing their blessings, along with a deal of useful advice, to their successors, their colleges, and the world in general; new boards are giving greetings and valiantly sallying out in true knightly fashion, to set the college world right. Along with April showers we may look out for squalls of another character, for nothing is so fiery, so captious, as a new lot of editors. After awhile they grow hardened against the misrepresentations of exchanges and the sins of contributors. Perhaps, too, they lose some of the high hopes with which they began, for the incoming editor is a sanguine individual. As for the outgoing editor, the *Vassar Misc.* says, "Our exit from the editorial stage fills us with unalloyed pleasure." "Finally we offer to all exchange editors our heartfelt sympathy." Truly,

the life of the exchange editor is not unmixed bliss; the thousand and one exchanges look a good-deal more attractive at a distance, and if a Vassar editor or anyone else expects from them much information or instruction, there will be disappointment in store for that person. Viewing the college press, however, as a means for bringing out for common criticism and stimulus what one can do, an editorship is anything but a dismal lot. On the contrary, it is but a wider field for giving and receiving help and incitement, not only from one's own college, but, through the exchange department, from other colleges. In such a department praise should hold a secondary place. Praise is not criticism, and those who puff every exchange, good or bad, as well as those who puff when they are puffed in return, destroy the utility of their department. To be sure there is such a thing as erring in the other direction through harshness, and certain exchanges have charged the LIT. with this fault. But surely it ought to harm no one to be criticised in a kindly spirit, and in such a spirit the LIT's criticisms have always been intended.

College writers are apt to expose themselves to criticism when they begin to write about nature. Nature is a good thing, but withal sorely abused, particularly by college bards. It seems to be popular to "babble o' green fields" and the like now-a-days in our poetry and a good-deal of our prose, to the detriment of both. Men are very prone to gush about lakes and rocks and noisy brooks, except that they call them tarns, and beetling crags, and wimpling streamlets.

But to turn to something more concrete. The fever for Lits is spreading, it has even reached Amherst, *mirabile dictu*. After this marvel it passes man's ingenuity to guess where it may be found next. Seriously, the LIT. will welcome its new brother heartily. Its best wishes for him are that he may be as excellent, and meet with as much favor, as the two others last hatched, the *Williams Lit.* and the *Harvard Monthly*.

Has the muse left Vassar, or has she simply strayed away and been lost in the mazes of one of those delightfully involved and prosy essays? To tell the truth, this most estimable sister, the *Misc.*, has been a little disappointing of late, owing to lack of verses and a few other things. The last number, for instance, contains but one article in the "literary department," while the only poetry, or rather rhyme, is a parody on "I've got a little list," the nine hundred and ninety-ninth, if memory serves us right, that has appeared in the college press. The oldest and best of our exchanges is the *Nassau Lit.* Its standard is high, and its literary spirit and activity truly refreshing. Along with the eastern *Lits.* the *Virginia University Magazine* and the *Kansas Review* deserve to be mentioned.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* is a highly respected exchange, though its pages of personals give it a decidedly local appearance. The *News, Crimson*, and *Princetonian* relieve the *Lits.* of three colleges from that sort of thing. These last named sheets have become a feature, and fill a peculiar place, in the college world. Among the three the *News*, by its size and its greater enterprise, seems at least to hold its own against the less energetic *Crimson* and the *Princetonian*, with its column of literary criticism and its never-ending clamor about the imagined slope of the Yale field. We would speak of the wit and the verses of the *Advocate* and the *Fortnight*, of the

excellence of *Lampy*, of the merits of a dozen other esteemed contemporaries, were it not that this Editor's Table already begins to look too much like a mere list of names.

The following ballad is long, but too good to be abridged.

A BALLAD OF PLEASURE SEEKERS.

The days are long, and long the weary ways ;
 The flowers are dead, and not a bird to sing ;
 The air is hot that round about us strays ;
 The land is bare of any living thing.
 We may not rest, nor cease our journeying
 Till sweet Death comes ; yet there are some who weep,
 And some who kiss with lips that sob and cling !
 For life is waking, but in death is sleep.

Those little clouds that linger in the blaze
 Of this hot afternoon no shadows fling.
 No purple hills doze in the distant haze ;
 No fleeting shade the trees to wanderers bring.
 The dusty grasses from the parch'd ground spring
 So few that one might count. The slow hours creep.
 God ! we are fain to rest from wandering !
 For life is waking, but in death is sleep.

Yea, we have come through all the empty days !
 With heavy heart and feet that ache and sting,
 When all is done, we find this senseless maze.
 Now we are old ; nor is there anything
 That once we loved in all this hateful ring
 Of sky and plain. Nay, into endless deep
 Has all hope sunk—and still our hearts we wring !
 For life is waking, but in death is sleep.

ENVOY.

Ah, Princes, if men knew when Life took wing
 That nothing vanish'd that was worth to keep,
 They would bow down, and Death would be their king !
 For life is waking, but in death is sleep. —*Harvard Monthly.*

SONG.

On the hills above Santa Fe at midnight.

Sleep, little town ; the night grows old,
 Orion stoops to kiss the hills,
 And silence all the valley fills,
 And flocks are still in field and fold.

Sleep, little town ; the creeping mist
 Muffles the river at thy feet,
 Hushed are the noises of the street,
 And all the mighty winds are whist.

Sleep, little town ; thy rugged notch
 Enfolds thee close from foes and fears,
 And, lo ! above thee through the years
 The mountains keep their sleepless watch.

— *University Review.*

"AND THIS IS FATE."

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
 And speak in different tongues and have no thought
 Each of the other's being, and no heed,
 And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands,
 Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death ;
 And, all unconsciously, shape every act
 And bend each wandering step to this one end—
 That, one day out of darkness, they shall meet
 And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
 So nearly side by side that should one turn
 Ever so little space from left to right,
 They needs must stand acknowledged face to face ;
 And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
 With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
 Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
 They seek each other all their weary days,
 And die unsatisfied ; and this is Fate.

— *Trinity Tablet.*

FRAGMENTS.

DEEPS.

As there are stars that in the depths of sky
 Are far beyond the reach of mortal eye ;
 So thoughts there are, that in the souls of men
 Lie fathomless to any poet's ken.

ON AN OLD BOOK OF PLAYS.

From the musty quarto pages,
 Brown, black-lettered, vellum bound,
 Title dim with dust of ages,
 Corners of the leaves worn round,
 Comes there forth a faint aroma,
 Sweet as was the Indic soma,
 Drunk by gods from cups of gold—
 Drunk by Vedic gods of old.

— *Nassau Lit.*

KISMET.

They are always glad to see me and I dine there off and on.
While her children climb upon my knee and call me Uncle John ;
And I try to cancel out the past and only look ahead ;
It was not her fault that I loved her and she loved brother Ned.
But through all these intervening years the past still stands at bay,
For I was not always Uncle John nor always old and gray,
And it seems but yesterday sometimes despite the almanac
That I used to call her Ethel and she used to call me Jack ;
When the days were constant sunshine, days unshadowed by regret
In the unforgotten long ago, ere she and Ned had met.
How the change first came unto this day I hardly understand ;
It is seldom I let memory assume the upper hand ;
But at times a reminiscence brings those days of sunshine back,
And in memory she is Ethel, and in memory calls me Jack.

—*Lampoon.*

VOL. LI.

No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens gratia manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SCHOLÆ, unanimique PATRÆ."

APRIL, 1886.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

APRIL, 1886.

No. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES,

CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.

WILLIAM KENT,

WILLIAM L. PHELPS,

JOHN N. POMEROY.

COLLEGE INDIFFERENCE.

THE readers of ex-President White's interesting reminiscences in the February LIT. must have noticed in them something more than a historic significance. Perhaps it is not too much to say that those whose acquaintance with Yale's present educational methods has not carried with it an implicit faith, might even find in them a powerful weapon of offence. No one, to be sure, however skeptical of the present, can refuse to be convinced from this perusal that the past three and thirty years of Yale's history have not been years of notable progress. "Zumpt" and "synopsizing" are names that have no terrors for the modern undergraduate, because they convey no meaning to him. But, however heartily he may have cause to congratulate himself that these and many similar abominations have been weeded out before his day, he need not be harshly judged if he, too, allows himself a few complaints. He has come to college, let us suppose, not necessarily with the intention of there being coaxed into a genius, but with the earnest hope that the long years of academic discipline to which he has sub-

mitted himself willingly—perhaps earnestly—for the end which seems to him of such surpassing importance, may at last be supplemented by something which he craves much more than a phonographic memory or an acuteness of discrimination—I mean the power of intelligent, independent thought. We will suppose, also, that his measure of faith is such that he attends diligently to his “tasks”—for this, he is early informed, is the name properly appertaining to the mental efforts that will be exacted of him—and finds no opportunity to engage in other intellectual pursuits. When that variable quantity, by which the average collegian sets so much store—the remainder of his college course—has dwindled away to but little more than one short year, his prevailing mood is apt to be one of the severest skepticism. If he asks himself, as he is pretty sure to do, whether he be any nearer to the goal which he proposed to himself four or five years before,—whether his delight in the exercise of his highly educated powers is unmingled with any taint of indifference and disgust, his answer, if honest, may be anything but encouraging. His classical and scientific lore he readily resolves into a moderate number of unsuggestive and half-forgotten facts; his former belief in the saving power of mathematics and its magnificent generalizations has been crushed well nigh to death beneath its burden of laborious trivialities. From among some two dozen men of learning and method at whose feet he has listened through nearly fifteen hundred hours, he can remember but two or three, perhaps, from whose presence it was impossible to depart without having experienced that peculiar mental stretching which he had thought so desirable. Perhaps the musings of our injured and despondent friend may have taken an unjust turn; it is quite possible that, while he slept, his supposed enemy, the faculty, may have sown in his unconscious mind not tares, but wheat. However this may be, he cannot help believing that this astonishing culture of his would do him much more good if it had not been effected without his knowledge; if he had *felt* his mental grasp strengthening and seen his horizon widening; but,

possibilities aside, his present despondency is for him the overwhelming fact.

President White goes on to speak of the sources of literary activity in his day. The "first source," he says, "was the character of the period; great historical events drawing on; the greatest political questions sounding in our ears; Webster, Calhoun and Clay making their final speeches; Seward, Sumner and Chase coming upon the stage. Then, too, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Lowell and Longfellow were all in their freshness." Not many collegians, I think, can let their imaginations dwell upon those times without some pardonable twinges of envy. In our day there are few enough the vigor of whose interest is sufficiently keen to find much inspiration in the spectacle of a great nation waxing rich and happy, or to discover in the "twilight of literature" many glimpses of the day to come, or much sentiment in the lingering of the day gone by. We must honestly admit that it costs one an effort to keep awake a lively interest in anything outside the comparatively little world of college life.

There seems to be no remedy for such stagnation except a conscientious resolve on the part of each and every student not to let the light that is in him be quenched, or even concealed beneath a bushel. Yale enthusiasm is proverbial; it is not the outcome of a magnificently equipped gymnasium, nor of an invigorating climate; it is the expression of each man's belief in himself and in the end which his college deems desirable. There seems, therefore, no reason in the nature of things why the benefit of this peculiarly Yale trait should not be extended to things intellectual as well as material. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture many a man absorbed in some favorite pursuit and riding some pleasant hobby, not simply living as regards intellectual food from hand to mouth and from recitation to recitation; to picture Pundit Clubs struggling successfully against the inevitable tendency to dissolve into Freshman debating societies; but these imaginings it is at present

hard to realize. Says Archdeacon Farrar, in his address before the students of Johns Hopkins, "Linnæus was so keenly alive to the works of nature that he falls upon his knees under the open day to thank God for a field ablaze with the glory of golden gorse." Again, "Alexander Castren, a philologist of a noble order, though in delicate health, travels alone in his sledge along the coasts of the Polar Sea, and lives for months in the greasy huts of the Samojeds to learn their dialects." Such devotion may be "caviare to the general;" but no college can claim to live up to its possibilities in which this species of heroism fails to find a goodly number in its band of sympathizers.

THE NOSEGAY.

TRANSLATED FROM "DER BLUMENSTRAUSS" OF UHLAND.

If shrubs and flowers have meanings worth conceiving,
If love itself enkindles in the roses,
Forget-me-not means all the name discloses
And bay betokens glory, Cypress grieving,

If, when all other symbols pass believing,
Some dainty tint a tender thought incloses,
If envious pride on yellow flower reposes
And twigs of green a wreath of Hope are weaving;

Then did I well, my garden spot exploring,
To pluck these flowers, no form nor hue ignoring,
And bring you them in careless cluster plaited.

To you my hope, my passion, my deploring,
My glory, envy, loyalty, adoring,
To you my life, my death is consecrated.

O. S. Isbell.

Junior Prize Oration:**A GLANCE AT THE LABOR PROBLEM.**

JOHN BENNETTO, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FOR most of us, perhaps, the present labor movement has but one aspect. It appears to be a stubborn quarrel over wages. From such a standpoint, it may not be impossible for some to view the situation indifferently. Naturally enough, the money-side is the first to attract attention. But the worker is of more consequence than his wages. There is a man-side to look at, and from this point of view the matter acquires a universal interest.

The working people as a class are filled with an unrest that insufficient wages do not entirely account for. Indeed, it is an open question whether the better-paid portion is not the more conspicuous in this present agitation. Something must exist that can not be settled simply by adjusting the price of labor. There is a difficulty growing out of the workingmen's disappointed expectations—I might almost say their ambitions. This does not imply that any one person is necessarily conscious of a definite purpose or desire. But the aggregate of workers, the popular mass, is filled with hopes and aspirations that have received impulse from the character of our national institutions. They are hopes, however, that do not, and perhaps can not, have a literal fulfilment. How any grievance of this sort could arise, is not hard to understand. The people are the nominal rulers here. "The equality of mankind" is a favorite and familiar doctrine. Belief in it is apt to be confirmed by the experience of one's youth. In the public school, the children of the rich and poor sit side by side. Both alike are impressed with the grand and glowing possibilities of their future. When school days are over, however, the ways begin to part. The one who joins the line of workers begins to form different notions. His former schoolmates are above him now. Time even

widens the separation. The glowing possibilities gradually lose their brightness. The hopes kindled in his youth are reduced to a spark, which, in an anxiety to revive it, is constantly in danger of being extinguished by the breath of flattering politicians. The foreign-born citizen, also, finds himself in a similar situation. If possible, he forms even more exaggerated notions of freedom and equality and of a "land flowing with milk and honey." In each case, the measure of disappointment is the eagerness of previous expectation. In part, at least, to this cause may be attributed the rapid spread of cynicism and discontent among the masses.

To check this undesirable growth, we naturally appeal to the elevating and enlightening influence of education. At the same time, we meet an obstacle that can not lightly be passed over. The tendency of our industrial progress is to repress intellectual development. Herein is presented what is perhaps the most interesting and instructive phase of our labor problem. The workingman of to-day can not be compared with his predecessor of an older generation. The latter could take pride in his handiwork. What he wrought was the product of his own brain, the materialization of his own skill. When he compared his own achievements with those of his fellow-workmen, he was animated with a spirit of honest rivalry. He had, also, a further incentive to excel. The possibility of bettering his condition was not remote. He was separated by no wide gulf from his employer. With moderate effort he might have become a master himself. Inducements to self-improvement were, therefore, not wanting, and to his life were given unity and purpose, elements essential to his elevation.

How poor is the workingman of to-day, when judged by the old standard! If he be so fortunate as to have learned a trade, it is not the trade of former days. The knowledge of which one man once was proud, has been distributed among a hundred men. There is little opportunity for pride of workmanship now. What one person produces is lost in an indistinguishable total of joint pro-

duction. But there are many who can not boast of even the semblance of a trade. Their portion in the legacy of old-time skill has been transferred to inanimate machinery, whose servants they have now become. No spirit of emulation can vary the monotony of their existence. Their individuality sinks to the level of the machines they operate. The number of this class, too, is keeping pace with the progress of invention. At no far distant time, he will be a rare person who can recall the days of his apprenticeship, when long and tedious discipline was necessary for the prosecution of a trade.

We can not deny that the crystallization of living thought into senseless metal has decreased the demand for practical intelligence on the part of the average workingman. It seems almost as if he were a victim on the altar of modern progress; as if the one part of society had advanced by retarding the other part. If no demand for intelligence is made, credit for its possession is not likely to be given. A man's occupation is the gauge by which he is measured. He who of necessity is an automatic workman descends to the lowest mark. What hope have we that he will rise intellectually superior to his environment? Education is seldom prized for its intrinsic value. It is hard for society-at-large to appreciate mental acquisition that does not guarantee convertibility into money. For the workingman, whose scope is being limited more and more, the prospect of realizing on an educational investment is not always bright. Often would he strive after mental culture could he feel that such an attempt is not a waste of capital.

In an opposite sense, the same difficulty confronts the college student. He, too, has a labor problem, and the closing years of undergraduate life are burdened with its solution. Soon he must take part in the activities of real life,—what part shall it be? There rises before him the tradition that in most pursuits an higher education is superfluous. If he disregards this tradition, he must pay the penalty. He will be taunted with having wasted four years of precious time. The claims of personal fitness

and individual preference may have been consulted, the laws of supply and demand may have been given due consideration; but this tradition will overrule them all. The student is forced into some one of a small number of professions. They have long been overcrowded. There is no room in them for any one who is not specially qualified. Thus, many a life, which in another direction might have met with a measure of success, has ended in disappointment and failure. Education will not maintain its exclusiveness at such a price. Already we see many students turning toward agricultural, mercantile, and higher mechanical pursuits. The fact that men without college training can be successful in these departments, has less weight with them than formerly. They are learning to live for themselves, not for their occupations.

The college man and the workingman may be far apart in the social scale, but do they not seem to meet at this point? The solution of the former's problem will make the latter's less complicated and perplexing. If the limits of intellectual activity are widening for the one, a corresponding stimulus will be felt by the other. In furnishing a practical illustration that mental culture is consistent with an employment not strictly intellectual, the college man provides a hope against the cramping tendencies of modern industry. The aristocracy of intellect may be replaced by a democracy of intellect. Then, a man will be judged by what he is, not by the work he does. The workingman will meet adverse conditions without, by the fortification of refinement within, and his personality and manhood would be defended against the pressure of impersonal corporations. We shall not think of extolling the dignity of labor, then. The dignity of the man will be a more appropriate theme.

The present labor movement is nothing if it is not pointing in this direction. There is a depth of suggestion in the prevailing opposition to capital. Not only the price, but the principle, of labor is at issue. The workingman is contending for himself. In the present application of the "survival of the fittest," he is crowded to the wall. All

the independent spirit of his manhood has been called out in opposition. He can not help recording some protest. It may be that he is often led into useless quarrels, but even they create in him a pride born of newly-discovered power. He feels himself a man, in spite of the fact that his labor is a commodity. In the contagion of manly self-assertion, the labor movement has acquired surprising strength. We watch its progress anxiously, yet hopefully, trusting that the efforts of the workingman may be fruitful in the best results,—that a standard of mental and moral worth may be set up, which shall ennoble his life in the possession of treasures imperishable.



THE LABOR PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH.

NO more striking contrast can be well imagined than that existing between the labor problems in the North and the South. It is a contrast due to the difference between manufacturing and agricultural communities; between aggressive white labor and passive colored labor; between daily wages and yearly leasing of land; between a class of men of different nationalities organized into Labor Unions for mutual protection, and a class of men of the same common descent whom neither community of interest nor ties of race have yet succeeded in binding together. In view of such material differences as these between the labor systems and the working classes of the two sections, we cannot be surprised to find a proportionately great contrast between the resulting labor problems; we can only wonder that both questions are left in a great measure to solve themselves by their own evolution. In the South this development is an extremely slow process. The land-holders are the Reform party; but it is a party without a leader, for, while everyone realizes the existing evils of the present system, and sees the faults of the

negroes as laborers, yet he is powerless single-handed to remedy them, and it has thus far been impossible to secure throughout the South that unity of action which is necessary for success. On the other hand, the laboring class is perfectly contented with the condition of matters as they now are. Their ambition is limited to gaining a mere livelihood from day to day, and as long as they can obtain garments to clothe themselves, enough of the plainest kinds of food to satisfy appetites peculiarly healthy, a pipeful of tobacco and a little spirits for the stomach's sake, their facile disposition adapts itself readily to circumstances, and they prove most cheerful and amenable workmen. In fact, why should they not be contented? Their lot is not a hard one. There can be no complaint of inability to find work, for the demand for laborers is never fully supplied. The workman needs absolutely no capital at the beginning of the year. When he leases a tract of land for one year, he signs a contract to pay the stipulated rent after his harvest is gathered; he is furnished with the necessary utensils for the cultivation of the land; with a house for himself and his family; and provisions and other necessities of life; no other security being required than his promise to pay at the end of the year with the products of the earth. On such conditions, with a mild climate and a soil so fertile that the country has been called the garden spot of the earth, it is an easy task to earn enough to discharge the debts which he has contracted while engaged in the active work of cultivation.

Unfortunately, however, these same advantages of soil and climate, added to the negro's ability to live on almost nothing, have produced in him a slothfulness and thriftlessness which has become proverbial. Statistics show that in the cotton belt the average laborer does not do more than 150 days' work in the year; rather less than three days in the week. Saturday is to him a holiday fixed by a custom as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and when the clouds gather overhead, he sings a song of thanksgiving and seeks the society of his friends at the nearest country store. What matters it to him that

the weeds are overrunning his field, or that the cotton is rotting in the bolls? he has a respite from toil to-day; to-morrow, the Lord will provide. As a result of this cheerful disposition, it is shown by statistics that the negro consumes more than he produces. When his field fails to yield enough to pay in full his debts, he has no personal property of sufficient market value to render a lawsuit profitable to his creditors, who are perforce compelled to postpone a final settlement until the next year. The negro, seeing that he will begin work with an old debt hanging over his head, has no moral compunctions to deter him from emigrating to another part of the state, where he may evade his indebtedness without fear of pursuit. And so the luckless creditor, who has trusted "not wisely, but too well," finds himself compelled to pocket without redress the loss, not only of his money, but also of a laborer. If, as generally is the case, the owner of the plantation is also the creditor, the competition for labor is so great that rather than lose a valuable hand, he will cancel the remainder of the debt, and allow him to begin the new year with a clean balance sheet. This is necessary, for, if the laborer should find at any time during the year, before his crop is mature, that he will not be able to pay his debts, or even that he will have no surplus remaining after settling his accounts, the punishment for breach of contract is not severe enough to prevent him from deserting his field and throwing it half cultivated on the planter's hands. As for himself he trusts to find employment elsewhere by which he may support himself until opportunity offers to victimize someone else who may be ignorant of his reputation, or who thinks himself shrewd enough to advance no more than the applicant's work will warrant. To give stability and trustworthiness to such a labor system, the punishment for violation of contract should be applicable to the peculiar class of men with which it has to deal, and sufficiently severe to inspire them with a wholesome fear of the consequences of breaking the law. At present, the law practically binds the land-holders only, for no damages can be collected from the derelict and penniless laborer, who therefore escapes scot free.

It has been proposed, accordingly, in imitation of the French, to establish whipping posts, under the control of the United States troops, throughout the country, and to make this the punishment for debt and for breach of contract. It is certainly an extreme remedy, but none more effective can be devised. It is considered by the negroes far more disgraceful than the penitentiary, and the physical pain itself would be a most powerful incentive to follow the path of rectitude. It is, however, a measure which must be adopted, not by one or two states alone, but by all; for otherwise the colored inhabitants of those states would emigrate in a body and betake themselves to more favored lands where the institution had not been established; unable in the present state of their education to understand the necessity of enforcing the law at whatever cost.

Thus far I have tried to show the utter irresponsibility and slothfulness of the negro laborer under the present system, and to suggest briefly the most practical method of restraining his waywardness, by means of corporal punishment and rigid contract laws. There are two other points which have a most important connection with the subject, the first of which is the education of the negro as it is now being conducted. Large sums of money have been freely expended by the North, as well as by the South, in providing free schools for the colored people, but this money has been squandered in the most extravagant ways with little or no results. With but few exceptions the teachers employed have been grossly incompetent men, who have obtained their positions through political influence or favoritism, although knowing nothing of the subjects which they profess to teach. Under their careful tutelage the students learn nothing except habits of idleness and vice which they afterward find it impossible to shake off, since they have seen their instructors engaged in the same pursuits. Who can say that they are wholly to blame, if, when they have been taught by example, if not by precept, to violate every commandment in the Decalogue, they proceed to put these teachings in prac-

tice? And when finally they are sent out from the schools, with their "education" completed, able to spell and read words of one syllable, compelled to earn their livelihood by manual labor, can we blame them for possessing the laziness and moral obliquity which they have been told by such teachers to lay aside? Truly, it is the blind leading the blind! Appoint competent teachers and compel the children to attend school until they have mastered at least the three R's; then, and not until then, will the civilization of the race be really begun.

The second point is their love for ardent spirits. Liquors of the vilest grade are considered staples in every country store; and the price is sufficiently low to place an almost unlimited supply in the hands of every workman. Indulgence of their craving for these decoctions is counteracting the effects of their slender moral and mental education, and is unfitting them as a class for any positions of trust or honor. Unless deprived of this demoralizing influence by rigidly enforced prohibition, they bid fair to retrograde to the condition of their kindred in the wilds of Africa.

This tendency is shown plainly in the spread of "Voodooism," which is replacing the superficial belief in Christianity which they now have by snake worship and strychnine "charms" for the death of their enemies.

The picture is dark, it is true, but there are gleams of light to make it more cheerful. The Prohibition movement is gaining strength daily; education can be improved by proper means; and a nearly successful effort has been made in one or two States to secure rigid contract laws. With these favorable omens, we may be allowed to hope for the time when the problem of the colored race will be solved, and the unreliable and unprincipled semi-savage of the fields will be transformed into a sober, educated, and trustworthy citizen. And in expectation of that time let us say with Burns

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that."

John Minor Gillespie.

MANON LESCANT.

The mottled moonlight flits from cloud to cloud
And falls with noiseless touch on dunes of sand,
It lightens all the crags, the hideous strand,
Where years ago, with bridal robe for shroud,
She lay oblivious to the sea-wail loud.
The white incarnate face her lover scanned,
Then knelt and strove again with bleeding hand,
With fleshless finger-tips and heart deep-bowed
To hollow-forth a grave, to hide from sight
The mortal part of her whose warm sweet breath
Had lately told his heart the keen delight
Of woman's love. But when the sun beneath
The rising fog shone down from yonder height,
It found him staring open-eyed at Death.

Henry L. May

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF ZENBEI
YONEDAYA.

IN my native town once there lived a man by the name of Zenbei. By that strange law of nature called heredity, he had received that peculiar trait of character known as nervousness. I was not yet a scientist, so that I had no notion whatever of classifying it either a collateral or reversional, prenatal or prematerial. The town tradition asserts that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were men of the same peculiarity. If I recollect well he was tall and lean and had a swarthy aspect. So monstrously long were his legs, that the believers in transmigration might have thought him to have been once a spider or else a heron. When in motion, therefore, he had not a little the appearance of a pair of tongs walking.

His temperament was one of perpetual agitation. Two small gray eyes twinkled like two stars of lesser mag-

nitude in a hazy firmament, and his bald head was lustrous with age. It was curious to see him walking in the sunshine without a hat, as is our custom. The celestial beam fell right on the polished ball in the line of incidence, scattering the angle of the reflection—see the law of optics was observed here—all over the spherical surface. The sight was dazzling and the whole effect was that of an electric lantern.

The children conjectured that his head was a convenient arrangement for killing flies. Let it be greased, the little philosophers thought, and every fly that happens to perch on this eminence will slide down and break its neck. Even on a volcanic mountain some vestige of plants will be found about its base; so it was not quite impossible to find remnants of his vigorous hair sprouting just like shrubs on those portions of his head that bordered his neck and ears. These ears I well remember, being uncommonly huge and jutting out like an owl's, gave to his person particular distinction. He never needed to take the trouble, as some others do, to assist his ears with his hands when trying to catch faint voices or other indistinct sounds. His nose I must not forget. After its full growth it made a slight hook-like curvature at its extremity and was handsomely colored with dusky red. There seemed to be some centripetal force at work in obedience to which as he advanced in age the coloring matter left his cheeks pallid and assembled on the central elevation. I am sorry to mention it, but it is a fact, that he stuttered, and had therefore frequent resort to gesticulation, always finding some relief therein. Oftentimes one was obliged to patiently watch his heavy eyebrows move up and down before his first word burst forth. This invisible curb was wisely put in his mouth by providence, lest he should monopolize the entire interest of the town with the unrestrained management of both limbs and tongue. When he was at work the perspiration dripping from his nose teased him, but he paid little attention to it, only wiping it off now and then with his sleeve, having no time to use a handkerchief. As he was both restless and

absent minded, his mundane existence was checkered with remarkable events.

Twenty-five miles from Imabari in the land of Sanuki was to be held a festival in honor of Kōmpira, the great God of the Sea. Who of the believers will stay at home on such a great occasion? Zenbei was stirred up for several days beforehand. The night before the day of the festival he retired earlier than usual, commanding his wife to fill a luncheon box with rice, since he had to start early the next morning. After taking the merest nap he crept out of bed, groped awhile for a lamp, which, after wasting several matches, he finally succeeded in lighting. At this instant the minute hand pointed to the figure six while the hour hand was yet lingering in the intermediate space between the figures two and three. Zenbei lifted his eyes, which were very reluctant to encounter the light. "What! past six?" he cried. Being excited, he put on his dress inside out and went after a pair of straw shoes. A stool and a pair of sandals were faithfully awaiting him near at hand, but the master visited every corner of the house to find them. He was at length, however, ready to start, but when he made a few steps somebody dragged his foot from behind. "B-b-b Bon," stammered he, "be a good boy and stay home with your ma. I'll bring you a bag of candy." Looking back he found nobody but the stool following its master, for he had tied it unconsciously with a sandal to his own leg.

"Pshaw! I don't want you." Zenbei untied it and gave it a kick. After he had walked some hours he met a traveler and asked him hastily, "Please, Sir, how far is Kōmpira from Imabari." "Just about twenty-five miles," replied the man. Zenbei was surprised to see that he had made as yet no progress in his journey. After walking diligently awhile he asked another person, "Please, Sir, please, how far is Kōmpira from Imabari?" "Twenty-five miles," was the answer. Again and again he was thus disappointed, and gradually drowsiness began to attack him in consequence of his despondency, as well as of his lack of rest. So when a dining-house appeared at the

roadside he went in and laid himself down. Zenbei enjoyed his nap. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips without a sound, now talked in an inward tone with the spectres of his noon-day dream. By and by the titter of the servant maids at Zenbei's snore began to break through the dispersing mist of his slumbers, and finally he was wide awake. "How far is it from here to Konpira?" said he to one of the servants, yawning and stretching his arms upward. "Only three miles, Sir," answered the maid. "That all!" Zenbei appeared very much surprised. "Seems to me I can walk faster while I am asleep." By this time his hunger suggested to him to take down the luncheon-box, which was wrapped up and fastened about his body with a strip of cloth. The cloth was taken off, but the luncheon box did not make its appearance. What magic! There rolled out a solid block of wood. It was the same block upon which he had rested his stupendous head the night before, in accordance with the Japanese custom of using blocks of wood for pillows. Suddenly a raging wrath possessed him. "What a thick-head I have for my wife!" However, Mrs. Zenbei was not at all at fault. She had set the lunch near his pillow, as she was told, but he himself had failed to distinguish the somewhat like objects. He could not help it now, so he started for the temple.

The first duty Zenbei had to perform was to offer his contribution and make his formal vows. He took the scanty supply of money he had brought. Our small coins, you must know, are perforated in the center; therefore, a number are strung together. Ill fate still hovered over Zenbei. He separated five pence, and—alas!—threw all the rest into a prodigious contribution box. His intention was just the reverse. "Hold on," he uttered to no purpose. The passers by took him for a generous man, while he perhaps secretly accused the god of pilfering. Knowing no other way, he pretended that the enormous gift was a pious offering.

Hunger, which gave way to anger a moment, returned again with its urgent claim. All the patience of poor Zenbei could no longer endure this internal ravage. The final result was that he ran up to a store near by where cakes were marshalled in rows and piled up in columns, each with its price card. While he was eagerly surveying the scene, his mouth fairly watering, a heap offered for five cents apiece arrested his attention. Wedging its side among the little cakes there lay one of magnificent dimensions. This he observed. Zenbei was born a reasonable creature. Therefore, he reasoned that it was legal to take hold of any cake, should he pay five pence. Accordingly he cast out all his property and took possession of that big one with a perfect self-complacency. The deed done, the customer in triumph retreated from the store, first with dignified steps, then with a quickened pace.

He could hardly have gone a block before the store keeper missed his sign, the false model-cake made of wood and paper. Presently he stepped out and began hallooing after him. But Zenbei pretended that the distance and noise prevented his hearing, and soon turned a corner. Thence he ran seeking a solitary place, there to bite off the first morsel. At length he sat down panting under a tree, and looked around; but nobody was near. Great was the joy of Zenbei. Greater then was his wrath when he discovered the true nature of the object he had legally stolen. He concluded that the sole cause of these blunders was his wife, and with all his energy he hurled the wooden cake into a ditch. The black mud was flung up into his face. The fire of bitter resentment was kindled in his eyes, and straightway he darted toward his home. As you remember, he was a long-legged gentleman. Wherefore I doubt not that, in this action, much to the amazement of all beholders, he would have suggested an ostrich swiftly sprawling away across the African desert.

The journey was accomplished in a wonderfully short time. Now he jumped into the kitchen, where a woman

was innocently engaged in culinary rites. The agony of suspense was at an end. Zenbei shook her till her teeth chattered, and administered a resounding box. Certain it is he then felt a great relief, such as Atlas might feel if he could dismiss the burthen of the whole world.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Zenbei?" screamed the wife of his neighbor. Conscious of another fearful mistake, he rushed into his own home and prostrated himself in apology at the feet of his own wife.

"Now let us sing—long live the king,
And Zenbei long live he ;
And when he next doth go abroad,
May I be there to see!"

Shinkichi Shigemi.

ROGER BACON.*

AS compared with the world of to-day, and the interests and problems now connected with life, the picture which Thirteenth Century Europe presents is an uninviting one.

Comparatively speaking, that was an age of extreme poverty, both physical and intellectual. As a source of material wealth nature was understood to only a very small extent. There was nothing in the world of science or in the world of ideas to take men away from their own insignificance and fill their lives with interest and dignity. There was little in their religion, degraded as it was into a superstition, to purify and idealize life. Consequently men were, in a measure, compelled to look to themselves, to find the objects of life in their own selfish lusts and ambitions. It was, therefore, an age of misgovernment, of social corruption, and private wickedness. Its history is little more than a record of the cruelty and treachery

* Published at the request of the Editors.

of those in authority, behind which we catch glimpses of the perpetual misery that rested on the more unfavored multitude.

In such an age Roger Bacon lived. But there was something in him that lifted him out of the low channel in which its life and thought was running, and gave to him broader, truer views, and higher purposes than those which animated the men around him. He had been able to free himself from that system of religious doctrine which then prevailed in Christendom. His learning had carried him back to the scenes in the midst of which Christianity had come into the world. He found there a religion that might guide the life without fettering the mind, which brought hope and joy rather than fear to the soul. He had become acquainted with the noble systems of classical philosophy, and had learned to live in the contemplation of those great questions, to find delight in the lofty thoughts that had occupied the minds of Plato and Aristotle, and the philosophers of better days.

But what above all else distinguishes him is, not that he was able to master the best in the civilization of former times. He turned his attention especially to the great world of Nature. He found there fields for investigation that promised richer additions to intellectual as well as material wealth than any which had as yet been made. The forces that he saw there at work, the discoveries which he himself made, revealed to him something of the power in store for man, some part of that vast field of thought and activity which Science could open; and as he compared this revelation of the possibilities in human life with the wretched reality before him, he devoted himself to the task of pointing out to man the way of entrance into this better world.

There is not connected with his name any of the interest that belongs to success. Viewed with reference to the objects which he sought to accomplish, his life was a failure. But there lies, I think, in his character and experiences a charm, not found in connection with any of the great men who were leaders in the events that lifted

Europe out of the Middle Ages. It is as though a philosopher and philanthropist of the nineteenth century had appeared in the midst of the thirteenth, and having in mind a vision of all that was best in the society from which he came, had sought to make that vision real in the lives of the men around him.

How were his efforts to be directed? Or, as the question presented itself to his mind, How was the physical wretchedness around him to be made to yield to the abundance which he knew Nature was ready to afford? In what way was the narrow, meaningless life that he looked upon to be made to possess that meaning and dignity of which, his own experience had taught him, it was capable.

Other reformers have sought a change of political or ecclesiastical institutions. But Bacon's plans were of a different nature. He saw that the evils, resting on the world, lay behind forms and institutions in the soul of man, and in the ignorance and bigotry that reigned there. And he sought to remove these evils by bringing to man higher subjects for thought, worthier objects in life. He relied, therefore, not upon war, but upon education. His reform involved no change of rulers, but a development of Science. It was for these reasons that he could find nothing with which to sympathize in the political movements of his age. The abuses of government with which they dealt appeared to him as evils, but utterly insignificant, as compared with the deeper evils against which he was struggling; and he could see in the movements themselves nothing but hindrances to his more needed, more radical reform.

But there was another movement in which he did sympathize, with which, unfortunately, he was led to ally himself. It was that of the Mendicant Friars. He had been a student at Oxford during the first years after the Franciscans came to England, those years in which they were still faithful to the purposes of their organization, and their's was an enterprise of precisely the kind calculated to make a deep impression upon his imagination.

The spirit that animated and controlled it was a generous regard for the welfare of man. Its members had given up friends, and home, and the common pursuits of life, and were laboring without reward among the poorest classes in the great towns. Nor were their aims exclusively religious. In every practical way they were striving to benefit those to whom their mission was. Especially did they take upon themselves the task of struggling with disease; and under their rational treatment a better knowledge of its causes and its remedies was spread abroad.

But their primary object was religion. They came to show that there was something in Christianity besides the ambition and avarice of the clergy. They brought a gospel of love and purity to the starved souls of men. In a literal sense they came "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives."

With all these efforts Bacon sympathized. So far their aims and his were identical. There was much, indeed, in the traditions of the organization which he must have felt were utterly wrong. It had been their policy to sneer at everything of the nature of human learning, to discourage all intellectual activity; and at this point their policy and his principles came into vital opposition. In his system education held the most prominent place. He believed that the most of the misery in the world could be accounted for in the systematic neglect of Science since the early days of the Christian Church. But in England, in the first years of the Franciscan order there, this traditional policy had fallen into the background. Its leaders there were the very men who had given to Bacon his impulse towards scientific study. Under their influence he saw what he disagreed with in the constitution of the brotherhood disappearing. He might, therefore expect to find sympathy and coöperation in the carrying out of his great plans. He might hope that through the influence of this great organization his splendid vision of human power and human happiness might

be realized as it never could be realized by the unaided efforts of a single man. And in this hope he identified himself with the Franciscans.

His hopes were, however, doomed to disappointment. The policy which the influence of Grostête and Marsh had given to the order yielded after their death to a narrower one, more in harmony with the spirit of the age. He found in the rules of his order, in the jealousy of its members, in the oath of poverty, which he had himself taken on entering, obstacles that prevented in great measure his studies and rendered impossible the propagation of his opinions by writing. How was he, in the face of these additional difficulties, to make any headway against the authority of the Church, against the tendency of the times?

Probably under any circumstances his plans could not have met with success. England was not in the thirteenth century ready for the Renaissance or the Reformation. The human mind still yielded an unquestioning obedience to the theologians of the Roman Church. Every question was settled by them. Every doctrine and opinion stood or fell according as it agreed with their interpretation of Revelation, and their interpretation of Revelation could find few points of agreement with the philosophy of Roger Bacon.

Men were taught to look upon him as a sorcerer, a possessor of forbidden knowledge, a man to be shunned. It seemed as though the whole world had combined against him. Where he had looked for sympathy he found only opposition. In no quarter was there any reception for his teachings. Comparatively early in life the thought must have impressed itself upon his mind, that his plans and his knowledge would die with him, and man be none the better for his having lived. And in the terrible disappointment of this feeling there grew up in him that bitter contempt for the men who opposed him, which was the greatest fault of his character. Farther than that, disappointment could not influence him. Men had rejected his philosophy, but none the less was it true; none the less

was it worthy of labor and faith ; still it was able to sustain him through years of neglect and persecution.

After a long time the opportunity of placing his thoughts before the world came, but his works were at once condemned, and his persecution increased.

There is a suggestion of tragedy in the closing years of his life. He had brought to man the means of a better life, of a happiness and power before unknown ; but they had rejected his services, and in his later years he was left in prison to brood over his defeat and their folly and ingratitude. And in his torture he had not, like the hero of Greek tragedy, consolation in the thought that he had bettered their lot. But he had another consolation. He might still live free in that great world of thought into which he had in vain tried to introduce other men. Its problems were still present in his mind. Its delights could not be taken from him.

And even though his plans failed of their accomplishment, can we say that his life was a failure ? When we think of his character, his generous aims, his mind enriched by great thoughts, and compare with him the exceeding paltriness of the other men of those times, must we not say that his life was the most worth living, perhaps the only one worth living among them all.

W. A. Cornish.

NOTABILIA.

THE stealing steps of age, which overtake the strongest body and the stoutest heart, seem to be powerless on the spirit of St. Elihu. For has he not learned the secret of perpetual youth? He is always surrounded by faces that show no marks of care and sorrow. Indeed, he firmly refuses to associate with any others. As soon as the countenances' of his companions begin to wear that thoughtful, half-anxious look, which comes by peering from the peaceful harbor of college life into the boundless ocean of life outside, the saint calmly bids them a long farewell, and with his arms outstretched grasps in the new-comers. They are all new and strange to him; they are, as yet, very unlike his old associates, whom by constant intimacy he has learned to love so deeply; but they are proud to be his guardians, and their pride may inspire them to guard him well. They realize that present success is not assured by a great name in the past.

"THE heaviness of the LIT." is a witticism which carries its fifty years with as apparent ease as its weighty victim. Some allusion of this kind has appeared in almost every criticism of Elihu in the college press. The accusation had some basis of truth in years gone by, when the pages of this magazine were filled with soporific essays and metaphysical critiques. But of late years the tendency has been decidedly the other way, until there is danger that the LIT. will soon be encroaching upon the province of the bi-weeklies. At the risk of being despised as an old foggy—which name in this age of progress stands for the sum of all sins—Elihu is of the opinion that this tendency should receive some check. Of course the LIT. is not intended entirely or chiefly for the conveying of information to the college and cannot be expected to contribute much to the world's stock of thought; but that is no reason why the magazine should be turned into a story book.

A story that has some point and is well written is perhaps the most desirable contribution; but a heavy essay is exciting reading compared with a story containing no well conceived idea and carelessly composed. The common delusion that a story is necessarily entertaining and a literary sketch necessarily stupid deserves to be speedily abandoned. It all depends on whether or not the writer has something of his own to say. We have two excellent bi-weeklies to care for the lightest college literature, and the LIT., like every other periodical, must show in its pages a distinctive reason for its existence.

YALE is weighing one by one the anchors which bind her to the conservatism of the past. Abandoning a policy of cautiousness amounting almost to timidity, she has allied herself with those colleges which believe in a liberal university education. While these enlarged views have strengthened her position in all departments of the college and brought about a desirable change in the curriculum, still Yale feels herself seriously cramped in carrying out her intended projects, on account of the lack of funds. Yale graduates certainly do not take the interest they ought to take in the financial welfare of the college. May we not justly attribute much of this indifference to the veil of secrecy and mystery that shrouds so closely all the business transactions of the college? A corporation or institution that asks for and expects support should have no hesitancy in stating its exact financial condition to its friends. Yale is not as well known throughout the whole country as she is in Connecticut. She expects confidence and support; she should do more to win them. She deplures the fact that she suffers from misrepresentation; it lies in her power to remove one of the strongest grounds of complaint. We think that an itemized account of the receipts and expenditures of the different departments, coupled with a prospectus of the needs of each department for the ensuing year, should be sent to every Alumnus. If money is needed for a dormitory or gymnasium, those who are interested are notified of the fact; if the

Library needs support, or a Chair of Philosophy is to be founded, an appeal, or rather a statement, is brought to the notice of the Alumni. This is the method pursued at Harvard, whose rich endowments are a source of envy to us. The adoption of this plan here would fix the attention of the Alumni on their Alma Mater, and by bringing to their notice what is being done and what is required, would increase their interest and win their support. It would remove the indefiniteness which is almost proverbial about the management of Yale's finances. It would not only increase the gifts and endowments so sadly needed, but would remove the probability of their being given for purposes which are least urgent or quite unnecessary. Moreover, such a policy would satisfy the curiosity and increase the confidence of fathers who send sons here and of fathers who have sons to send to college. Americans are an inquisitive, business-like people. No college can afford to ignore these traits of our national character.

PORTFOLIO.

—Does your list of acquaintances in the world of fiction include the name of Balzac's quaint "relic of the Empire," Monsieur Sylvain Pons? If not, and if you are fond of anomalies among mankind, you will find him an interesting companion for an afternoon. He is a product eminently Parisian; a specimen of that class of artistic natures whom fortune has somewhat scantily equipped, and not over tenderly handled in the press of life. He is an artless, helpless being, endowed with a meagre musical talent and a hobby. He answers thoroughly to a criticism a certain writer has left of Balzac; that all his characters are to a greater or less degree "monomaniacs." For the truth or falsity of this comprehensive statement I would not vouch on a rather slim acquaintance with the author's eighty-three volumes. Like most criticism, however, we may accept it as having at least a vein of

truth. With Pons the object of the passion is bric-à-brac, and the reason is evident. He is excluded from extended or intimate companionship with men by reason of the unfortunate physiognomy that nature has allotted to him. Imagine confronting the world with one's face a mere expanse of fleshy knobs and hollows! Add to this, then, a nature sensitive to the faintest adverse breath; and we cease to wonder why Pons cultivated his hobby so devotedly. He was denied sympathetic association with his fellows; he turned to art. No steadfast friendship, no congenial family life seemed to be within his reach: among men he had found no objects about which his affections might weave themselves. Art stood open-armed. He accepted her, and soon was drawing comfort and balm for his wounded pride from his precious cabinets. Those dainty bits of Sèvres, that rare collection of master-paintings in equally rare frames, those gems in marquetry and delicious snuff-boxes never failed to be in sympathy with his every mood. His hobby was family, connections, friends, everything to him, until fate sent him a precious boon in the person of old Schmucke—pure, simple-minded, dreamy Schmucke, who had drifted about Paris untouched by its allurements, until he had stranded as manager of the scores in a boulevard theatre of which Pons is orchestral director. Thenceforth those nineteen hundred and score masterpieces ceased to monopolize Pons' affections.—In this Teutonic Pythias and his Gallic Damon, we have a typical example of Balzac's delineation of goodness. His pure characters are always simple. Vice he can paint powerfully in any form; virtue only in the most artless. Superiority, intellectually, never seems able to combine with morality. What an ingenuous, almost childlike creature the old German is as he ambles along through life, wholly devoted to his "goot Bons" and musing on some graceful strain from Beethoven or Mozart! His crony's character is complicated by a single unfortunate frailty. His fifth sense is his master. He yields to the sensitiveness of his palate, and wittingly becomes a parasite at the tables of his richer relatives. Still can we fail to judge him leniently when we think how appreciative his nature was of external comforts, and how seldom gratified? His punishment was severe; and when we clap the covers of his history together and thrust it on the shelf, we are not surprised to

find ourselves considering him in the light that Balzac shows us more than one character—that of a partial martyr, in this case to the cruel obtuseness of his wealthy “Cousins.”

—There is a type of humanity noticeable among our college acquaintances which has characteristics so peculiar that its lack of description is a source of wonder. You all know the man, by his air of grief, and his melancholy manner of greeting his fellows, if he give them any greeting at all. He is the humiliated, the injured man, whose normal state is a protest against slights and wrongs which are oftentimes imaginary, but which may, in many cases, be the natural sequence of his attitude toward others. Where the stream of his woes had its original fountain-head no one can say, but being once cast down he shows no inclination to rise. It becomes his nature to feel hurt, he will go out of his way to be injured, and if unsuccessful in finding any direct cause for owing the rest of mankind a grudge, there are always deep motives the fathoming of which is beyond all others, and crafty schemes the solution of which reflect great credit upon his penetration. If, with all his super-sensitiveness, he be a man of strong independence, he soon imagines himself an Ishmael and begins a relentless war, by attributing selfish aims to every act of his associates. If his independence be less marked, his state is even worse, for he puts himself in a position to receive slights at the hands of all those who fail to recognize his whims. In this somewhat uncharitable college world every one of us must expect to have the corners of his character ruthlessly rubbed, and the same spirit is as harshly applied to the man who presents but one part of his make-up, and that a very angular one. He is apt to be rubbed wholly out of sight. Despite all rules which hold good in physical contests the man who is down in the esteem of his fellows will receive many a blow, and he who humbles himself and almost requests to have his feelings hurt will find no lack of those willing to accommodate him.

—It is a pleasure to read and ponder upon the life of a man who has through the means of his books familiarized and endeared himself to us; and yet there is oftentimes a feeling akin to disappointment mingled with our pleasure, as we study the biography of a favorite writer and see him divested of his ideality, and sharing the weaknesses of ordinary mor-

tals. The lofty ideals of "Faust" met with little realization in the life of its author; George Eliot's practices do not tally with the exalted principles inculcated in "Silas Marner;" and it is with this same dissatisfied feeling that we dwell on the life of the most fluent and versatile writer of the eighteenth century. Oliver Goldsmith's character, or more properly his lack of character, has caused regret to many who have shared the patriotic impulses of "The Traveler," and mingled tears with their laughter over good Dr. Primrose's unswerving faithfulness and credulous simplicity. It truly seems a pity, to call it by no harsher name, that a writer of his manifest ability should have led a life so purposeless, so utterly devoid of any fixed principle. It is not the fact that he was a penurious, struggling poet, looking to his pen for a livelihood, that condemns him in the opinion of the world. Genius in a garret has become invested with as much romance as love in a cottage. But a genius that dwells in a hovel merely because his energy is not sufficient to move him out of it, will meet with little sympathy and be deserving of less. And yet in spite of his shiftlessness, in spite of his rash improvidence and blundering whimsicalities, we cannot, nor do we wish to, restrain a feeling of love for the poor fellow; a love that is as deep as the pity with which it is coupled. We almost lose patience with his generosity when he sells his last shred of clothing in order to render assistance to a whining beggar, while he himself has to take refuge under a feather bed; and yet when we realize the ludicrousness of his position, our frowns are turned to smiles, and in spite of ourselves we like the homely fellow all the better for his folly. It was in vain that his friends rolled out their expostulations; the not inconsiderable compensations which his later works brought him, were either squandered in such unprincipled charity or still more foolishly at the gaming table, where he was never known to win a shilling. And to his dying day poor Noll was the same shiftless, unreasoning creature that he had ever been, and, notwithstanding the abundant income from his published works, died beneath an overwhelming load of debt. Goldsmith's is not a character that we may admire; his inconsistencies are unpardonable and unworthy of his genius; his errors are exasperating, yet they are an essential part of himself, and without them our conception of him would be incomplete.

Though cynics may laugh, and perhaps, with Boswell, sneer at the blundering stupidity of the stolid, slovenly poet, we may rest assured that our fancy for the poor fellow and his foibles is not misplaced, for he had, as member of the famed "Club" an acknowledged right to the companionship of the most learned men of his time, and the esteem and affection of their leader, "the great Cham of Literature,"—Dr. Johnson.

W. M'C.

—I wandered not long ago up into one of those neglected corners of every community, provincial or metropolitan, a church belfry. Natural curiosity and the prospect of an extended view were not my only incentives. I confess I had besides a dim idea that a closer sight of the chimes that hung there might render more realistic certain newly-read descriptions of the splendid carillons of the "Continent." On this point I was speedily undeceived. There was little in either the tone or appearance of these bells, or the surroundings, that would suggest for example the grand harmonies that float out over the house-tops of Munich, and hush the gossiping crowds along the avenues. This is probably as true of all American belfries. If the one I climbed into be accepted as a fair type, they are uninviting spots. No prospect of discovering quaint inscriptions beneath the gathering mould of the bells encourages you as you mount the decrepid stairs. Dust and cobwebs in generous layers lend a dreary tinge of gray to the unplastered walls, and creaking timbers, rusting bolts and rheumatic hand-rails all produce a musty atmosphere of neglect and decay. Perhaps, also, as you stop on the narrow, curving stair for breath, an angry whirring overhead announces that you are encroaching upon a colony of owls and bats, whose claim to the spot long possession has made valid. A human presence is an innovation in their solitude, and they make no attempt to conceal their disgust. Here and there a finger-tip inscription in the dust may greet your eye—of some more illustrious name, it is to be hoped, than those I found. One I particularly remember, "Isaac Pagenstecker," scratched in characters, the very crampiness of which bespoke a hard-fisted Hebrew. When you have grasped the prominent features of the view, you turn to the bells. If this be your first visit, and, if you know with what affectionate skill the smiths of two centuries ago would cast, inscribe and tone their works,

you may search about for something similar. Perhaps that inscription on a certain old bell in Durham cathedral occurs to you, as you scrape the mould from characters that you have discovered :

" To call the folks to church in time—I chime ;
When mirth and joy are on the wing—I ring ;
When from the body parts the soul—I toll."

But you find nothing like this, I assure you. Your characters come forth from their disguise as the maker's name and that feeling sentiment "Patent" or something as prosy and unsatisfying. You turn away disappointed and clamber down to earth again with perhaps some such thought as this,—*"A model retreat for our misanthropic friend, Brown ! There he could clamber about and air his trite cynicism ad libitum, watching us, liliputians, creeping about below, and could moralize on man's dwarfed and faulty nature, until some more cheerful mood possess him. Verily, all such carping 'long-faces' should frequent some belfry !"*

—There is an old story—though whether legend or more sober history I do not know—that when the people of Naumberg were hard besieged by the old Hussite chief Procopius, and all other means of safety had been tried in vain, they sent their youngest children in a body to beg the conqueror for mercy. And—so the story goes—when old Procopius saw the little band coming toward him, and heard their childish story of hunger and distress, his bluff old heart was so torn and buffeted beneath his shaggy waistcoat that, spite of himself, the children conquered, and when the morrow's sun lifted its lazy head above the town, it found the Hussites already miles away.

It is a pretty story, and has a quaint old-world flavor about it ; but human nature varies little through the centuries and the spirit of old Procopius and the power by which he was subdued are just as living, and as real to-day.

Not many weeks ago, I was riding by rail between two of our New England towns. The car in which I sat was almost empty, but among the few passengers that it contained, there was one who attracted my attention in a moment. It was a little girl—a tiny child, with one of those sweet confiding faces that you all know so well. In five minutes she was on intimate terms with all in the car—all, that is to say, but one—a

dark sombre man, who sat apart from the rest, with his face buried in his hands, wrapped in his thoughts, and those apparently no pleasant ones. The child's attention was soon attracted by the lonely figure, and leaving her more cheerful friends, she walked softly down the aisle, and laid her hand gently on his arm. Without raising his head, he pushed her rudely away. But the little one was not to be put off so. She waited a moment as if in doubt, and then a second time raised her tiny hand, and began gently to stroke the man's rugged cheek. This time he looked up quickly. Involuntarily he lifted his hand, as if to strike. Then, catching sight of the timid appealing eyes upturned to his, he stopped short, the hard, bitter look melted from his face, and, before we realized what he was about, he had caught the little figure in his arms, and burst into a flood of tears.

O children, children! you who are so little and yet so strong! whence do you get this marvellous power by which you twist the heartstrings of strong men? Why is it that we love you so? Is it because you are so pure and innocent? Perhaps. Is it because you are so trustful and confiding? Again, perhaps. Is it because you are so weak and helpless? Perhaps it is because of each and all of these. I cannot tell. But this one thing I know, that he who can not find deep down in his heart, a tender place for these same guileless, trustful, helpless little ones, lacks something which not learning nor culture, nor all our boasted nineteenth century refinement can ever hope to give.

W. A. B.

O planet Mars, thy ruddy disc at night
 Seems blazing brilliant 'mid the feeble stars;
 But ruthless science says that all thy light,
 O planet Mars,
 Is borrowed from the sun. She thus debars
 Thy claim to self-resplendence; to our sight
 Reveals thee as a globe like this of ours.

Through thee her stern iconoclastic might
 Proves true the saying of our ancestors,
 "All is not truly bright that seemeth bright,"
 O planet Mars.

W. S. B.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The chronicler for the fifty-first LIT. board makes his bow and at once takes his pen to put on lasting record the events from March 15th to April 20th. We begin with the

Williston Club.

On Friday, March 19th, thirty-five Williston men met and formed the Williston Club. The regular officers were elected as follows: Samuel Knight, '87, President; H. B. Tuttle, '87 S., Vice-President; E. M. Youmans, '88, Secretary; J. H. Keefe, '89, Treasurer, and W. S. Clark, '88, and J. G. Prouty, '88 S., to act with the President on the Executive Committee.

The Senior class in the

Theological School

have elected the following of their number to speak at their commencement in the latter part of May: Henry M. Bowden, Philadelphia, Pa.; Herbert S. Brown, South Norwalk, Conn.; Thomas V. Davies, Dowlais, South Wales; Henry Fairbank, Ahmednagar, India; Frederick A. Gaylord, South Hadley, Mass.; Clarence DeVere Greeley, Clymer, N. Y.; Chas. E. Hitchcock, Michigan City, Ind.; Cornelius H. Fatten, Washington, D. C.; George H. Perry, Manhattan, Kan.; Frank C. Porter, Beloit, Wis.; Edward Roberts, Salem, South Wales; Robert W. Sharp, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wilson C. Wheeler, New Haven.

The most important event to be chronicled is the

LIT. Supper.

On Friday night, March 26th, five men who had been anxiously awaiting the stroke of eight wended their way with trembling steps toward Farnam to meet there the retiring LIT. board. We will leave our readers at the door, for, as two hundred and fifty shining lights have dined before me I register eternal fidelity to the secrets of Chi Delta Theta. You may meet us when we come out again carrying bravely and proudly the load of a great constitution and brand new triangles. We will take you (in your mind) to Redcliffe's. After

a delightful feast came the toasts. The words of wisdom, consolation, and advice that poured from the lips of the retiring board amazed and awed everyone; the rash promises and excited expectancy of the new initiates caused an inward smile to light up the senioric soul of 'eighty-six; but never was heard such an outflow of wit and humor as gushed spontaneously from the lips of our guests. The toasts were as follows:

TOAST LIST.

The Lit., - - - - - Mr. Phelps

"The Genesis of this subject is too complex to be dogmatized about."—*Tighe*.

The Incoming Board, - - - - - Mr. Pomeroy

"These eyes
Saw never yet such dignity and grace."—*Cowper*.

Our Guests, - - - - - Mr. Waterman

"He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner."—*St. Luke*.

Farmington, - - - - - Mr. Ludington

"There was a little girl
And she had a little curl."—*Longfellow*.

Hades, - - - - - Mr. Brown

"There was a sound of revelry by night."—*Byron*.

The Retiring Board, - - - - - Mr. Woollen

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."—*Henry VIII*.

The Record, - - - - - Mr. Wing

"Oh, southward hath the sparrow flown,
And southward, too, the skeeter,
The Record prints 'embodiments
Of bright conceits in meter.'"—*Wing*.

Yale's next President, - - - - - Mr. Day

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."—*Truhyson*.

The College Muse, - - - - - Mr. Lewis

"Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity."—*Macbeth*.

Officer Selleck, - - - - - Mr. Kent

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold."—*Byron*.

The retiring board were Messrs. Lewis, Phelps, Pierson, Shipman, Woollen. The incoming board Messrs. Gates, Kent, Ludington, Phelps, Pomeroy. The guests were Messrs. Bremner, Brown, Colgate, Day, Knapp, Peters, Sewell, Waterman, Wing. Messrs. Shipman and Kent were unavoidably absent.

The Tennis Association

held a meeting in Lyceum on March 29th and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, W. L. Thacher, '87; Vice-President, W. Griggs, '87 S.; Secretary and Treasurer, Cooley, '88. A change was made in the constitution whereby the management of the courts at the Yale Field was made a part of the duties of the executive committee.

Athletics vs. Yale.

On Saturday, April 3d, Yale played her first game this season with the Athletics at Philadelphia. The day was cold and unfavorable for ball playing and so the appended score is a very unsatisfactory one:

ATHLETICS.								YALE.							
A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.
Stovey, 1 b.	5	2	2	2	6	1	0	Bremner, c. f.	2	2	2	5	2	1	1
Larkins, l. f.	5	2	2	2	1	0	0	Stagg, p.	3	0	0	0	1	7	1
Coleman, r. f.	5	2	2	4	2	0	0	Marsh, 1 b.	3	0	1	1	6	0	2
Shaffer, c. f.	4	1	0	0	4	1	0	Sheppard, l. f.	3	0	1	1	1	1	0
Milligan, c.	4	1	2	5	5	1	1	Brigham, r. f.	3	0	2	2	2	0	1
Irwin, s. s.	4	2	2	2	1	2	1	Stewart, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	4	2	2
Gleason, 3 b.	3	0	1	1	0	0	1	Dann, c.	3	0	1	1	4	4	2
Quest, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	Cross, s. s.	2	0	0	0	0	2	1
Bradley, p.	3	1	1	1	0	6	0	Winston, 3 b.	1	1	0	0	1	0	2
Total	37	11	12	17	21	12	3	Total	23	3	7	10	21	17	12

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Athletics,	3	0	3	1	0	1	3—11
Yale,	0	0	2	0	0	1	0—3

Runs earned: Athletics, 1; Yale, 1. First base on called balls: Athletics, 2; Yale, 0. Struck out: Athletics, 6; Yale, 5. Left on bases: Athletics, 6; Yale, 1. Two base hits: Bremner, 1. Three base hits: Bremner, 1; Coleman, 1. Home runs: Milligan, 1. Double plays: Athletics, 2; Yale, 1. Passed balls: Athletics, 0; Yale, 2. Wild pitches: Athletics, 0; Yale, 2. Umpire: Jacoby. Time of game: 1.50.

Freshman Boating Meeting.

On April 5th the Academic and Scientific Freshmen held a well-attended and enthusiastic boating meeting. It was unanimously voted to challenge the Harvard Freshmen to a two-mile eight-oared race to be rowed at a time and place to be subsequently agreed upon. At a meeting held a few days previous Stewart, '88 S., was elected captain—West having resigned.

Jersey City vs. Yale.

About five hundred spectators witnessed a well-contested game with the Jersey City's on the Yale Field, April 7th. The almost perfect battery work of Stagg and Dann was the feature of the game.

JERSEY CITY.								YALE.							
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	
O'Brien, c. f. . . .	4	0	1	3	0	0	0	Bremner, c. f. . . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Reccius, l. f. . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Stagg, p.	3	0	0	0	0	12	0
Tiernan, p.	4	0	0	0	0	14	1	Marsh, l. b.	4	0	0	0	16	0	0
Corcoran, 3 b. . . .	4	0	2	2	2	2	2	Sheppard, l. f. . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, r. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	Brigham, r. f. . . .	3	1	0	0	0	1	0
Hiland, 2 b.	4	0	1	1	4	0	0	Stewart, 2 b.	2	2	1	1	3	2	0
Latham, l. b.	3	0	0	0	6	1	1	Dann, c.	2	0	1	1	6	0	0
Murphy, c.	3	0	0	0	10	2	2	Noyes, s. s.	2	0	1	1	0	2	0
Lang, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	Cross, 3 b.	2	0	0	0	1	2	1
Total,	32	0	4	6	24	20	6	Total,	26	3	3	3	27	19	2

First base on called balls: Jersey City, 1; Yale, 5. Struck out: Jersey City, 5; Yale, 11. Left on bases: Jersey City, 5; Yale, 3. Three base hit: O'Brien. Double play: Hiland. Passed balls: Jersey City, 5; Yale, 0. Wild pitches: Jersey City, 1; Yale, 0. Umpire: Vinton, '88. Time of game: two hours.

Brooklyn vs. Yale.

On Friday night the nine went to Brooklyn and on Saturday, April 10th, played Brooklyn at Washington Park. The official score is as follows:

BROOKLYN.								YALE.							
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	
Pinkney, 3 b. . . .	5	1	1	1	0	2	1	Bremner, c. f. . . .	4	1	2	2	2	0	0
McClelland, 2b. . .	5	0	0	0	2	1	0	Stagg, p.	4	0	2	2	2	6	1
Swartwood, r. f. . .	5	1	2	3	0	0	0	Marsh, l. b.	4	0	0	0	15	0	1
Burch, l. f.	5	0	0	0	3	0	0	Sheppard, l. f. . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Phillips, l. b. . . .	5	1	0	0	11	1	1	Brigham, r. f. . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
McTamany, c. f. . .	5	2	3	5	2	0	0	Stewart, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
Smith, s. s.	4	1	1	1	3	4	0	Dann, c.	2	0	0	0	2	3	1
Harkins, p.	3	0	1	1	0	7	0	Noyes, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	4	1
McCauley, c. . . .	3	0	1	2	6	4	1	Cross, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	4	2	0
Total,	40	6	9	13	27	19	3	Total,	31	1	4	4	27	19	6

Runs earned: Brooklyn, 3; Yale, 1. First base on errors: Brooklyn, 4; Yale, 1. Base on balls: Brooklyn, 4; Yale, 1. Struck out: Brooklyn, 1; Yale, 5. Left on bases: Brooklyn, 9; Yale, 3. Two base hit: Swartwood, McTamany, McCauley. Time of game: one hour and fifty minutes. Umpire, Mr. Dailey.

The Townsend Prize Speakers

were announced April 10th. William Adams Brown, New York City; Arthur Goebel, Covington, Ky.; Frank George

Peters, Syracuse, N. Y.; Edward Johnson Phelps, Andover, Mass.; Philip Battell Stewart, Middlebury, Vt.; Evans Woollen, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Record Board

enjoyed their thirteenth annual banquet at Redcliffe's on the evening of April 9th. The invited guests were, H. S. Ames, W. B. Anderson, Porter Beardsley, H. S. Brooks, S. T. Crapo, Thomas Darling, C. L. Hyde, E. C. Lambert, G. R. Mosle, C. W. Pierson, F. N. Sewell, H. D. Sheldon and J. E. Doane. S. Phelps acted as toastmaster. The toasts were as follows: "*The Record*," G. E. Eliot, Jr.; "The Future," W. R. Douglass; "The Quinquagenarian," C. W. Pierson; "Minerva's Jokes," W. B. Anderson; "S. S. S.," W. A. Rice; "The Currency Question," S. Knight; "Our Feathered Friends," T. Darling.

On Friday evening, April 9th,

The Glee and Banjo Clubs

gave a concert at the Tremont Temple of Music in Boston to a small but enthusiastic audience.

Metropolitan vs. Yale.

On April 14th about a thousand people witnessed Yale's defeat at the hands of the Metropolitans in one of the closest and best played games that have been seen on the Yale field. Appended is the score:

METROPOLITAN.								YALE.							
	A.	B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.	E.		A.	B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.	E.
Nelson, S. S.	3	1	0	0	1	3	0	Bremner, C. F.	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Orr, I. B.	3	0	2	3	14	0	0	Stagg, P.	4	0	0	0	0	8	0
Roseman, C. F.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	Brigham, I. F.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Behel, I. F.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Marsh, I. B.	3	0	0	0	12	0	0
Brady, R. F.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	Stewart, 2 B.	3	0	0	0	4	1	0
Hankinson, 3 B.	2	0	1	1	2	3	0	Dann, C.	3	0	0	0	2	5	1
Forster, 2 B.	2	0	0	0	1	4	0	Noyes, S. S.	3	0	0	0	0	1	1
Reipschlagel, C.	3	0	0	0	6	0	0	Cross, 3 B.	3	0	0	0	2	1	0
Lynch, P.	3	0	0	0	0	5	0	Willett, R. F.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	25	1	3	4	27	15	0	Total,	29	0	2	2	24	16	2

Earned runs: 0. First base on called balls: Metropolitans, 3. Two base hit: Orr. Left on base: Metropolitans, 3; Yale, 2. Passed ball, 0. Wild pitches: Lynch, 1. Struck out: Yale, 5; Metropolitans, 3. Umpire: — Time of game: 2 hours.

The Junior Exhibition

was listened to by the largest audience which has greeted the speakers for many years. After an hour's conference the Faculty awarded the prize to Mr. Bennetto. The following were the speakers :

1. John Bennetto, New Haven.
A Glance at the Labor Problem.
2. Allen Wardner Johnson, . . . Watertown, Conn.
American Aristocracy.
3. Gerald Hamilton Beard, Chicago.
Gladstone.
4. Herbert Farrington Perkins, . . Harvard, Mass.
Hawthorne.
5. William Aaron Cornish, Gillette, N. J.
Roger Bacon.
6. Yan Phou Lee, Fragrant Hills, China.
Mencius.
7. William Lyon Phelps, New Haven.
Goethe as a Religious Teacher.
8. John Hubbard Curtis, New Haven.
Philip Sidney.

Messrs. Archbald, Babcock, Diehl, Huntington, Kendall, S. Knight, Sheffield and Sprague acted as ushers.

Buffalo vs. Yale.

Saturday, April 17th, Yale won from Buffalo by the following score :

BUFFALOS.								YALE.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.
Brouthers, r. f.	5	1	0	0	2	1	0	Bremner, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	1	0
Firle, 1 b.	4	1	1	1	7	0	4	Brigham, l. f.	5	2	1	1	1	0	1
Jerne, c. f.	5	3	2	3	2	0	1	Marsh, 1 b.	5	2	1	1	15	0	0
McGlone, 3 b.	4	1	1	1	1	3	5	Stewart, 2 b.	5	1	1	1	3	4	0
Weir, 2 b.	4	1	2	2	4	1	3	Sheppard, r. f.	5	3	1	1	0	0	0
Murray, l. f.	5	1	0	0	1	1	0	Noyes, s. s.	5	3	2	4	1	2	1
Carr, s. s.	5	1	0	0	1	1	2	Willett, p.	5	1	1	1	6	13	1
Smith, c.	4	2	1	1	6	4	2	Cross, 3 b.	5	1	3	4	2	2	0
Holzberger, p.	3	1	2	2	0	8	0	Kellogg, c.	4	1	1	1	5	3	6
Total	39	12	9	10	24	19	17	Total	44	14	11	14	27	25	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Buffalo,	0	0	0	1	4	0	2	2	3—12
Yale,	0	4	1	2	2	4	1	0	—14

Earned runs: Yale, 2; Buffalo, 3. Base on balls: Yale, 1; Buffalo, 5. Struck out: Yale, 4; Buffalo, 11. Two base hits: Jerne, Cross. Three base hit: Noyes. Double plays: Yale, 2 (Stewart and Marsh); Buffalo, 1 (Smith and Firle); Time of game: 2 hours and 40 minutes. Umpire: D. A. Jones.

Monday, April 19th :

YALE.							OYSTER POINTS.								
A.B.	R.	IS.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	IS.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.		
Bremner, c.....	5	2	1	2	4	1	Tracy, c.	3	0	0	0	4	2	0	
Stagg, p., 3 b....	4	1	1	1	1	7	Lautenbach, p..	3	0	0	0	1	7	0	
Brigham, l. f....	5	0	1	1	0	0	Kerrigan, l b..	3	0	0	0	14	0	0	
Marsh, l b.....	4	1	2	2	14	1	St. Clair, 2 b...	2	0	0	0	2	3	1	
Sheppard, r. f....	4	1	2	4	1	0	Malone, r. f....	3	1	1	2	0	0	1	
Stewart, 2 b....	4	1	0	0	1	1	Corcoran, s. s..	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	
Dann, 3 b., c. f.	3	3	3	4	3	0	Riley, 3 b.....	3	0	0	0	1	3	1	
Noyes, c. f., s. s.	4	1	2	2	0	2	McDonald, c. f.	3	0	1	1	1	1	0	
Vinton, c. f., p..	3	1	1	1	0	5	Wilson, l. f....	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	
Total.....	36	11	13	17	24	20	1	Total.....	26	1	2	3	24	19	3

Runs earned : Yale, 2. First on errors : Yale, 3. First on called balls : Oyster Points, 1 : Yale, 3. Struck out : Oyster Points, 5 ; Yale, 3. Left on bases : Oyster Points, 2 ; Yale, 4. Two base hits : Malone, Bremner, Dann. Three base hit : Sheppard. Passed balls : Oyster Points, 3 ; Yale, 1. Umpire : E. C. Lambert, '86.

Michael Edward Woodward.

The following resolutions have been adopted by the Junior class :

WHEREAS, We, the class of '87, have learned, with deep sorrow, of the death of our former classmate, Michael Edward Woodward, be it

Resolved, That we desire to bear testimony to the remarkable abilities, manliness and unflinching generosity of him, who, while among us, was so thoroughly respected and beloved, and, furthermore be it

Resolved, That we would express our heartfelt sympathy with his family and friends in this their great affliction.

WILLIAM KENT,
JOHN N. POMEROY, } *Committee for the Class.*
WILLIAM P. TAYLOR,

Randolph Wanton Townsend, Jr.,

of the class of '89, died at his home in New York on Friday, March 26th, of pneumonia. His classmates have adopted the following resolutions :

Inasmuch as God in his Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved classmate Randolph Wanton Townsend, Jr., we, his classmates, desire to give expression to our profound sorrow at the loss of one whose thorough manliness and Christian character have always commanded our respect and affection. And we would further desire to express our appreciation of his ability, generosity and kindliness. Also, we would convey to his family our deep sympathy with them in their bereavement, and as a token of our sorrow would wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

H. L. MAGRUDER, }
H. E. MASON, } *Committee for the Class.*
H. F. WALKER,

Thomas Anthony Thacher,

Professor of Latin Language and Literature, died suddenly at his home in New Haven, April 7th. Graduating at Yale in 1835, he became a tutor in 1838, and was made a professor in 1842. During the years he had been connected with the college he had been a most faithful worker and trusted adviser. His influence has been felt in every change that has been made in Yale's policy during the past twenty-five years. He was esteemed and honored alike for his dignity, energy, sound judgment, scholarship and Christian character.

Items.

Seventeen Amherst graduates who are now in the Divinity School have formed an Amherst Club.—The Dunham Club have offered prizes to the amount of \$55 as follows: \$20 to the winner of singles, \$15 for second place, and \$10 for third place, and \$10 to winner of four-oar race.—The Kent Laboratory which is to cost \$75,000 is to be built on the corner of Library and High streets.—On March 31st the Kent Club elected S. D. Thacher, '83, President; L. M. Daggett, '84, Vice-President, and H. M. Stanley, Secretary, for the ensuing year.—Coxe, '87, has been elected Captain of the Athletic Team in place of Brooks, '86, resigned.—The Bicycle Club held their first annual banquet at Downes' Restaurant on March 15th. About thirty members were present.—On March 29th the Alumni of Phillips Andover held a reunion at the Parker House, Boston.

BOOK NOTICES.

Gray's Botanical Text-Book—Vol. II. *Physiological Botany*. By George L. Goodale, M.A., M.D. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

Somewhat over forty years ago, when Dr. Gray published the first edition of his "Botanical Text Book," the ordinary course in botany gave most attention to examining the external organs of plants, to learning their particular names, and to committing to memory the existing scheme of classification. This was as much as was thought necessary for the general student to pay particular attention to. But since that time, biological science has come into existence and has had a salutary effect upon botany as well as zoology. The student now not only studies carefully the external parts of the plants, but equally pursues his researches as to their minute internal

structure, the functions of their various organs, and the phenomena exhibited by them under differing conditions. So botany is now divided into Structural and Physiological, and it is incumbent upon the general student to give attention to both.

Dr. Gray has continually revised his "Text Book" to keep pace with the times. The last edition is admirably planned to meet our present needs. The first volume, by the eminent Professor himself, is all that it pretends to be, viz:—a guide to "thoroughly equip a botanist for the prosecution of Systematic Botany, and furnish needful preparation to those who proceed to the study of Vegetable Physiology and Anatomy, and to the wide and varied department of Cryptogamic Botany." These three divisions are to be provided for in separate volumes of the series.

The second volume, treating of the "Histology of Phænogamus Plants" and "Vegetable Physiology" is just out. It is written by Dr. George L. Goodale, once pupil, now colleague of Dr. Gray. There is, indeed, no man in America, more fitted for, or more capable of undertaking this work. Dr. Goodale stands preëminent among our Physiological Botanists, and has had much experience in teaching in this, his particular department. So his book has the merits that we should naturally require and demand of it:—a logical arrangement and a clear exposition of the subject.

Dr. Goodale begins with a description of the necessary apparatus, reagents, etc., with directions for their use. He then proceeds to the unit of vegetable life, the cell, its structure, composition, etc., and the various modifications it takes on under varying conditions. The manifold combination of cells into tissues and of tissues into organs follow; after which he treats of the functions of these organs, and the extensive phenomena of plant-life. The observer and student is lead along gradually, each step depending on the one before and forming a basis for the next.

In the matter of quotations, an excellent plan has been followed. Whenever possible, the exact phraseology of the author cited has been given. To the general student, not having access to an extensive special literature, this is an inestimable aid. Helps for the prosecution of research by an otherwise unguided and inexperienced student are freely interspersed in the text, in the shape of hints as to sources of material, methods of treatment, etc.; and furthermore, at the end of the volume there is a "Praxis" or "Suggestions for Study." This is in fact the course of study which Dr. Goodale, by virtue of his long experience, has seen fit to adopt with his classes at Harvard, and will give many, who are not able to come under his personal supervision, a chance to get much benefit from his teaching.

W. A. S.

The Essentials of Elocution. By Alfred Ayres. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Alfred Ayres has something of a reputation as a grammarian and a teacher of general deportment. "The Verbalist" and "The Mentor" are well-known books; and the little volume before us is written in much the same way, and to serve a like purpose. The reader will not be struck with the modesty of the introduction, wherein the author states that though his book is the shortest treatise on the subject in the English language, it is of more practical value than all the others, inasmuch as the others are of no practical

value whatever. This prejudices one against the book at the start, but his prejudices are gradually overcome by its real excellence. It is as impossible to make an orator as it is to make a poet; but natural talent—however varying—can be improved by art. As might be expected, Mr. Ayres ignores all the numberless rules about the intonation, and the scientific information with respect to the larynx; rules about gesticulation are also conspicuous by their absence; and we are spared the familiar pictures of a human figure with dotted arms sticking out all over him. In this little book, the simplest and most common-sense ideas are enforced, and great stress is laid on the necessity of completely grasping the thought of a piece before it can be spoken properly. Examples are given of the way various passages from Shakespeare are to be read, the words to be emphasized being marked. A few points on deportment are added. The remainder of the book is taken up by carefully chosen selections.

Our Sensation Novel. Edited by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. New York: Cassell & Co. Price 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

It is rare that one sees so clever and successful an imitation as this. It is not exactly a burlesque, for the picture is not overdrawn, and the main attempt is not to be funny. The author simply imitates the style of different famous modern writers of fiction, and the imitation is so perfect as to be almost startling. We read one chapter in which the peculiarities of Victor Hugo's style are brought out so plainly that we instantly recognize him; and one has only to read the first few lines of the next chapter to see Dickens reflected as clearly as in "Pickwick" or "Oliver Twist." After a thrilling chapter in which the reader sups full with horrors, and which sounds as if copied bodily from "The Woman in White" or "Armada," the narrative continues with the easy flow of words and delicate satire of Thackeray. The book consists of one connected story, but at every chapter the style totally changes. It seems incredible that it can be the work of one writer. At first, one is so amused and interested by the success of the imitations, that he hardly gives a thought to the story itself. But the latter is really so entertaining and has such an ingeniously-constructed plot that one finds himself completely absorbed in it. It is a curious book, and while possessing no permanent value is a singularly fine exhibition of literary skill.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The Variorum Shakespeare. Vol. VI. Othello. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$4.00. For sale by Judd.

Lorens Alma Tadema. By Georg Ebers. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Kt. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

She Swoops to Conquer and The Good Natured Man. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

The Castle of Otranto. By Horace Walpole. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Judd.

Plutarch's Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Judd.

- Summer Haven Songs.* By James Herbert Morse. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Judd.
- Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL.D.* By Charles Burr Todd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$2.50. For sale by Judd.
- Unwise Laws: a Consideration of the Operations of a Protective Tariff upon Industry, Commerce and Society.* By Lewis H. Blair. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.
- By Fire and Sword.* A Story of the Huguenots. By Thomas Archer. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. For sale by Judd.
- No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal.* By Emma Marshall. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.
- King Solomon's Mines.* By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Judd.
- The Wreckers.* A Social Study. By Geo. Thos. Dowling. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Judd.
- Reason and Revelation Hand in Hand.* By Thomas Martin McWhinney, D.D. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. Price, \$1.50.
- Life and Adventures of Baron Trenck.* Vol. I. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Peck.
- Natasagua.* By Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Peck.
- National Academy Notes and Complete Catalogue, 1886.* Edited by Charles M. Kurtz. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 50 cents. For sale by Peck.
- Kant's Ethics.* A Critical Exposition. By Noah Porter, President of Yale College. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Satchel Guide to Europe for 1886.* New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Peck.
- Old Fulkerson's Clerk.* By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

This is a good solid old table at which we find ourselves seated, transmitted to us through fifty classes of predecessors whose names we find carved all over its well worn surface. We have pushed them out of their places with the slow sure pressure of time, as we hope fifty classes of successors are making ready to replace us when our short year is passed. Trite it would be and tedious to introduce ourselves at any length to a college public already over-burdened with the greetings and promises of a new editorial year. With what company might St. Elihu find himself in dismal maw of an insatiable waste basket should our exchange find us re-echoing their conventional praises of those who have gone before them, and hopes of their own success, of which they are none of them guiltless, no, not one.

"Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi," St. Elihu never dies. As he did years ago, he stands in wig and gown looking calmly over the heads of his interpreters, with the settled assurance which a statue might have, that few can

translate the sentiment on his pedestal, and that those few will seldom be asked to impart their knowledge. May we never upset the old gentleman's staid bearing, or cause him fear for loss of dignity or position, and if we slip unawares into apparently ignoring his existence, and use the first person plural on occasion, we pray you, St. Elihu, to consider that we do so, not wishing to hold that name too lightly, as we might, were it used too often.

Dear, dear, how those new scissors of ours have been yearning to clip into the columns of some exchange, and how the cork has almost blown out of our very unexcitable mucilage bottle. But 'tis only "dear, dear" always "dear" for the bard of the lighter affections is rampant in the land, and when he really produces a work of art those bi-weeklies always get it first.

There are unrequited affections, and affections that have been reflected, there are desires for osculation hinted at and spoken aloud, there are times when osculation was actually accomplished; what a race of Lothario's editors are getting to be, or rather, we imagine, think they would like to be, and so psychically, are, which, interpreted means, are, in their minds. But if we stray off into such channels of unknown words, and incomprehensible semblances of thoughts, we will soon be beyond the depth of all of us from the tattered lad who brings out the papers, to the afore-mentioned gilded youth who invest in his wares.

The tail of a cyclone has struck our sanctum and whistled through the hoary locks of our patron, in the shape of the *Kansas University Courier*. Having lent it to some friends of literary taste it has shared much the fate of the similar literature of the barber shop and has been so worn to shreds as to defy the paste pot. Probably it was all for the best, but how such a sensation can be borne once a week is more than we can understand.

Tastes must be strangely primitive, and life very rapid on those grassy prairies, where with the extinction of the buffalo and the red man, game is sought in the persons of strikers and employers, cowboys and sheriffs, in fact a sort of mutual hunting ground with game laws more honored in the breach than the observance. Next turning our attention to the sunny South, we find that the vernal breezes have wafted to us with the *Richmond Messenger* a translation of Catullus on the oft discussed "sparrow." Being unique at once in thought, metre, rhyme, and even spelling, the lines may be of interest.

Mourn O ye goddesses of love and delight,
And as many of men as are beautiful in sight.
Dead is the sparrow of my sweet little girl—
The sparrow of my maiden with her soft, silky curl—
The sparrow whom she loved more than all in the world;
For it was lovely, and its mistress know it did
As well as my maiden with her lovely teeth of snow.

Neither did it move itself
From her bosom white and fair,
But, singing ever to its mistress,
Went skipping here and there.

But now it has gone,
Through a way so dim and dark,
There from whence, the people tell us,
No one shall e'er depart.

O ye evil shades of Orcus,
 Upon you my curses be,
 Who all things lovely have destroyed
 And my maiden's sparrow, so dear to me.

O wretched sparrow, O evil deed !
 Now through your act of sorrow
 The swollen eyes of my dear little girl
 Red have become from weeping for her sparrow.

What the sparrow did, we can probably never know and whether "world" rhymes with "curl" in polite society on the bank of the noble James is also a debatable question. Oh that curl !

The following stanza clipped from a poem describing the skating rink patronized by the *Texas University* is too fine a gem to need a setting. Alas ! that we in the East are so bound to conventionalities, while our Southern and Western exchanges are so free and untrammelled.

See the fellow with his girl !
 How they huggle, huggle, hug ;
 While in and out the crowd they deftly steer ;
 And without, in bower shady,
 Hear the guggle, guggle, gug,
 Of the weary soul imbibing beer ;
 Of the beer, beer, beer,
 Beer, beer,
 Here the guggle
 Of the beer.

The last issue of the *Nassau Lit.*, of the retiring board, is one most creditable to them as far as prose sketches and criticisms go, but even *its* poetry is scarcely up to the standard. College poets seem rare birds indeed and it looks as though the prospect of their migrating from the South as the weather grows warmer were very poor.

At the risk of being criticized on the ground of inconsistency we venture to print the following, averring by way of explanation, that it is intended as a sort of homeopathic antidote.

JUSTIFIABLE.

When I say that my prettiest cousin
 Hinted, nay asked for a kiss,
 You'll remark that none but a brute would refuse,
 Or such an opportunity miss.

When I tell that her feelings were injured,
 That a tear drop hung in her eye,
 You'll be angrier still until I explain
 That I'll not kiss her baby, not I.

VOL. LI.

No. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata mandat, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabant SCHOLÆ, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1886.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive: nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$5.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

MAY, 1886.

No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES,

CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.

WILLIAM KENT,

WILLIAM L. PHELPS,

JOHN N. POMEROY.

OUR GOSSIP.

"Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world."

IN an isolated village we find the hero of Tennyson's Enid, the good knight, Sir Geraint, asking for information and assistance, and there on every side he is met with nothing but the local chatter and the petty thoughts of the community. It would at first seem strange, that these, his scornful words, would so well apply to us in our different surroundings. The undergraduate element of the University forms a clan, indeed, with a close bond of union in the common interests, but whereas the narrowness of vision in the former case is something to a large degree unavoidable, we can plead no valid excuse. Freed from the more serious burdens of life, and sheltered from the struggle for existence, we have opportunities for reading and thinking in liberal channels, which will in after life be more or less precluded by the specific work we have to perform. These opportunities are taken advantage of, to a certain extent but conversation on such themes bears no reasonable proportion to our endless round of gossip. In questions where our solid and real ideas should

come into play, we are so diffident in unbosoming ourselves, and so sensitive to ridicule that when among any but intimate friends, our lives seem more superficial than they really are. But on the other hand we find that a large part of our "cackle" arises from that mental indolence which finds serious thought a thing troublesome and to be avoided, nay, which often goes further, and passes by such thoughts in others, with a slight. After our first few months of, comparing notes with our newly made friends, we have exhausted reminiscence and finished posing, our studies not being in the underclass years such as to excite much thought in the minds of any but specialists then, unless we tread more serious paths our talk must follow the by-ways of gossip. For conversation is a prime requisite to a pleasant leisurely life, and absolutely necessary to promote and extend our acquaintance. Most natural it is then, as we find it to be, that "Fama" has no need to talk from the housetops, but possesses a snug refuge in almost every man's room, where she too often finds herself the presiding genius.

But to consider of what elements our gossip most largely consists will be of interest and will present few difficulties. The most casual observer could easily ascertain for himself. In the first place, there are the affairs of the college at large from the Professor in his throne, down to the social and athletic doings and prospects, which form a topic of never flagging interest. Then again there is the thrust and parry of that personal sort of remarks, which, in lack of a better synonymous term we must call "game." Finally there is a fashion in some classes far more mournfully noticeable than in others, a constant routine of estimating all one's acquaintances, without mercy and frequently without justice. If we proceed to weigh these, the chief sources of our gossip separately, a clearer understanding will be gained than if they were treated as a whole. The development of the various athletic sports furnishes, as has been noticed, a subject engrossing much time and attention even in those who do not participate in them. The tone they give is a wholesome manly one whose benefits we can not easily estimate, save by com-

parisons between schools and colleges where such exercises are in vogue with similar institutions bereft of them. Without physical training and physical ambition the minds of young men, we will find, are apt to stagnate. An old time graduate expresses the opinion of many regarding our present standard, when he bewails the attention given to our playtime, and hopes that in the future,

"Worth will be measured by the grand old scale
And mind not muscle be the boast of Yale."

Seemingly forgetful of the much greater prevalence of mischief and rebellion against the authorities in his time, and of the "Town and Gown" riots which he must have seen. Provided only, that our sports do not engross too great a meed of our time, as they often do, we can adduce almost the same arguments to support our interest in them as we do in favor of the sports themselves.

One's first lesson in finding himself among a large body of young men, his peers in all external circumstances, is, the necessity of so comporting himself as to keep out of trouble. There are salient points in every character which under these circumstances will be attacked without restraint, and one will early learn to be good-humored or else will find life very burdensome. Our classes have sufficient numbers from which one may select his associates but they are not large enough to obscure the man with tender points. This friction of outspoken personalities is an advantage peculiar to student days. It would be hard to judge how much of our improvement is due to this source, for one comes much nearer to "seeing himself as others see him" than he ever will in after life. Provided he have a disposition which does not become soured by the rather harsh process—which very seldom occurs—he learns that easy way of getting along with men, taking no offense where none is intended, which is a distinguishing feature of the college-bred man.

Thus far we have considered only the conversation which is perfectly harmless in itself, which is indeed serviceable when not overdone to the exclusion of other thoughts of more value, but of our gossip *par excellence* we can scarcely say as much. We may learn, it is true,

somewhat of how to estimate character, but would not this be as well obtained by carefully watching?

Can what we gain in any way atone for the flaying criticism of our acquaintances for the covert, uncharitable remarks which we would be ashamed to face? The custom of weighing and sifting every one seems a contagion which in some classes runs a course long and full of discomfort, sometimes even becoming chronic and leaving a man's disposition turned to vinegar with eyes totally blinded to the good qualities of those about him, always carping at faults real or imaginary. In talks with such a tendency one may well remember the verses

"A toast to the dead already
And here's to the next that dies,"

and may have the unpleasant assurance that the toast will be in his honor if he be the next to leave the assembly over which "Fama" is presiding. One may imagine that he is exalting himself by depressing the general level, but the only person gaining in popular esteem by the process is the charitable man who looks rather for good characteristics and has no more difficulty in finding them.

What a very different place college is to the various sorts of eyes that look at it. As strangely contorted and disproportional are the views entertained as those of Saxe's famous blind men who went to "see the elephant." We see a sad feature of this system of carping in the position of the unfortunate who happens to come under the ban of the critics, for unpopularity has the same tides as favor, which is proverbially fickle. When a man is once down it seems almost impossible for him to recover himself until the wave has rolled by and even then he may never be able to take a deserved position among his associates.

There are, to be sure, other phases of small talk among us of which mention is scarcely necessary. The fact that some are overfond of appearing worse than they are accounts for a good deal of it and does much harm to the rest of the community. This form of hypocrisy is very difficult to account for, arising from sources which are hard to locate, a hypocrisy whose ethical estimate it is beyond our powers to make.

In summing up we must at first recognize the necessity of a certain amount of "cackle" of a good-humored sort to promote our friendly relations; we younger men cannot expect to ponder as much as our elders are supposed to do, and if our talk be an index of our lives it will naturally be of a lighter sort. It would be ridiculous to expect us to parade the campus in an unremitting search after the beauties of philosophy. Diogenes with his tub would be a no more agreeable visitor than his Hibernian successors in their regular Monday calls, with their tiresome excuses for missing garments. If Socrates should take an easy after dinner position on the fence with his never exhausted questions at his tongue's end, we would probably imagine that the Sabbath was at hand, if we might judge from deserted loneliness. Whatever intrinsic value we place upon this gossip of ours, it has a better tone and is more sensible than that of the average young men one meets without. We are spared the silly dawdle of the club and the "she" which forms a basis for so large a proportion of young masculine babble. The effeminate man and the anglo-maniac are almost unknown to us, for which let us be thankful.

But still after all allowances and admissions have been made, we find that our gossip occupies a disgraceful amount of time in comparison with our more sensible conversation, especially when we consider the auspices we are under and the opportunities and time we have for improvement. It is a shame that there is anything like a depreciation of solid and sober expression of thought. But such there is, and our habit of chattering on college matters becomes so firmly fixed that we carry it with us through vacations. We might with especial advantage and fitness cultivate a taste for literature, which might be social in its expression, we might in fact do more serious thinking and talking on almost any subjects. The evident change for the better which comes over the conversation of our last year or two certainly brings encouragement, but it also brings a realization of the time that has been wasted, and how much time few would have the moral courage to calculate, in the fruitless hours of our college gossip.

The DeForest Prize Oration.

THE AMERICAN TORIES IN THE REVOLUTION.

EVANS WOOLLEN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE Tory party originated in a landed aristocracy—an aristocracy which included the men of the proprietary governments, the crown and church officials, the royal governors, and all the attachments of English colonization. This nucleus was materially swelled by the officials who were sent over to enforce the commercial restrictions of William's charter. These commercial restrictions were so oppressive that evasion—the inevitable fate of too severe laws—became not the exception but the rule. The lumberman, unable to divest himself of an impression that pine trees are “the gift as well as the growth of nature,” defied the one hundred pound penalty and culled not the worst trees as the king had bidden, but the best; the fisherman plied an interdicted industry, and the merchants smuggled their wares. The crown officials, in their resistance to all this illegal traffic and the attendant rioting, were backed by that party whom we have called the “aristocracy,” and by not a few others who loved law, even tyrannical law, more than commercial prosperity. The lumberman and the merchant were backed by an assembly which represented and was elected by the “colonists.” In other words the prerogative men are arrayed against the liberty men, and the quarrel between them is essentially that which animated the incessant bickering between crown officials and colonists that fills colonial history from this time to the Revolution. The Tories then were not altogether unfair in maintaining that whatever division of parties existed prior to the Stamp Act was between law-breaking and law-keeping, and that the Whigs were the law-breakers.

Having glanced at Ante-Revolution parties we are now in a position to consider the motives which influenced and the penalties which afflicted the Tories of the Revolution. The most obvious, and at the same time the most influential, incentive to Toryism was *loyalty* to king George. The word has an odor of sentiment about it and is suggestive of a sound spot in the human heart. Indeed, at first blush we are tempted to admire, as well as to sympathize with the Tory whose loyalty was so nearly a religious sentiment that to have drawn a sword against his sovereign would have seemed impious. But the Tories and their defenders will be seen to have confounded what is truly the highest of political virtues with another which is not only secondary but which often may, and in this case did, degenerate into a vice. Loyalty, in the sense suggested by its derivation from *legalitas*, has been well defined as "that duty which a subject obeying according to law owes to a prince ruling according to law." This is the true English loyalty—a loyalty which loves kings only so long as they love law, and is controlled by a deep and steady conviction of right—a loyalty which in the six centuries before our Revolution had rebelled against John and Henry III; had deposed and put to death Edward II, Richard II, and Charles I; and had exiled James II. It was loyalty such as this—loyalty to the English constitution and to the English nation—which influenced the noblest of the Whigs to rebel against a disloyal king, and doubtless influenced not a few of the Tories also; but it is that other loyalty, or allegiance to a personal sovereign, which controlled far more of the Tories, that we are now considering. Such loyalty is a *sentiment*—loyalty to a nation is a *principle*. The one tends to flunkeyism—the other is akin to the divine. Loyalty to king George was not then in itself an excusing or even an extenuating motive at a time when loyalty to the nation demanded the most thorough consideration of questions in national law and eternal right. Loyalty to the nation meant loyalty to the town-meeting, to the *folk-mote* of Teutonic antiquity, which had reappeared opportunely on the new continent

at a time when liberty was ebbing both in Old England and New England. But the town-meeting with its rough crowd and rude discussions was too uncouth for those courtly and gentle spirits who dwelt apart amid beauty and dignity and refinement. They might have learned, however, at those town-meetings that of which they and their kind had been too forgetful—"the great underlying principle of English political life that an Englishman's house is his castle, and that this house can best be managed without any interference from the house across the way."

The formation of the Tory party was further influenced by persecution and violence which compelled the acceptance of royal protection, by pecuniary and political hopes, by timidity which desired but was not allowed neutrality, by all the other local and personal motives which in this case are extenuating, in that case damning.

But if John Jay was correct—and who will deny that he was—in maintaining that the "Revolution was a subject upon which men might honestly differ," then Toryism must have involved opinions and principles which were worthy of the keenest intellects and the truest hearts—worthy, too, of our consideration now.

A popular impression, equally erroneous with the impression that all Tories were rascals, has long represented that "the Whigs *proposed* and the Tories *opposed* independence." The truth undoubtedly is that independence was an incidental and undesired if not an unforeseen result of a conflict which was begun on very different ground. John Adams the New Englander, Jefferson the Southerner, Hutchinson the Tory, all agree that "before the commencement of hostilities there was never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain and that afterward its possibility was regarded with affliction by all." It is manifestly unfair then to stigmatize the Tories as "monarchy men," in as much as a redress of grievances was the only purpose of the Revolution. The real grievance was commercial interference,—the avowed grievance was revenue taxation by a foreign parliament. The modern economist, to be sure, would make no distinction

between revenue taxation like the Stamp Tax and commercial taxation like the Navigation Act. But it must be remembered that Adam Smith had not yet written, and that the colonists distinguished the one as legal and the other as illegal. The Navigation Act was oppressive and was evaded; the Stamp Act was less oppressive but was illegal—and so the colonists rebelled. The intensity of their opposition, however, developed early in the strife a boldness and clear-headedness which denied the constitutional right of Parliament to legislate for them in any manner whatever.

The Tory opposition—I mean, of course, the *reasoning* opposition—was of two kinds. One faction maintained that colonial taxation was a legal prerogative of Parliament. The other—a larger and more important body—admitted the illegality of the taxation but insisted that redress could be had without an appeal to arms.

The supporters of Parliamentary taxation argued that the supremacy of the King over the colonies had never been denied as far down as 1688. At that time the House of Stewart and the divine right of kings departed England together. Parliament had conferred the crown upon the House of Orange and, plausibly enough, had assumed the control of the colonies along with the other royal prerogatives. In pursuance of this authority twenty-nine restrictive commercial laws had been enacted. Why, asked the Tory, is Parliament denied the right of farther legislation, particularly as the Stamp Act is not oppressive, and is intended for the benefit of America as well as England? "Taxation without representation!" was the reply. But the bulk of England's revenue was, long had been, contributed by unrepresented districts. At least nine-tenths of English tax payers were at the time ineligible as voters. And of the one-tenth a large majority was generally represented in Parliament by a helpless minority, because of the inequality of the constituencies. The Tory also pointed to the cardinal principle of the constitution that a member of Parliament represents not only his own constituency but the whole empire. And the very fact that Barré

and Conway and Pitt and Fox and Burke were pleading in their behalf showed that the colonies were virtually represented in Parliament. Such reasoning, or rather such dialectic, was used by the ministry in Parliament and was echoed by a body of their Tory sympathizers in America.

We have now to inquire whether at the outbreak of the Revolution there was sufficient probability of successful remonstrance to warrant reasonable men in refusing to enter a civil war. It was this probability, imaginary or real, which controlled the ablest and the most honorable of the Tories. It controlled for instance those Tories who induced the New York Legislature to dissent from Congress and prepare a remonstrance which admitted Parliament's right to regulate trade but claimed the right of taxation. The petition was presented to Parliament and championed by no less an advocate than Edmund Burke. He apparently was not discouraged by its failure, for a similar bill of his own was soon presented. Chatham also proposed and maintained exactly the Whig position—"Taxation is theirs and commercial regulation is ours." Fox was supporting these giants with his own giant strength. Lord North himself, the arch-enemy of America, proposed, before any blood had been shed, to exempt from taxation all who would voluntarily contribute to the cause of the king—a virtual concession of everything. Adam Smith headed a faction comprising men both in Parliament and out who were advocating the admission of American representatives to Westminster. So general was this recognition of colonial rights by the English gentry that before the treaty was signed the injustice of the war had been distinctly admitted by every member of the new ministry.

The popular sentiment, even more than this Parliamentary support, enhanced the probability of successful remonstrance. Had the English heart been in the American war German soldiers need never have been hired to fill out the regiments. The body of the English people regarded the Americans as fellow-Britons, and understood that the success of king George's arms would endanger

English as well as American liberty. Does not all this seem to justify, or at least explain, the Tory belief that the battle could be fought by remonstrance? The Tory moreover was not less influenced by fears of unsuccessful war than by these hopes of peaceful settlement. The superiority of England's war-equipment might well have suggested doubts as to the issue—doubts which were more than once justified by our extraordinary escape from ruin. The necessity for French help was foreseen and the danger of renewed French occupation and possible ascendancy. And granting a successful war—what would be the after-piece? What more likely than a dozen small states fighting each other and consequent mobocracy! The Whigs themselves feared it. Hear John Adams soliloquize after receiving congratulation from a horse-thief for having instigated the Revolution and thereby closed the courts. "Is this the object for which I have been contending? Are these the sentiments of such people, and how many of them are there in the country? If the power should get into such hands—and there is great danger that it will—to what purpose have we sacrificed our time, health, and everything else?" Small wonder that many true patriots hesitated to stake acknowledged liberties on so uncertain a struggle!

Had Tory councils prevailed and the union with Great Britain been preserved, would we now be less a people than we are? Have the United States developed more rapidly or more thoroughly than did the Colonies? It has been suggested that we would be a second rate nation like Canada; but were not the differences between Canada and the Colonies as vital and as wide as are the differences between Canada and the present United States? In answer to questions so speculative it is gratifying to be able to quote such eminent authorities as Prof. Hosmer and John Fiske; the one suggestively asks, "Would not representation have served the requirements of to-day?" The other says in seeming reply, "It is difficult to see what circumstances consistent with the preservation of peace and political freedom could have availed seriously to check our

rate of growth whether our vague connection with England had been retained or not." If so enthusiastic an admirer of American institutions as Mr. Fiske can look with such complacency at the possibilities of an uninterrupted union with England, with what bitterness must the separation have been regarded by the Loyalists—they whose dream was of a "great world Venice," a United Kingdom embracing not only England and Scotland and Ireland and India but embracing also the unlimited treasures of the new continent, all constituting one "free, industrial and pacific empire destined to acquire an ascendancy on the globe." It was a noble dream, and as we think of the exiled dreamer, impoverished and dishonored, we are moved to speak for him a compassionate word and to believe, in comparing him with the Whig, that although actuated by principles less lofty, he was not less actuated by lofty principles.

Having considered their motives, it remains to review the penalties which afflicted the Tories. Their banishment and the confiscation of their estates were undeniably just as necessities of war; but at the peace, it is claimed, they should have been allowed to return to the country which many of them loved so well. History would seem to refute the claim and to justify the Whig action. For the presence here in 1812 of a Tory element influenced by the animosities engendered in the earlier war must have enhanced very much a danger which as it was came near proving fatal. But perhaps it is unfair to look backwards now rather than forwards from 1789, when the possibility of another war may have seemed very slight.

Considered thus, the Whigs displayed a barbarous spirit, we are told, and are to be condemned for losing to America "much population, wealth, talent, energy and enterprise." The national councils, it is said, did not show that moderation and prudence which characterized the establishment of the Commonwealth under Cromwell when there was no banishment of former enemies nor infliction of disabilities. But the comparison itself suggests the vital difference which justified in the one case what in the

other case would have been unjustifiable. The Cavaliers were not called upon to assist in the formation of a new government, repugnant to all their prejudices and principles. In America a federal union, a republic, was to be constructed where before had been the dependency of a monarchy. So important and withal so hazardous was the experiment that those who had it in hand could ill-afford to brook any endangering elements. And a body of men whose ideas of royal prerogative were so thorough as to be wholly irreconcilable with any true theory of popular sovereignty might well be considered a dangerous element. The banishment of the criminal Tories, of the unworthy faction in the party, cannot of course be questioned; but it is not easy to regard with indifference the exile of men who, like Hutchinson, could say, "I had rather die in a little country farm-house in New England than in the best nobleman's seat in Old England." Their very talents, however, their personal character, their large landed estates were more to be feared than criminals. For it must be remembered that at least one third of the Revolutionary population were Tories and that considerably more than one-third of the prominent men were Tories. Some districts had been so thoroughly Tory in their sympathies that, but for the banishment, any popular representative to congress or other assembly must have been a Tory. And if the Tories had assisted in bringing order out of chaos in 1789, their influence must have interfered seriously with the birth and development of what is now the most deep-rooted principle of our American life—its intense nationality and love of independence.

LA FESTA DEI MORTI.

Across the bosom of the land and deep,
Weaving the fabric of the dead day's pall,
The spirit of the calm Italian night
Has spread its dusky wings in dreamy flight ;
Touching the flowers and closing them in sleep,
Touching the stars and giving them their light,
Waving a poppied censer over all.
The lustrous riches of the autumn moon
Are poured like silver on the dreaming town,
Over the gleaming river gliding down
Through dim-arched bridges, vanishing away.
All day the streets have sounded to the tread
Of laughing throngs that kept the festal day.
Quaffing the vintage fragrant from the press,
Scattering roses in the market-place,
With careless bits of song and merry shouts
That echoed where the lily bows its head—
Bright flower of Florence—on the Duomo's brow.
The hush of midnight broods upon them now,
To-morrow is the feast-day of the dead.

—*Francis Cameron Clarke.*

AN INDIAN CAMP MEETING.

THE scene is laid at the Chippewa Indian Mission, on the south shore of Lake Superior, at the head of Keweenaw Bay.

The cooling shadows of a September twilight are growing denser, and that indescribable blush of a northern sunset heightens the beauty of the heavily wooded plateau, which, with its gradual slope to the base, affords an excellent place for encampment.

On the right of the space, which has been cleared of underbrush and furnished with benches to serve as an auditorium, are grouped the rough board cottages and snowy tents of the whites. On the left are pitched the variously colored bark and rush huts of the Indians.

Four huge fires burning on raised platforms of wood, covered with sand to prevent ignition, furnish light and heat for the meeting. They are tended by a tall, lusty young brave, who feels the dignity of his office as janitor of this grand natural meeting house. In front, upon the platform of the rustic chapel, are collected the ministers, white and red. At the right side is the choir, composed of Indians only.

The whites are gathered upon the first few rows of benches; farther back are the Indians who felt inclined to take seats, while around the outside of the circle, standing and reclining, are the more diffident red men.

The braves, feather-crested, wrapped in their brightly colored blankets, and the squaws, with gay shawls and gaudy calico, make a bright, variegated picture against a background whose every twig is slowly fading out of sight, until even the trunks of trees form but a dark, featureless curtain.

The choir with native tongue begins the psalm. Hark, the flow of natural words! Now soft—the plaintive cry of the sea gull; now exultant—the happy leap of water over the sun-beaten rock; the deep roar of the surf now rumbles along the shore, only to give way to subdued melody like the soothing patter of the rain upon a farmer's roof in thirsty August. All the opposed sounds of Nature swell in praise to Nature's God through the lips of her children.

The music rolls through the forest, verse after verse, the organ during the interludes accompanied by the dancing of the waves upon the rocks below. After the song one of the white ministers addressed an earnest appeal to the company, with frequent allusions to the brotherhood of red and white. This was interpreted to the Indians, many of whom understood no English. Other ministers followed, Indian and white, speaking in English. After the last speaker upon the programme had finished, the presiding elder asked: "Will one of our Indian brethren make some remarks?" At first there was no movement, but after a slight pause an Indian chief

arose. He was six feet in his moccasins; his frame erect and corded with muscles; his broad, ruddy face was traced by the firm marks of a determined will; but these lines were mysteriously dispelled by the kindly smile which drove from his face the clouds of care. He began to speak in a low, embarrassed voice, but very much in earnest. Soon the noble thoughts which filled him found their way to his lips in passionate haste. Although I could not understand a word he said, his pure accent, expressive face, and the majestic gestures of his hands, made in perfect time with the musical flow of his voice, were more satisfactory than an interpreter. As he proceeded, he became excited; the tones from his deep chest were almost awe inspiring. The Indians were visibly moved; the squaws rocked back and forth, and even the braves relaxed their usually stern and passive features into looks of interest and emotion. I fancied I heard a slight rustling behind, and turning around I perceived the Indians who had been content to remain on the outside of the circle coming forward and taking seats. Just what he said to cause this I do not know, but I am sure it was no word of command or authority, for though his bearing was that of a king, his voice and gestures were those of one pleading.

At the close of the chief's remarks not a sound was heard save the breathing of the red men and the low plaudits of the waves upon the beach. The fires had burned low; an occasional spark stole upward, as if curiously seeking to hear the whisper of the breezes to the canopy of mossy pines.

The silence was broken by the young Indian who tended the fires. I had noticed that he stood with his back against a large tree, rigidly attentive to his chief's remarks. Suddenly jumping forward, he began to poke the fire vigorously, sending showers of sputtering fireflies in every direction, to the delight of the children and consternation of the "pale face" young ladies. Just as he finished poking and loading the fires with logs, still having the smoking firepole in his hands, a slight disturb-

ance was raised among the Indians. I looked about to learn the cause. It was one of these necessary appendages to even a camp meeting wigwam—a dog. Not one of those large, noble brutes that monopolize half the wigwam during the winter and eat three-quarters of the household provision the whole year around, but a small, thin, yellow dog. This poor dog had evidently become lonely keeping wigwam with only a half dozen soundly sleeping papooses, and so after eating all the nondescript food his hungry nose and short reaching legs could procure, he sallied forth in quest of adventure. Attracted by the light of the fires and the sound of voices, he drew near and had been trying to make friends with one of the brave's buckskin covered feet, to the disgust of the owner, and hence the disturbance. The watchful janitor, with eagle eye and moccasined tread, stepped boldly to the fray with upraised pole. The unlucky dog, acquainted with Indian warfare, wasn't to be fooled by cautious step, but, startled by the almost noiseless footfall, hastened to take refuge among the benches on the other side of the aisle. With mouth so determinedly shut that his aquiline nose meets his chin, the Indian pursues the cur to other quarters. Finally, after many whacks and growls, and thrusts and snarls, the animal retreated, leaving the valiant janitor, with pole half gone, the undenied victor. I sat rather back of most of the whites, and so was mixed up in the affair. Of course, as any boy would have done, I laughed; but what was my dismay when an Indian took me by the arm and said: "You must not laugh in meeting." I, who was setting an example of deportment and attention to these savages, to be reprimanded by one of them was humiliating. Quiet being secured, the services proceeded without any further display of Indian craftiness in the hunt.

At the close, another Indian announced that a prayer meeting would be held in Father Bass's wigwam in about ten minutes, and all the white brethren were invited to attend. I followed a line of people who crossed the little brook which separates the auditorium from the Indian

quarters, until we reached Father Bass's wigwam. It was a large, commodious hut, made of poles, covered with cedar bark. The interior was redolent with the odor of cedar twigs with which the ground was strewn. A circular bunk went around the wall, which was heaped with furs. We were invited to sit upon this, while the Indians reclined upon the ground in their peculiarly comfortable way. The meeting was opened by a song. We were requested to sing our words and the Indians theirs; strange to say, not a white voice joined, so anxious were we to again hear the native words. There were perhaps twenty Indians present, male and female. All sang. Father Bass was noticeable in civilized suit and white collar and cravat. He was undersized and painfully thin. His wasted, pinched face, high cheek bones almost hiding his black eyes, narrow shoulders covered by the flow of white hair, were the very embodiment of age and self-denial. He led the meeting, and first read a chapter from an Indian Bible, then prayed in English. Other prayers and remarks followed in Indian. Then another hymn, in which we all joined. Suddenly an old squaw began praying upon her knees. Growing more and more earnest, she rose to her feet, threw off her shawl and wailed piteously. Others, one by one, joined, all standing. Catching her enthusiasm by degrees, the lamentations and entreaties were heartrending. Words were followed by gestures and dancing of the most frantic and tedious kind. Tears began to start, and these increased to streams by the perspiration caused by such violent exercise literally flowed down their cheeks. This continued for some time, 'till the crowd became lessened by the withdrawal of those who were completely exhausted.

As I strolled away down through the beautiful park the moon was paving a silvery road to the shore beyond, and the stars were reflected like needles in the bay. The fires smoldered before the wigwams and the waves had rocked themselves to sleep.

Gard Maynard.

NICCOLÓ MACCHIAVELLI.

FROM amid the unique surroundings of the Italian Renaissance one figure stands forth very full of a strange fascination for me. It is that of the Florentine diplomat, Niccoló Macchiavelli.

It is strange that the name of a man who in life was not accused of one base deed should have come down through three centuries as a synonym for all that is mean and treacherous in human nature. A successful man of kindly nature, of cultivated taste, of intense love of country, and of great mental ability, his age yielded him only honor and admiration, yet since his death hardly a voice has been raised in protest against the general chorus of denunciation of him and his work.

The times, as usual, made the man! If he had lived in the America or England or Germany of to-day, he would have been a heaven-sent blessing to the world. But as a Florentine of the 15th century, he only left to an ungrateful city a great gain in military strength, and to a condemning posterity a book so fearful in its doctrines that one fancies the author's fingers guided by the Prince of evil.

Many have claimed that Macchiavelli was not devoid of moral sense. He was. To his intellect he deliberately sacrificed his faith, his enthusiasm, his conscience and his soul. Not one action or expression of his life can be traced to the promptings of aught but his senses or his intelligence. From the first his was a strangely cold, speculative, sceptical nature in keeping with the spirit of the times. The Italian mind was emerging from the mental darkness of the middle ages into the dawn of an era of splendid intellectual activity. Men were beginning at last to realize that inquiry was always right and that their minds had been given them to use. And in the shock of finding many of their most sacred beliefs and principles resting, not on reason or knowledge, but on traditions and monkish teachings, they became sceptical of all that could

not be proved to them through the medium of the mind or of the senses. They made a great discovery in finding that nothing should be safe from study and investigation, but at the same time they fell into the errors of forgetting that there were such things as the Eternal Verities and of eliminating all faith from their reasonings.

The political state of the nation was pitiable. Divided against itself, Italy formed one vast field of plunder for every neighboring despot. Supremacy among her petty Lords was gained and held by perjury, treachery and a free use of the concealed dagger and the poisoned cup. Tyranny was everywhere triumphant over a patriotism paralyzed by despair and fear.

It was in this country and amid this people that the young Macchiavelli grew into manhood. From the first he showed his ability. As secretary of the ten at Florence he made a remarkable record for one not yet thirty years old. Through all the troublous complications of Florentine politics between the years 1490 and 1520 he was ever their leading and most brilliantly successful diplomat. Sent to the courts of Rome and France to treat with the most cunning minds of those powers, we do not hear one instance of his being outwitted: No man ever had better opportunities for studying the science of government. and no man could more eagerly have seized them.

His patriotism cannot be, and never has been, questioned. It was a calm, unenthusiastic but very deep love of his country's freedom. True, his idea of his country was a narrow one, embracing only the city of Florence with its suburbs, but in those days there were few men who regarded Italy as anything like one nation. His desire for his country's good then was a very real and practical thing, and his greatest efforts were in the line of gaining for her, freedom as he understood it.

It was in his deliberations as to the surest means of securing this end that his mental and moral natures were developed. He was sceptical as was natural for so cold, unsusceptible a character, and early came to believe—how, we cannot discover—that all moral principles, all listen-

ing to the voice of conscience were incompatible with accuracy in reasoning. He believed that a conclusion should be arrived at by arguments based solely on human experience and knowledge. As for morality, in private life where a man had to deal only with himself it might be possible and sometimes expedient; but in public, where the mass of humanity was to be met and struggled with, it could never be either one or the other; as he says that "he who deviates from the common course of practice, and endeavors to act as duty dictates, necessarily ensures his own destruction."

It takes no profound knowledge of the human mind to see to what such a theory must lead. Every prompting of the conscience, every stirring impulse of the soul disregarded and repressed, the death of every divine instinct of morality in his breast could not be far distant. His mind became a ghastly sepulchre in which the brilliant light of his intellect only served to show more clearly the mouldering skeleton of nobility of thought.

It matters little that his innate refinement of taste caused him to shrink from personal brutality of conduct; that his military genius gave Florence the most reliable militia of those days; that only in the service of his country did he put in practice his principles of treachery. These things can never offset his hideous course of dishonor culminating in the disgrace of that book which he left as a guide to the government of the State he loved. The book is well worth close study. "The Prince" was dedicated to the young tyrant Lorenzo de Medici, and is an elaborate essay on the science of ruling. It seems at first a curious anomaly that so ardent a lover of freedom should consider a stern and unscrupulous despotism as the ideal form for the government of a free State. But Macchiavelli never could understand that the welfare of individuals is not always inseparable from the power of the State. But we can hardly give any attention to anything in this essay except the wonderful keenness of the logic and the hideousness of the principles it is used to defend.

Macaulay expresses not too forcibly the thoughts which

must come to every reader of the book when he says, "Such a display of wickedness, naked, yet not ashamed, such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity, seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men. Principles which the most hardened ruffian would scarcely hint to his most trustful accomplice, or avow, without the disguise of some palliating sophism, even to his own mind, are professed without the slightest circumlocution, and assumed as the fundamental axioms of all political science." The keynote of the book is this maxim, in substance repeated again and again: Be just if it is expedient, but never have the weakness to let a scruple come between you and your purpose.

Does this leave any doubt that moral sense was a thing foreign to this man's nature? As we read wholesale massacres of unwieldy troops, or the utter extinction of a captured town with every soul of its inhabitants urged as most wise and salutary in many cases, or as we ponder over a sentence such as this, "God and nature have thrown all human fortunes into the midst of mankind; and they are thus attainable rather by rapine than by industry, by wicked actions rather than by good," does not our blood run cold at the thought of the brain that could have shaped such thoughts? And to the traveler in Italy who, remembering this man's doctrines, looks on the monument that commemorates the brief successes of his life, and listens to the curse the guide yields to the name of Niccoló Macchiavelli, must come that old, stern refrain, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Harold Russell Griffith.

NOTABILIA.

YALE'S sleepy foster-children, gathered about her knees three times a day to listen to her words of unworldly wisdom, have oftentimes rubbed their eyes and knit their brows in sheer weariness of her somewhat anile drawl; but when, at times, their young bodies have felt the parental birch, they have seldom had excuse to cry out to her, in bitterness of reproach,—“No fair.” In this respect they have been most fortunate in comparison with their cousins of other colleges. It is with some touch of filial pride, indeed, that they read of faculties and students engaged in open warfare, of whole classes suspended for the lawless pranks of the few. Yale men for the most part will readily admit that the course of treatment to which they themselves are subjected, while by its seeming harshness it may provoke from them some murmuring, yet by its conspicuous example of fair-dealing has done much for the development of Yale's orderly and manly spirit,—a spirit which does not render impossible between student and preceptor that cordiality which is productive of the best results. Even when faculty and students—or some of them—have broken a lance or two, the passage at arms has generally been conducted in the spirit of equity which distinguishes modern warfare. We must, therefore, confess ourselves almost too astonished to be indignant at the strange piece of Mediævalism in which one such affray has recently resulted. When Yale men are solemnly assured that two of their number are held as hostages for the general well-behavior they cannot but be justly angered—and the world outside, perhaps, somewhat amused—at a procedure so novel; they can hardly fail to find in it an unmanly confession, on the part of those whom they have been told to revere, of inability to cope in an honest and fair-minded way with the most trifling breaches of college discipline.

THERE is an air of mystery surrounding the doings of the crew in striking contrast to the management of the

other athletic organizations. The recent regatta has drawn down much harsh comment, most of it arising from this same secrecy. Either the University were not able to beat a class crew from which they had taken the three men judged to be the best, or else they deceived the college as to their ability. By either horn the dilemma is equally unpleasant. In the former case radical measures would seem necessary to obviate a July repetition of one of those processions where the mourners unfortunately wear blue and bewail the fact that Harvard did not break an oar or meet with some other opportune accident. In the other case, the college has a right to know what their representatives can do, which they do not know. Harvard is rowing steadily and rowing well, which fact they see no necessity in concealing, and will undoubtedly conceive of some deep laid plot when they hear of the result. We undergraduates, who support the crew more liberally than we do any other organization, and who derive less pleasure from it than from either foot ball or base ball, while having no right to interfere in matters which should be left exclusively to those elected for their fitness to supervise, can nevertheless justly demand to know what we are supporting. This contented air of "I could a tale unfold" seen on the faces of those recently defeated, is not at all pleasant. Moreover, many of the candidates seem to be distrustful of each other, and to look upon a place in the boat as the honor to be striven for, irrespective of their position at New London.

Giving money to the crew under these circumstances looks too much like investing in a blind pool.

THERE is a small quota of men in college whose attitude toward athletics cannot be too strongly deplored. Men, they are, whose physique would practically guarantee them success in some branch of athletics, if coupled with average perseverance and energy, but who absolutely refuse to contract a muscle in the interest of their college, to which with unpardonable inconsistency they would be the foremost and loudest in vowing loyalty. These men are generally able critics of our athletic teams. They are

ready to explain to you the individual shortcomings of each member of the crew, or precisely why one of the nine fails in his effort to handle his bat effectively. Moreover, they are prone to ridicule the good-natured attempts of men, who are willing to sacrifice somewhat of personal ease in behalf of athletics, albeit with no hope of final success in the direction of their efforts; and when the depressing influence of defeat settles over the campus, their croak is the most despondent, and their censure of management and methods of training the severest. At such a season they exhibit a mild phase of pessimism that has a disheartening effect on men who have sustained a reverse, and which is positively intolerable to any sanguine well-wisher of the college who prefers to stand upon the "better luck next time" principle. One might be more content to pass such conduct by in silence, if these fault-finders were commonly men who devoted their energies to the advancement of some other college interest. Such, however, is rarely the case. They are more than often able-bodied men of leisure, and when one sees them comfortably posed on the fence and avowing themselves too indolent to throw a ball or bend an oar for their college, one feels inclined to advocate the institution of an athletic "press gang" to force them into service. The old phrase, "Yale enthusiasm," unquestionably, has an ample foundation of truth, but with such men it is meaningless. They are not simply negative to the interests of the college; they are a decidedly positive check to their advance. The existence and influence of such an element in college was strongly felt a year ago when the outlook for the nine seemed so unpromising. That it has not altogether died out is patent to any one who will use his observation. However, the abundance of entries for the Dunham prizes and the Cleveland alumni cup in the last regatta on Lake Saltonstall, and the revival of the inter-class base ball games, are the strongest proofs of the decline of this condition of indifference. They betoken a more universal interest in athletics, and that is unquestionably a desideratum, as a step toward assured success "in the diamond" and on the Thames.

PORTFOLIO.

—Through actual experiences, as well as among the pages of biography and characterization, one is continually meeting fresh proofs of the statement that the world is filled with men of one idea. Not only is one impressed with the universality of this "one-sidedness" in the mental constitution of his fellows, but the very oddity and diversity of the pursuits men will follow as pastimes, and the "whimsies and manias" they will cultivate, cannot fail to excite wonder. One is everywhere stumbling on individuals of the class we call "characters," whose sole claim to the name is that their natures through narrowing influences have been developed in a few deep ruts. Indeed the more broadly we observe, the more we are persuaded that, if every man's intellectual make-up were sifted and accurately balanced according to a precise standard of sanity, there would be exposed a startling percentage of men, on whom the decision would be: all mild monomaniacs on some point more or less infinitesimal. These numberless peculiarities, if sufficiently pronounced, we style hobbies; and we are only too apt to include with them every enthusiasm that has ever been indulged in. Our feeling toward an individual whom we know to be a confirmed "rider" is generally an admixture of aversion and pity. A man with a hobby! We shrink from the thought almost instinctively, and associate it vaguely with our idea of a bore. Perhaps our memory calls up pictures of former infelicitous experiences with individuals of this class. Most of us have one of those wearying relations who recites cousinships to the tenth degree, who has shouldered the burden of the family honor, and who will not rest until the final link has been discovered in the genealogical chain that is to connect him with Charlemagne, or some equally remote grandee. It may be that we recall with a shiver the fresh air enthusiast who sat beside us on a long journey and insisted on keeping the window open, or the professional wit who seems uneasy if the corners of his companion's mouth are not turned up. Then we are every day brushing against the "if I were you" individual, whose philanthropic nature bubbles over with a word of counsel on every

occasion. Some one has not inaptly called such fanatics "the human mosquitoes" of the world. The mere memory of them is unattractive, I admit—but we must take care that our prejudice does not grow too strong. A hobby in moderation betokens individuality, besides adding zest to a man's character. We esteem our friends all the more for their idiosyncracies, provided these are not over-developed, and we can think of no more pitiable or insipid companion than the conservative who dares not, or has not the ability, to leave the path of commonplace and conventionality. Such a man rarely has opinions or pronounced tastes, and can but throw up his hands in passive amazement at the hobbyist's exhibitions of feeling and appreciation. We prefer the "maniac," however garrulous and enthusiastic. He is far more tolerable. And finally, before we pronounce against the whole army of "riders," suppose that we assure ourselves that judgment could not be passed against us as censurable in some degree for this same mental single-sidedness.

—Among the myriad phases that street advertising assumes, there is one, a familiar figure along the avenues of every metropolis, that has always aroused my interest as well as pity. It is that product of mercantile energy and the ambitionless indolence inherent in certain natures, the "sandwich man." He commonly haunts only the crowded thoroughfares of a city, where his unshaven, rough-capped head, peering above his double signboard, meets your eye incessantly as you dodge in and out through the stream of passers. Here he poses prominently on a street corner and doles out handbills to any in the crowd who are inquisitive enough to accept them, or saunters along with a leisurely, sidling gait, with no apparent duty in life but to be stared at. His goalless peregrinations, however, will oftentimes lead him off into unfrequented by-ways and alleys, or wherever the public are admitted, so that you may stumble upon him in the most unexpected spots. Still, whenever and however you meet him, he is always the same languid, fagged creature, a mere human machine, content to furnish for a trifling remuneration the motive power for a perambulatory advertisement. "What a wretched, objectless existence!" you exclaim, when his stolid, half-indifferent expression of persevering endurance meets your eye. It seems hard to understand how a strong-

bodied man can reach such a pitiable condition, that he is content to wander aimlessly through life, enveloped in sign-boards, stared at, slighted and jostled by a throng of wayfarers who are not chary of their insults. Yet he generally appears satisfied, except for his look of weariness. He has, to be sure, one opportunity that the rest of us have not. He has a most exceptional chance to study society externally, as it hurries past him. He can stand somewhat aloof, and see rolled along before him a kaleidoscopic picture of every visible phase of human nature. If he derive no entertainment from this, his existence must indeed be dreary and monotonous. Frequently, too, he appears in fantastic garb with an admiring following of open-mouthed street "arabs." One example I remember, where the very incongruity between the individual's own dress and the signs he carried was laughable. The poor fellow supported in glass-fronted cases on his chest and back two immaculately glazed shirt bosoms, while no vestige of linen was visible upon his own person. Another one of the species I once saw promenading in Broadway with a prodigious umbrella above his head, when the country had been for months parched with drought. His lot, though probably self-chosen, is dull and companionless enough, and you are prone to expend on him a breath of compassion at least, as he shuffles past you in the throng.

—When the elders of a house are divided against themselves, then it is time for the children to speak. The graduates of Yale are quarreling: the undergraduates claim the floor for a brief hearing. It seems particularly unfortunate to the interests of this institution that its alumni should in large numbers make such an onslaught upon the Corporation, curriculum, and general policy of their *alma mater* as has recently characterized so many communications to the public press. Would it not be far wiser should they direct their energies to giving and soliciting *funds*, with which the *present* management of the college could enlarge the equipments and facilities already at hand? What could be accomplished by any new régime, were its financial resources to remain unchanged? Money is the crying need. Money, alone, would heal the existing breach between the college and its alumni. Were the resources of the treasury generously enlarged, the faculty could be increased, recitation rooms and other equipments

could be multiplied, and the elective courses, which have already gained a substantial foothold, could be extended in number and thoroughness. All this would undoubtedly be accomplished by the Corporation as at present constituted—if only the alumni would bestir themselves in a financial way, instead of flooding the *Nation* and *Evening Post* with grumbling criticism and discontented protests.

P. B.

—Frederic Locker is to my mind as acceptable as any member of that group of rhymers whose productions we style “vers de société.” He is one of them from the nature of his poems, yet he is raised slightly above their level by a certain quality he exhibits, which most of them do not. I find no single term that will define this, but, if you accept them somewhat loosely, sincerity and earnestness combined embody the idea. It is patent from cover to cover of his diverting little volume of “London Lyrics.” They are not only gay, graceful and spirited. Prior’s poems, for example, had all those properties; so also had Macworth Praed’s. But they are more. They are conspicuously, as some one has said, “earnest and tender.” No one would venture to maintain that either Prior or Praed deserved those epithets. One is more fertile in imaginative power and of broader experience, the other’s wit is more sparkling; but Locker has a delicate pathos, an element of true feeling, that rank him apart from them both. You will object here perhaps on the ground that this *earnestness* is an unnecessary ingredient in such work. Society, you say, does not possess it; so why should we expect it from the men who reflect society’s lights and shadows for us. If the rapid glimpses they give show us its humor, its foibles, its facile speech, its pet hobbies and inanities, if in brief they are of the true spirit of the original, and the verse is bright, easy and novel, what more can we require? At first thought this seems plausible, but there is certainly another side to this compound we call society, and the glance that reveals both is the one that impresses the mind more lastingly. If a writer depicts that former side alone, we are diverted for the moment, praise him as a clever versifier, recommend him it may to the next sober-visaged friend we meet, and then forget him. To this Locker is an exception, and a most satisfactory one. Moreover, his sentiment is genuine, his seriousness never tedious or dreary. You are not always among the upper “monde.” He loves the

fresh air and will stroll with you down Piccadilly or through St. James,

"The dear old street of clubs and *cribs*,
As north and south it stretches—"

On Pall Mall he refuses a "ragged and shivering wretch," who shuffles along beside and importunes him to "buy a comb, it's a fine un to wear," because he does not believe in indiscriminate charity, but at the next instant pity makes him turn and ask you :

"Am I right? How I wish that my clerical guide
Would settle this question—and others beside!
For always one's heart to be hardening thus,
If wholesome for beggars, is hurtful for us."

Manifestly it is not poetry of a high order. Now and then he is simply indulging in good natured chaff at every body's else expense. Still, as we read it we are devoutly thankful that all poetry has not been cast in the deeper moulds.

PSYCHICAL.

Thou'rt in my mind, my lady fair,
'Neath cloud-spanned skies, 'mid sunny glare,
There comes before my mental sight
The vision of thy charms to light
The path I tread ; yes, thou art there.

When I am seeming free from care,
When troubles vex, when sad thoughts wear, ,
At all times, maid, to whom I write,
Thou'rt in my mind.

That thou art faultless, I declare,
An ideal being, vague as air,
So when thy praises I endite
And lend my thoughts to fancies light,
I must confess, if anywhere,
Thou'rt in my mind.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The month's record extends from April 20th to May 15th. The scheduled games of base ball with Harvard and Princeton have both been postponed on account of rain, and we can record no important victory or discouraging defeat for our nine. During the Easter vacation the nine played six games, as follows:

On April 21st we were defeated by New York, the score being:

NEW YORK.										YALE.									
A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	T.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.	B.	H.	T.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.	B.
O'Rourke, c. f.	4	3	0	0	1	0	1			Bremner, c.	3	2	0	0	4	3	2		
Connor, 1 b.	5	3	4	6	12	2	1			Stagg, c. f.	3	2	3	3	1	1	2		
Ewing, c.	3	1	1	1	7	3	0			Brigham, l. f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	2		
Gillespie, l. f.	4	4	1	1	0	0	0			Marsh, 1 b.	4	0	1	1	7	1	1		
Dorgan, r. f.	5	3	1	1	0	1	0			Sheppard, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Esterbrook, 3 b.	5	1	2	3	3	4	1			Stewart, 2 b.	3	0	1	1	8	3	2		
Ward, s. s.	5	0	1	1	0	2	0			Noyes, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	6	3		
Keefe, p.	5	0	0	0	0	9	0			Cross, 3 b.	4	0	1	1	1	1	0		
Gerhardt, 2 b.	5	2	2	2	4	2	1			Vinton, p.	3	0	0	0	0	5	0		
Total,	41	17	12	15	27	28	3			Total,	32	4	7	7	24	20	12		

On April 24th the score was:

NEW YORK.										YALE.									
A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	T.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.	B.	H.	T.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.	B.
O'Rourke, c. f.	4	3	1	1	0	0	0			Bremner, c. f.	4	2	2	2	0	1	1		
Connor, 1 b.	4	2	1	1	13	0	0			Stagg, p.	4	1	3	3	1	4	0		
Gillespie, l. f.	4	2	1	1	2	0	0			Brigham, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1		
Esterbrook, 3 b.	5	1	2	2	3	7	1			Marsh, 1 b.	4	0	1	1	11	1	0		
Richardson, r. f.	4	2	1	1	1	0	0			Sheppard, r. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0		
Deaseley, b.	5	1	1	1	6	2	0			Stewart, 2 b.	3	0	1	1	2	2	0		
Welch, p.	5	2	3	3	0	8	0			Dann, c.	4	0	0	0	6	3	0		
Ward, s. s.	4	1	2	2	0	3	1			Noyes, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	3	3		
Gerhardt, 2 b.	3	1	2	3	2	2	0			Cross, 3 b.	2	0	0	0	1	3	0		
Total,	38	15	14	18	24	22	2			Total,	33	3	7	7	23	17	3		

The games at Washington on the 24th and 26th resulted in victories for the home team.

WASHINGTON.

	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hines, c. f.	2	2	3	0	0	0
Carroll, l. f.	2	3	3	0	0	0
Start, i b.	0	3	4	6	0	1
Knowles, 2 b.	0	0	0	4	4	2
Crane, r. f.	0	0	0	1	2	0
Gilligan, c.	0	0	0	12	3	0
Gladmon, 3 b.	0	0	0	2	0	0
Force, s. s.	2	1	1	1	2	0
Shaw, p.	1	0	0	0	14	0
Total,	7	9	10	27	25	3

YALE.

	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c.	0	0	0	3	3	0
Brigham, l. f.	0	1	1	1	0	0
Marsh, i b.	0	1	1	13	0	1
Dann, c. f.	0	1	1	2	0	0
Stewart, 2 b.	0	0	0	4	5	0
Sheppard, r. f.	0	0	0	2	1	0
Noyes, s. s.	0	1	1	1	4	0
Cross, 3 b.	0	0	0	1	1	2
Vinton, p.	0	0	0	0	6	0
Total,	0	4	4	27	20	3

WASHINGTON.

	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hines, i b.	1	2	2	9	0	1
Carroll, l. f.	2	2	2	3	0	0
Baker, c.	2	2	3	8	1	0
Knowles, 2 b.	1	1	1	1	1	0
Crane, r. f.	3	2	1	2	0	1
Gilligan, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0	0
Gladmon, 3 b.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Force, s. s.	2	3	4	0	2	0
Bass, p.	0	1	1	1	8	0
Total,	12	12	14	24	13	2

YALE.

	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0	1
Brigham, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Marsh, i b.	0	0	0	8	0	1
Stewart, 2 b.	0	0	0	3	4	0
Noyes, s. s.	0	0	0	0	1	2
Cross, 3 b.	0	0	0	0	3	1
Willett, p.	0	0	0	0	3	2
Kellogg, c.	0	0	0	0	8	1
Dann, r. f.	0	1	1	0	5	2
Total,	0	1	1	21	16	10

April 27th, Yale defeated the University of Pennsylvania, and was in turn defeated by the Meridens the next day.

UNIVERSITY OF PENN.

	T.B.	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hovey, p.	4	0	0	0	1	5	0
Wilson, s. s.	3	0	1	1	0	5	1
Clark, l. f.	2	1	0	0	3	0	0
Doron, 2 b.	2	1	0	0	3	0	2
Prender, i b.	3	1	0	0	9	0	1
Frazier, 3 b.	2	0	0	0	1	5	4
Weaver, c. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Lotta, c.	3	0	0	0	2	4	3
Seyfert, r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	25	3	1	2	21	19	11

YALE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c. f.	4	1	3	6	1	0	0
Stagg, p.	5	1	1	1	0	15	0
Brigham, l. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	0
Marsh, i b.	4	1	0	0	5	2	1
Stewart, 2 b.	4	1	1	1	3	0	0
Dann, c.	4	1	0	0	12	3	2
Noyes, s. s.	4	3	3	3	2	1	0
Cross, 3 b.	4	3	1	1	1	1	1
Sheppard, r. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	36	13	11	14	24	21	4

MERIDEN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dorgan, r. f.	5	0	3	3	0	0	0
Ake, s. s.	6	1	3	3	0	3	2
Murphy, l. f.	5	2	3	3	2	1	2
M'Cormick, 3 b.	5	1	0	0	2	2	0
Dunn, i b.	4	1	1	1	11	0	0
Sullivan, c. f.	5	1	2	3	2	1	0
Grant, 2 b.	5	3	4	5	2	1	0
Stone, c.	5	0	2	8	1	1	1
Lambert, p.	5	0	0	0	0	10	0
Total,	45	9	18	20	27	19	5

YALE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c. f.	5	1	3	3	1	0	0
Bingham, l. f.	1	0	0	0	1	0	1
Stewart, 2 b.	4	0	1	2	7	4	0
Noyes, s. s.	4	0	1	1	1	4	0
Dann, i b.	3	0	0	0	8	1	0
Cross, 3 b.	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
Sheppard, r. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Kellogg, c.	4	0	0	0	6	3	1
Vinton, p.	4	0	1	1	2	5	1
Total,	34	3	8	9	27	17	4

Yale played the first game in the college championship series with Williams on their own ground, May 1st. This was Williams' first appearance as a member of the intercollegiate base ball association. The appended score shows that the victory was easily won.

YALE.								WILLIAMS.							
A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Bremner, c. f. . . .	5	1	0	0	1	0	0	Fastman, c. . . .	5	0	0	0	6	3	0
Stagg, p.	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	Tuck, p.	4	1	1	1	0	6	0
Noyes, s. s. . . .	5	0	1	1	1	2	0	Burden, c. f. . . .	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Stewart, 2 b. . . .	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	Blackmer, 1 b. . .	4	1	1	1	8	0	2
Brigham, 1. f. . . .	4	3	1	1	2	0	1	Perry, 1. f.	4	0	3	5	1	0	0
Marsh, 1 b.	5	3	2	2	1	1	0	Safford, s. s. . . .	4	0	0	0	0	1	3
Cross, 3 b.	5	1	3	3	2	2	0	Blackinton, 3 b. 3	0	0	0	0	2	2	0
Dann, c.	4	0	1	1	6	4	1	Wallace, r. f. . . .	4	0	1	1	3	0	1
Sheppard, r. f. . .	4	0	1	3	0	0	0	Campbell, 2 b. . .	4	0	0	1	2	1	0
Total,	37	11	11	13	26	21	5	Total,	36	3	6	8	24	13	7

Score by Innings.

Yale.	0	0	0	3	0	2	4	2	X	11
Williams.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3

Time of game: 2:21. Runs earned: Yale, 2; Williams, 0. First on balls: Yale, 6; Williams, 1. Struck out: Yale, 5; Williams, 8. Left on bases: Yale, 8; Williams, 4. Two base hits: Perry (2). Three base hits: Sheppard. Passed balls: Yale, 1; Williams, 1. Wild pitches: Yale, 0; Williams, 1. Umpire: Dutton.

A strong effort has been made this season to revive the interest in Lacrosse. The only game that has thus far been played this season was a practice game with Princeton, which was won by the representatives of that college by a score of 4 to 0. On the Yale Field, May 3d.

Yale vs. Athletics.

ATHLETICS.								YALE.							
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stovey, 1 b.	5	2	2	4	7	0	0	Stagg, c. f.	4	1	1	1	5	1	1
Larkin, 1. f.	5	3	1	1	0	0	0	Noyes, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	5	1
Coleman, r. f. . . .	4	2	0	0	1	0	1	Marsh, 1 b.	4	2	1	1	9	0	2
Shaffer, c. f. . . .	4	1	0	0	4	2	1	Stewart, 2 b. . . .	4	0	2	4	1	2	1
Bauer, c.	5	1	0	0	5	2	2	Brigham, 1. f. . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
J. Irwin, 3 b. . . .	4	2	1	1	0	3	0	Sheppard, r. f. . .	4	1	1	4	2	0	1
Corry, s. s.	3	0	0	0	2	1	3	Cross, 3 b.	4	1	1	1	1	4	2
Questy, 2 b.	4	1	2	2	4	1	0	Dann, p.	3	1	0	0	0	3	0
Bradley, p.	4	1	1	1	3	6	1	Kellogg, c.	4	1	1	1	4	0	0
Total,	38	13	7	9	27	13	7	Total,	35	7	7	12	24	15	8

Score by Innings.

Athletics.	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	13
Yale.	1	1	0	0	5	0	0	7

Home run: Sheppard. Three base hits: Stewart, Stovey. Struck out: Athletics, 3; Yale, 5. Base on balls: Athletics, 3; Yale, 1. Left on bases: Athletics, 3; Yale, 2. Wild pitches: Bradley, 0; Dann, 4. Passed balls: Bauer, 3; Kellogg, 5. Umpire: Vinton.

The Townsend Prize Speaking

took place this year on May 7th, instead of Commencement week, as has been the custom. After a short deliberation, the faculty awarded the prize to Evans Woollen. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

1. Philip Battell Stewart, . . . Middlebury, Vt.
President Tyler and the Whigs.
2. Arthur Goebel, . . . Covington, Ky.
Pessimism.
3. Frank George Peters, . . . Syracuse, N. Y.
President Tyler and the Whigs.
4. Edward Johnson Phelps, . . . Andover, Mass.
The Tories in the American Revolution.
5. Evans Woollen, . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
The Tories in the American Revolution.
6. William Adams Brown, . . . New York City.
Constantinople, Past and Future.

The Annual Meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

was held in Old Chapel, May 7th, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Huntington, '87; First Vice President, Stone, '88; Second Vice President, Richards, '87 S.; Corresponding Secretary, McCormick, '87; and R. W. Huntington, '89, Treasurer.

Freshman Athletic Games

were held at the Field, May 11th. The following were the winners in the several events: Putting the shot, G. W. Woodruff, who made a put of 32 ft. 5 in.; Pinchot won the second prize by a put of 28 ft. 11 in. 100 yard dash, Sherrill, time 11 seconds; Walker, second. Mile walk, Davidson, '88 S., time 8 m. 7 s.; H. A. Smith, second. Three-legged race, distance 100 yards, Pinchot and Peres, time 16 sec. Running broad jump, Goodwin: best jump, 19 ft. 4½ inches; Magruder, second, 17 ft. 10 in. 120 yard hurdle race, Berger, '88 S.: time, 19½ sec.; Goetchius, '88 S., second. 220 yard run, Walker:

time 25½ sec. ; Shearman, second. 440 yard run, Bradner :
time 58½ sec. ; Goetchius, '88 S., second.

The University Boat Club Meeting

was held in Alumni Hall, May 12th. Saml. Knight, '87, was elected President ; H. L. Hamlin, '87 S., Vice President ; H. H. Haight, Secretary ; Professor Wheeler, Treasurer ; L. R. Brown, '88, and H. F. Coleman, '88 S., Assistant Treasurers ; Professors Richards and Brewer, and C. L. Hare, '87, Auditing Committee.

Yale vs. Brown.

A fair sized audience witnessed the defeat of Brown by Yale at the Yale Field, May 12th. The battery work of Stagg and Dann was very effective, and the whole nine played a seven-inning game without an error.

YALE.								BROWN.							
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p.	3	1	2	2	0	13	0	Blaisdell, 3b., r.f.	2	1	0	0	2	1	2
Noyes, s. s.	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	Brownell, 1 b. .	2	0	0	0	8	0	1
Stewart, 2 b.	4	3	3	3	0	3	0	Clark, c.	3	0	0	0	6	4	0
Marsh, 1 b.	4	1	0	0	9	0	0	Gunderson, p. .	3	0	1	3	1	7	1
Sheppard, r. f. .	4	1	1	2	0	0	0	Warren, l. f.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Kellogg, c. f. . .	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	Taylor, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dann, c.	3	0	0	0	10	2	0	Spencer, s. s. . .	2	0	0	1	1	0	2
Brigham, l. f. . .	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	Cooke, 2 b.	2	0	0	0	1	3	2
Cross, 3 b.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	Hunter, r.f., 3b.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	32	6	9	10	21	21	0	Total,	22	1	2	4	20	15	8

Score by Innings.

Yale	3	0	2	0	1	0	0	6
Brown	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Three base hit : Gunderson. Two base hit : Sheppard. Earned runs : Yale, 1. Struck out : Brown, 11 ; Yale, 5. Base on balls : Brown, 2 ; Yale, 1. Left on bases : Brown, 2 ; Yale, 5. Passed balls : Brown, 1. Time of game : 2:15. Umpire : Donovan.

The Spring Races

were rowed at Saltonstall, May 15th. The first event was a two mile race, straightaway, between the University, '87, '88 and '89, and was won by '87, time 11 m. 34 sec. ; University second, time 11 m. 36 sec. ; '89 third, time 11 m. 39 sec. ; '88 fourth, time 11 m. 43 sec. The crews were as follows : University—*stroke* Caldwell, Hartridge, Cowles (Capt.), Woodruff, Stevenson, Middlebrook, Farrington, Bolton. '87—*stroke* Hare

(Capt.), Holly, Rogers, Burke, Knight, Bigelow, Ferris, Copley. '88—*stroke* Cross (Capt.), Hayden, Farrington, Allen, Hurd, Hardenburgh, Wellman, Woodward. '89—*stroke* Stewart (Capt.), Carter, Franchot, Mosle, Buchanan, Wells, Gill, Wilcox. The Dunham Club scull race, course one mile with turn, was won by Hellier, time 8 m. 17 sec.; the contestants were, Cooley, '86, Day, '86, Hellier, '86, and Robbins, '86. The Cleveland Cup scull race, course $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, was won by Bolton, '86 S., the other contestant being Farrington, '86 S.

Items.

Messrs. Brown, '86, McCormick, '87, Cooley, '88, Welch, '89, Bullard, '87 S., have been appointed a committee on the Library for Dwight Hall.—A new boat house has been built at Lake Saltonstall.—Messrs. Peters and Corwin represented Yale at the Intercollegiate Foot Ball Association held in New York, May 1st. Harvard was re-admitted as a member of the Association.—Wm. H. Fitzgerald has been chosen Sophomore fence orator, and L. C. Dupont is chosen to fill the same office for the Freshmen.—Hinkle, Pritchard, Kent, Knight and May, have been chosen class historians by '87.

BOOK NOTICES.

War and Peace. A Historical Novel. By Count Leon Tolstoi. Translated into French by a Russian lady and from the French by Clara Bell. In two volumes. W. S. Gottsberger, New York. \$1.75. For sale by Judd.

Tolstoi, who in his own country is regarded as one of the greatest of Russian writers, and who enjoys a wide European reputation, is only beginning to be appreciated in the United States. His work, "My Religion," which was published in this country a short time ago, attracted much attention and aroused much curiosity with respect to the life and works of its singular author. His life has been such as to give him a clear insight into and a thorough familiarity with his Russian countrymen, both those of high and low estate. His pictures of court life may be accepted as real, because he speaks from personal experience; the same may be said of his sketches of the army, for he was among the defenders of Sebastopol. He began to earn his reputation as a writer after that siege, and in 1860 appeared his masterpiece, the romance before us. It is ranked in Europe as one of the great literary productions of the age, and a reader, even with this high opinion,

will not find it at all disappointing. It deals with the history of the Napoleonic campaign against Russia, the burning of Moscow, the retreat of the French army, and all of the main incidents of that tragic story. But the historical part is simply the easel for pictures of Russian life and portraits of Russian character. They are sketched in a masterly manner. Unlike Turgenieff, Tolstoi succeeds in completely concealing his personality, so that we quite forget the artist in our interest in his work. The reflection is so clear that it bears its own evidence of its reality; and the reader, transported to a people and an age of which he has very slight knowledge, becomes fascinated in gazing at the strange panorama. Pierre, who resembles no other famous character in fiction, may be taken as the chief personage, though the stage is crowded with so many actors, that it is impossible to fix the attention on one exclusively. This strange man, who is full of the milk of human kindness, and uplifted by the highest aims for the good of his fellow-men, has not the force of character to act up to his ideals. His well-known immorality and fondness for high living would debar him from society in most civilized countries; but that seems to be no disqualification in the Russian life of the period. His warm heart, earnestness and trustworthiness make him a general favorite, and the chosen confidant of his friends. Many recognize in Pierre the autobiography of Tolstoi; and there are many passages which would support this belief to a certain extent. The romance is evidently the work of a great mind, and one reads it with the keenest pleasure. This translation was prepared expressly for the publisher, and the name of the translator will leave no doubts as to the excellence of her part of the work.

Othello. The Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. \$4.00. For sale by Judd.

This is the fifth play in the Variorum series, being preceded by "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "King Lear." It is a gigantic undertaking by the editor, for each volume in this edition is a good Shakespearian library by itself; and if the series shall be completed—which seems very doubtful, judging by the slow rate at which the separate plays have thus far appeared—it will contain the best criticisms on Shakespeare that have been written, both æsthetic and textual. The aim, as indicated in the name which has been given to the series, is to include the most valuable expositions from the commentators in all countries. Heretofore the editor has given a modernized text, but this text in "Othello" is a reprint of the First Folio (1623), which has been done with the utmost care. In the notes are recorded the various readings of all other critical editions. An especially valuable and interesting feature of this volume are the dramatic notes written by Mr. Edwin Booth, which he has used for his own acting, and which are very valuable in the way of æsthetic criticism. This splendid edition of Shakespeare, which all students of literature are already using as a storehouse, cannot but be considered with especial pride, from the fact that it is the work of an American. So much valuable study has come from Germany and England, that it is gratifying to think that the work which is the most important yet accomplished, and the indispensable auxiliary to every student, comes from an American. Mr. Furness promises that the next play will be the "Merchant of Venice."

Lorens Alma Tadema. His Life and Works. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

One cannot refrain from deploring that Alma Tadema's works are so little known to Americans. Sundry engravings and prints of some of his most famous ones,—notably the "Balneatrix,"—have been scattered through the length and breadth of our land, but these can convey to the novice but little idea of the marvelous grace and beauty of his delineations, none of his subtle taste in the selection and blending of colors. But to such as possess some actual knowledge of his paintings, as well as to those whose experience has been limited, this little book, which is, in fact, nothing more nor less than an essay on Tadema's works, will be welcome and valuable. The author is more familiar to us as a romancer than in his present *role* of art connoisseur; but this bright review of the artist's achievements is none the less readable than a romance from the author's hands would be. When we reach the last page and close the book, we realize that we have read nothing of the artist's life save a few simple facts and dates, while his character has been touched upon only in the most cursory manner. And yet, in spite of it all, we feel that we have followed him in his life, and in gazing with Ebers (through our mind's eye) on his representations of classic and mediæval history, have read his character, and known the tree by its fruit. We have been stirred with an intense interest in, and sympathy for, the artist as we read of his earnest striving for the beautiful and his sincere devotion to truth, told in a familiar pleasing manner by a personal friend. It is not a biography: the time for that is happily not yet come. Alma Tadema is still numbered with the living, and striving for the attainment of an ideal which may even surpass his previous achievements. The thirteen illustrations with which the volume is embellished, are, if not highly artistic, at least suggestive, and are acceptable as, in a small measure, a sample of what this Flemish painter's real work must be.

W. M'C.

Signs and Seasons. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50. For sale by Peck.

The writings of this distinguished author are characterized by a freshness and originality that is always charming. He has learned not only Nature's secrets, but the secret of faithfully reproducing his discoveries on paper. To take up this book and read anywhere is like walking in the woods or fields on a beautiful day. His pen pictures of Nature are singularly clear. Aside from the literary beauty of his work, Mr. Burroughs always gives us a vast amount of information on natural history, and has so pleasant a way of telling the facts he has observed, that it requires no effort to remember them. He brings into importance the little things which we pass over every day without notice. One may guess the general nature of the subjects treated in this book by glancing at the headings of some of the chapters, as "A Sharp Lookout," "A Taste of Maine Birch," "The Tragedies of the Nests," etc. The short chapter called "A Snowstorm" is one of the most entertaining. Anything from Mr. Burroughs' pen is sure to be delightful reading, and "Signs and Seasons" fully sustains his reputation as a naturalist and writer.

A Study of Dante. By Susan E. Blow. With an introduction by William T. Harris, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book might appropriately be called "A Study of Dante's Theology," for it is an attempt to show his ideas and doctrine of sin, with the steps the sinner must take to become reconciled to God. It is not a criticism of the literary or poetical greatness of the Divine Comedy, but wholly an inquiry into the religious thought of the poem and the meaning of the allegorical symbols. It is a profound philosophical essay, and yet written with such skill and earnestness combined, that it absorbs one's close attention. Miss Blow shows herself to be in full sympathy with Dante, and writes in all the ardor of her admiration for him. This has not obscured her clear analytic insight or her thorough grasp of the hidden meaning of the poem. The essay will be most attractive to those who have some inclination to philosophy and theology, but its literary merit is so high that no reader can fail to find it deeply interesting: and all students and admirers of Dante will appreciate it highly as offering a clear explanation of many puzzling passages.

Saint Gregory's Guest and Recent Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

This is a dainty volume of poems, which everyone will welcome with pleasure, as coming from the greatest living American poet. The author, with that modesty which is characteristic of him, declares that he can offer no excuse for its publication, merely wishing to speak once more to those who have been pleased to listen to him in times gone by. As his books are found in every household, and as his fame is still growing, the public will hardly be inclined to regard a new volume from the aged poet in any other light than as a favor to them. It is tastefully bound in parchment, with illuminated vellum covers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

California. By Prof. Josiah Royce. In "American Commonwealths" Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

Consular Reminiscences. By G. Henry Horstmann. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

Witness My Hand. A Fenshire Story. New York: Cassell & Co. 25 cts. For sale by Judd.

Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian. Arranged and Edited for Young Readers. By Edward T. Bartlett, A.M., and John P. Peters, Ph.D. Vol. I. Hebrew Story. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

A Prince of Darkness. By Florence Warden. New York: Cassell & Co. 25 cts. For sale by Judd.

Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. New York: Cassell & Co. 10 cts. For sale by Peck.

Table Talk of Martin Luther. New York : Cassell & Co. 10 cts. For sale by Peck.

The Wisdom of the Ancients and New Atlantis. New York : Cassell & Co. 10 cts. For sale by Peck.

Marvelous in Our Eyes. A Story of Providence. By Emma E. Hornibrook. New York : Cassell & Co. 25 cts. For sale by Judd.

The King's Treasure House. A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Wilhelm Walloth. From the German by Mary T. Safford. New York : W. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Peck.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We wish that we had "Iulus," son of "Pious Aeneas," here. These editors' tables, which take up our time and keep us in out of the rain this beautiful Spring weather are a bore. But think, gentle reader, what a sanctum goat Iulus would have made. Can you not remember in those ante-equine days of preparation for college how "puer I—" said to "Pater Ae—" "Heu ! Heu ! consumimus mensas." Why did he die ?

We can't clip anything to speak of, for our far away exchanges seem to have lost some of their uncombed vigor, and the *Record* and *Courant* capture every poem that comes along, to fill up lost advertising space ; besides which those base ball scores take up a great deal of room in our exchanges which ordinarily is, whether for better or worse, devoted to literature. We don't wonder that poor *Misc. Vassar* rubs out her hairpins in desperation and turns away in disgusted and openly confessed ignorance. Why could not these accounts and scores be made poetical, expressing by varied meters the feelings of the audience, daily themes for noble epics. We might have dirges, wails and all forms of fine literature on this basis. Who will carry out the plan ?

By the way we notice a squib in the *Chronicle* at which we were much shocked, and not wishing to enjoy the shock alone we will repeat the remark that "Vassar girls are getting so modest that they will not look at a clothes line when the clothes are off." We had a friend up there on a visit, who said that they giggled so much that he had to hold their sides, but probably he was exaggerating. How can people say such things ?

In this issue, from a variety of reasons, it has been really impossible to critically examine our visitors, but in future more time will be given.

The volume of "Representative Poems of Living Poets," which has been going through the press of Messrs. Cassell & Company for some months past, will be ready for publication on the 14th of this month. There have been some delays in the publication of this volume, but they were delays that the public will profit by as they arose from the great care that has been taken in the making of the book. There are eighty poets, English and American, represented and there are two hundred and ninety-eight poems. These cover seven hundred and twelve pages, exclusive of Introduction, Preface and Indexes. Such a large book and one that is intended for a standard literary volume needs a great deal of care in its manufacture, and the publishers have spared no pains to make it as handsome typographically as its importance in contemporary literature demands. The book will be published simultaneously in England and America and its appearance in the former country is as eagerly awaited as it is here.

She lifted her crimson lips to mine—
How should I know of the hidden guile?
I only saw their winning curves
Wreathed in a tender smile.

She gave one glance from her limpid eyes,
How should I know of a trust betrayed?
Their untroubled depths as they met mine
Held neither fleck nor shade.

She pressed my hand with a timid clasp—
How should I know of a murdered love?
For love goes sorrowing year by year,
While the skies shine fair above.

It was Judas, we know, in the days of old,
Who betrayed by a tender sign—
Was the spirit of Judas living still,
As she lifted her lips to mine?

—*Bates' Student.*

*

Like ghosts they go before our eyes ;
They pass, nor ever meet us more,
But wander toward that far dim shore
Where sorrow sleeps and dreams and dies.

Old friends, old hopes, old memories,—
They leave us poorer than before,
Like ghosts they go.

Ah, shadows in a world of lies,
They come and go forevermore ;
Their feet are slow and worn and sore,—
We watch them pass in dull surprise—
Like ghosts they go.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

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VOL. LI.

No. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum meos gratæ manet, nonnulli laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt Scholæ, unanimesque PATRES."

JUNE, 1886.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Thompson's,

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-first Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

JUNE, 1886.

No. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES,

CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.

WILLIAM KENT,

WILLIAM L. PHELPS,

JOHN N. POMEROY.

MORAL SELFISHNESS.

IF there is any character in literature for which I have a thorough contempt, it is the character of Hilda in *The Marble Faun*. "Her soul was like a star and dwelt apart;" but from the selfish sanctity of its seclusion, no real good resulted; no one was aided or cheered in the struggle of life; no one could confide in her, for she could not even confide in herself. Her nature had the purity of an angel, but not the purity of a noble woman. She was no help to sinners; she was their despair. She drew back in horror from contact with sin, because she had neither the strength of character to endure what was revolting to her, nor the self-sacrificing spirit to share another's burden of sorrow. Her purity was like that of one who refuses to rescue a drowning man, for fear of having his clothes soiled. Hilda has been held up as the ideal of a pure religious life. She gave up the world and worldly pleasure; easily enough, for she abhorred it. But she had no conception of the meaning of the word *self-denial*. She forgot that in order to attain to the height of self-sacrifice—which is the searching test of character—one must give up something more than temporal pleasure,

one must open his heart to the common inheritance of suffering. She never gave up herself. She would let a soul die in despair, rather than have the delicacy of her character blunted. Her life was full of light, and it refused to be invaded by the darkness of another's sorrow. And so a nature that was deeply sympathetic and beautiful in its simple piety, was closed and locked, and kept totally useless.

This is a type of character that is not very common in these days, and which men in college rarely see. If it had no especial influence, it would hardly be worth the time spent in its condemnation. Attention is called to it chiefly to show that there can be a moral selfishness, a selfishness that springs from pure moral motives and from a longing for the elevation of character. The difficulty is that natures as profoundly selfish as Hilda's are constantly exalted as ideals, and men walking in the common paths of active life look up to them with a sigh. Nothing is so harmful as a false standard of morality; for few enough are willing to attempt to guide themselves by a standard, and if their conception of the ideal is blurred or distorted, their lives become one-sided and a stumbling-block to others.

There is another type of moral selfishness which is more common and which men in college often see. Like the other, it is not usually recognized as selfishness, but regarded as something quite the reverse. It prevails chiefly among earnest and ambitious men, who appreciate the fact that life is not a gift to be sold for a mess of pottage, but a serious reality, a game well worth taking pains to play well. We are bound to respect and honor these men. They have found out half the secret of life, at any rate. They have set before themselves some goal, perhaps in politics, in business or in literature. They are determined to win a high place in the world. They are equally determined to gain the prize they have in view by no dishonorable means. We often see men like this in college, for college men being familiar with the lives of so many of the great, and being naturally hopeful, are peculiarly susceptible to the fever of fame.

A college education is a bad thing for a man, if he shuts his eyes to the world without and loses himself wholly in college affairs. For he fails to appreciate the pitiful littleness of his four years life as compared with the magnitude and importance of the life of the outside world. We undergraduates are apt to consider ourselves a higher class of men; a thoughtful set of men, men who know a little more than the common run of humanity, and who must be treated as persons of considerable importance. In reality we are comparatively thoughtless, almost infants. Our manner of living and ways of thought are such as to tend to make us take an optimistic view of life, and to avoid facing unpleasant truths. We, preëminently of all men, believe what we wish to believe; we are annoyed and puzzled by painful mysteries, and we think we have solved them, when in reality we have only forgotten them. We look upon life as a thing to make something out of, as a great business scheme which we must enter with the intention of winning as many prizes as possible. If a man comes out on top, we persuade ourselves that he has led a successful life; if he fails to win distinction in the eyes of the world, we look on him just as we are too apt to look on those who fail to win prominence in college, as men of no particular ability or merit.

This is where the moral selfishness comes in. We wish to attain distinction in life, and we must do it by getting ahead of our associates. If we have a good college education, and have—at the sacrifice of considerable pleasure—made the most of our opportunities during the four years, we look upon what we have gained as so much capital, and we go out into life with a good start, the very impetus of which places us far ahead of some men who have been toiling harder. We fall into the error of thinking that society owes us something; that having so much more culture than the average, society is bound to look favorably upon us, and help us to succeed. At any rate, society must see to it that we do not fail, that we are surpassed by no others who are less favored. It is the old error. We reason that because we are in a position where

we *can* be of some use in the world, that society is already indebted to us. In reality society owes us nothing. It has been helping us all along when we were not able to help ourselves. We have been drawing from it continually. We have taken the best things out of it for ourselves. We have taken its best culture and elevated ourselves with it. We have taken its best thought and its highest morality, and have thereby grown intellectually and morally. Now, when we are at last firmly on our feet and able to walk, why does it not occur to us that we are the debtors to society, and owe it the best fruit of our work? Is it wholly equitable to look upon it as something beneath us, over which we may climb to personal success?

Modern thought tends to encourage this moral selfishness. The central law of the received Political Economy is selfishness. A whole science is built upon one law, that every man in the world is a seeker of personal happiness. The subject is studied not from an ethical but from a scientific standpoint. The principles of Political Economy are drilled into us not to show us how we ought to conduct ourselves in the world, but to show us how we can—in a legal way, of course—conduct ourselves so as to get as much as possible away from everybody else. If one should venture to assert that he is not justified in setting a limit to his aggrandizement when he has a chance of alleviating the distress of men around him, he would be ridiculed as unbusiness-like and unscientific; and to be pointed at in this latter half of the nineteenth century as unscientific is to be regarded as a fool, an appellation which no man is desirous of gaining for himself. It has been truly said that the principle of modern society is war. It is a great race, where the hindmost must share the proverbial fate.

Practical success in the world is as false an ideal as religious asceticism. If the morality of the *De Imitatione Christi* is not high enough for us, neither is the morality which tells us simply to make the most of our talents. The man who deserves the highest admiration and the

most profound respect is the man who has actually aided his human brethren, who has left the world better than when he entered it. It is not a hopeless ideal of character. It is not necessary to crush a tyrant or overthrow an aristocracy to be the greatest social reformer; it is the men who by unselfish lives and by a good influence on thought, who elevate the moral tone of the community. Individual work must be satisfied with accomplishing that.

Men in college are not often face to face with the mystery of life. They have no conception of the amount of misery and sorrow in the world. Their lives are comparatively free from it, even from anxiety. It would be right and well for us to forget this omnipresent suffering, and to shut the thought of it from our minds, were it not for the fact that our lives may alleviate or increase it. But college men, in spite of the fact that they have not the instructions of experience, are especially fitted to become useful members of society. If they have entered into college life with any earnestness, they have the advantage of a well-trained mind and body, and a symmetrical character. Their prevailing good sense and direct way of thinking, peculiarly qualify them to grasp social problems and to comprehend the laws that govern society; and if they go into favorite studies like Political Economy not for the sake of being better fitted for political success, nor for the pleasure of studying life indifferently, but with the ambition to lessen some of the general distress and suffering, then the community must be the better for their presence, and their lives will be of some use to the world. With regard to the question whether happiness and fullness of character result from such an ambition, it may be well to notice the significance of the fact that Goethe, who is acknowledged to be one of the wisest of men, made Faust supremely happy only when he was unselfishly interested in the welfare of others.

IPHIGENIA'S SONG.

FROM GOETHE.

Let men of all races
The holy gods fear.
They hold the dominion
In hands everlasting,
And they can exert it
As they may see fit.

Let him fear them doubly
Whom they have exalted.
On cliffs amid cloud banks
Are couches made ready
Around golden tables.

If discord arises
Then plunge the guests headlong
Reviled and dishonored,
To murky abysses,—
And vainly await they
A judgment impartial.

But they—they continue
In feasting incessant
At tables all golden.
From mountain to mountain
They step with vast striding :
From mouths of deep chasms
The breath rises to them
Of smothering Titans,
Like savor from victims—
A light mass of vapor.

These arrogant rulers
Avert from whole races
Their glances propitious,
And deign not to look on
The once beloved features—
Now mutely appealing—
In offspring recurring.

Thus chanted the Parcae ;
An old man,—an exile,—
In dark caverns lurking,
O'erhears them while singing,
Remembers his offspring,
And shakes his grey head.

—*Fred. P. Solky.*

THE KORAN.

THE Koran is the foundation of Mohammedanism. Among the sacred writings of all ages none have been held in higher reverence or followed with greater precision by their believers than the Koran. What the Bible is to the Christian the Koran, in a still greater degree, is to the Mohammedan. He cannot so much as touch it without being first washed or legally purified.

Its use in public worship, in schools, and in the common affairs of daily life is far more extensive than the reading of any other book, as, for example, the Bible in Christian communities, and hence it has been truly described as the most widely read book in existence. It professes to be a revelation proceeding immediately from the hand of the Almighty, and to the pious Moslem all its precepts even to the minor details of religious ceremonial or domestic privilege came, word for word, as direct from God as did the Ten Commandments to the children of Israel. With such unquestioning faith in its divine origin one ceases to wonder that for twelve centuries, with scarce an erasure or addition, in the original Arabic in which it was revealed, and in the same quarter of the globe it has stood as the absolute authority on all points relating to polity, to science, and to the religious duties of daily life. And to-day in India, Africa, and Australia the advancing influence of the creed it professes far exceeds the influence of Christianity, while it attests its permanency by keeping bound to its theology and enchanted by its doctrines over sixty millions of people. Yet the reasons for this widespread and ever increasing influence of the Koran is not only to be found in the book itself, but also in the character of the nations who have accepted it. It has allowed enjoyments denied by other creeds, permitted sensuous pleasures particularly acceptable in the climate where alone it has had great power, and has so moulded its doctrines as to suit the predatory band of Bedoweens without offending the luxurious tastes of the Eastern despot.

Taken by itself the Koran is, for the most part, confused and unintelligible. To attain a clear idea of its teachings and beauty it must be studied as it was revealed in connection with the life of Mohammed. It was revealed piecemeal to suit the varying conditions of his career, and is as much a history of his prophetic mission as a law for Mohammedan guidance or a creed for their belief.

Putting aside for the present all discussion as to whether Mohammed was an imposter or enthusiast let us look at the facts of his life as illustrated by the Koran, which is indeed but little more than the outgrowth of his life.

After his advantageous marriage with Kadijah he formed the scheme of establishing a new religion or, as he expressed it, of reestablishing the only true and ancient one revealed to Abraham and practiced by his descendants, which consisted in the worship of one only God. Whether enthusiast or imposter, the design was a noble one, and in either case he possessed the personal qualifications for accomplishing his purpose. Of acquired learning he had little or none, and instead of being ashamed of this fact his followers glory in calling him (as he is called in the Koran itself) the illiterate prophet.

The story is told that, when perplexed with this unsolved religious problem, he was in the habit of retiring for days at a time to a cave in Mount Hira. On one such occasion he saw the vision of an angel, who commanded him to "Cry! Cry! aloud, in the name of the Lord, the most merciful God, who hath taught the use of the pen to record revelation." A short time after he again heard the voice of the heavenly messenger saying "Rise up and warn! and thy Lord magnify! and thy garments purify! and abomination shun!"

Here was his ordination, and this the date of the commencement of his mission as a teacher and prophet. He was forty years old, and from this time on his confidence in himself as the accredited messenger of God never wavers. If it became necessary to show some proof of this assumption what better evidence could be found than word direct from Heaven. Hence we find him as occa-

sion demanded, claiming to be the mouthpiece of God in laying down certain lines of conduct for himself and others, always prefixing these utterances with the words "In the name of the most merciful God, speak," and this formula is placed or must be understood at the beginning of every sura (or chapter) of the Koran.

The first five lines of the ninety-sixth sura entitled, "Congealed Blood," is generally agreed to have been the first revealed passage, and was followed by the 68th, the 74th and the 1st. The ninety-sixth reads as follows: "Read in the name of thy Lord who hath created all things! who hath created man of congealed blood! Read by thy most beneficent Lord who taught the use of the pen! who teacheth man that which he knoweth not." The last sentence is one of the many passages which are pointed out by the pious Moslem as proof of the illiteracy of Mohammed and the truth of his claim that God himself was the author.

He revealed these passages verbally by reciting or dictating them to his followers, by whom they were treasured, either in memory or on written tablets. The work of conversion, however, was slow. In the course of three years he had gained only about forty disciples, consisting of his own relations, friends and dependents.

But though the growth was slow, it was constant, and the courage of the prophet outstripped the snail-like progress of his mission. Day by day he grew bolder in proclaiming the divine message—the absolute unity of God! the authority of himself as His prophet! the moral duties of prayer and fasting, and the certainty of a future state. He now began to attack the *Koreish* (a tribe of personal enemies), his suras becoming longer and the style more prosaic, though louder than ever in denunciation of idolatrous worship. "Why," it is scornfully asked, "Implore help from images which have no power to move even the husk of a date stone?"

The *Koreish* returned his attacks by persecution, and the suras of the period reflect the varying conditions of the struggle. At length, after twelve years of persecution,

Mohammed resolved to quit Mecca for Medina, to leave the ungrateful and rebellious city for one where he was sure of a kindly welcome and a religious freedom he had never known. From this epoch, called the "Hegira," dates his wordly success, but it also marks the beginning of a grave deterioration in his moral character. The earnest preacher of a pure religion, undismayed by persecution and undaunted by danger, becomes, when in the midst of power, a despot, at times fanatical and cruel, and with the added taint of personal ambition, which his earlier zeal had seemed to lack. From being the despised preacher of a small congregation, he became from his first entrance into Medina the leader of a powerful party, and gradually the autocratic ruler of Arabia. This difference appears in the Koran. Heretofore he had declared that his business was only to preach and admonish, and that he had no authority to compel any person to embrace his religion. Whether people believed or not rested solely in God's hands. He exhorted them to bear patiently their injuries, and he himself chose rather to quit the place of his birth than to make resistance. But after his flight the Koran is pitched in a tone of intense bitterness, and the severity of its utterances are matched by corresponding deeds of violence. As his power increased he assumed the position of a ruler, and the Koran is used for making public his commands still purporting to emanate from the deity as addressed to His prophet.

Statutes on civil and criminal law, orders about the distribution of booty, ordinances about marriage and slavery, and instructions about social intercourse even to Mohammed's domestic privileges are freely intermingled with his religious teaching. About the fifth or sixth year of the Hegira it becomes little better than a military report. A fresh revelation is produced to meet every emergency, such as the 2d, the 47th and 48th, to permit the execution of certain captives, the destruction of some date trees that hindered military operations, or one on his marriage with another man's wife, and lest his own incontinence should encourage the same thing in his wives, it

was revealed that they were to have a double punishment in case of any such conduct, while the jealousy of Mohammed was finally alloyed by the injunction that his wives should never marry again even after his death.

His appetite for power and conquest seemed to increase by what it fed upon, and the deeds of fanatical cruelty which darkened his career, culminated in the inhuman massacre of seven hundred Jewish captives, and the subjugation of all their women to slavery.

In the tenth year of the Hegira he performed a farewell pilgrimage, and on the sacred Mount of Arafât he recited certain passages of the Koran ending with the verse: "This day have I perfected my religion unto you." Returning to Medina he admonished the people in their various duties, and in conclusion said: "Verily I have fulfilled my mission. I have left that amongst you, a plain command—the Book of God, and manifest ordinances, which if ye hold fast ye shall never go astray." Two months later he died, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The Koran was the mirror of Mohammed's convictions, or rather the teachings he desired to see mirrored in the minds of others. You must not expect to find there any settled system of doctrine or exposition of great principles. The ideas of Mohammed changed as his temporal state changed, and his utterances called forth by the events of the moment took their shape and beauty accordingly. All contradiction was removed by the saving maxim that any text of Scripture is abrogated or modified by any subsequent passage. Since Mohammed's strength lay in his enthusiastic nature and fiery imagination rather than in ideas and clearness of reasoning it follows that the Koran lacks that connected thought and convincing logic which are essential to prove its monstrous claims and to entitle it to a high place as a literary product. The thought in the earlier suras, where his enthusiasm, unstained by ambition and imagination and unsullied by lust, had free scope, is always pure and sometimes grandly beautiful. But in the later suras the beauty of thought as well as of style is most generally clouded if not over-

shadowed by the evil in his nature. Some doctrines, indeed, are held to without variation through the Koran. The unity of God, the immortality of the soul and the resurrection with retribution for good and evil are found everywhere as well as the foundation creed, "There is no God but the Lord and Mohammed is his apostle."

As an argument against its literary value may be cited the fact already alluded to, that it is almost unintelligible when read without copious notes and in connection with the life of the author, while its lack of plan, symmetry or movement makes it as uninteresting to the literary dabbler as to the profound scholar. But it is almost impossible to judge of its true place in the realm of letters, because of the great difficulty in translating it. Written in a sort of rhyming prose, the charm of its graceful, sonorous sentences is lost when stripped of the gay surroundings of Arabic beauty. Scholars acquainted with that eastern tongue tell us that in its purest type it is in the highest degree copious, musical and eloquent, and that these qualities all meet in the Koran. Mohammed continually appealed to its extraordinary beauty and purity as an evidence of its divine source, and challenged unbelievers to produce any passage in any literature, sacred or secular, worthy to be compared with a single chapter in the Koran: to which Dean Stanley replied by asking whether any single passage in the book can be compared with Paul's description of charity in the epistle to the Corinthians.

The following is a passage which partially illustrates this beauty even though read through the medium of an English translation. It is entitled the "Folding Up." "When the sun shall be folded up, and the stars shall fall, and the mountains be put in motion, and the seas boil, and the leaves of the book be unrolled, and the Heavens be stripped off like a skin, and the hills begin to blaze and Paradise draw near, then shall every soul know what it has done." Imagine that repeated under the burning sun of Arabia in the rhyming prose peculiar to the Koran, to a multitude of assembled Moslems, hushed into stillness by a devotion as sincere as it was intense, and with the awful

reverence paid to every word as spoken direct from the lips of God. Yet in general the style of the Koran is not poetical—though the rhyme is regularly maintained—but rather rhetorical. In narrative it is vehement and abrupt when it should be otherwise, and indispensable links are often omitted; while the large amount of “superfluous verbiage” detracts greatly from the style.

But among the Mohammedans it has always been looked upon as the most perfect model of (style) and language, and it is a fact that there has never been an Arabic writer who surpassed the Koran in these particulars.

A book, however, which has so long remained an object of veneration to so many millions of the human race and retained its extraordinary power for twelve centuries, must possess some intrinsic merits and some singular power of fascination. These are to be found partly in the style in which it was written and partly in the great truths which it inculcates, and this brings us to our last point, the moral precepts and doctrines of the Koran.

As the framework of Islam is the Koran, so the framework of the Koran is a pure monotheism. Its finest passages are those in which the majesty, power and wisdom of this infinite and ever-living Being are set forth in sublime and magnificent language. For example: “God! there is no God but He; the living, the self-subsisting; neither slumber nor sleep layeth hold of Him. To Him belongeth whatever is in Heaven or on earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him but through his good pleasure. He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto men, and they shall not comprehend anything that He knoweth but so far as He pleaseth. His throne is extended over Heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burden unto Him. It is He who hath created the heavens and earth in truth, and whensoever he saith unto a thing, ‘Be,’ it is. He knoweth that which is on the dry land and in the sea: there falleth no leaf but He knoweth it; neither is there a grain in the dark places of the earth, nor a green thing, nor a dry thing, but it is noted in His clear book. It is He who causeth you

to sleep by night, and knoweth what ye merit by day: He also awaketh you therein, that the preordained term of your lives may be fulfilled; then unto Him shall ye return, and He shall declare unto you that which ye have wrought."

There is no priesthood in Islam. Man deals immediately with his God, and yet that same God has predestined every event which can happen to man. From this fact, fear and passive obedience, rather than love, should be the prevailing attitude of the Mohammedan mind towards God, and we find that the very name of their religion signifies "Resignation to the will of God." Their rigid monotheism does not admit of a plurality of persons in one Godhead, and hence Christ and the Holy Ghost as divine Beings were utterly repugnant to them. But the Koran inculcates a belief in angels and genii who are in constant attendance upon human beings. It also teaches the resurrection of the body, and a day of judgment, when the books will be produced wherein men's actions are registered, and each shall be destined either for hell-fire or paradise. Such, in fine, might be called the theology of Islam. All this was infinitely purer and better than the polytheism and gross superstition existing in Arabia in the time of the prophet. And in much of his moral practice and ceremonials a vast advance was made. But his conception of paradise and of women was so low and sensual as to easily prove the Koran to be the work of an uninspired mind and a gross, if not evil, nature. There the faithful, arrayed in costly raiment of silk and adorned with bracelets of gold and pearls, should repose on soft couches, lulled by the most entrancing music and perfumes, with rivers of wine and clarified honey at their feet, shaded by perpetual fruit trees, and attended by dark-eyed damsels of immortal youthfulness and super-human beauty.

As Mohammed's aim after the acknowledgment of his apostolic mission was to remodel the national life, it was natural that he should frame a number of positive precepts touching every department of moral character. The Koran thus became the civil code and guide for all ceremo-

nials, as well as the religious oracle of his disciples. Prayer five times a day, alms-giving, fasting, the treatment of women, marriage, and the business and social intercourse of men, are strictly regulated. The vices absolutely forbidden are drunkenness, unlimited polygamy, gambling, extortionate usury and magic. It did not hesitate to borrow from other religions and sacred writings, and indeed acknowledged Abraham, Moses and Christ as men with authority from God. It relates, though in a style vastly inferior to the Bible, the stories of Joseph, Moses, Solomon, and the Virgin Mary, and even Jewish traditions, but never gives the Bible or Talmud the credit for them.

But as we test a bridge by its weakest span, so we must test the Koran by its most doubtful practices, and these are embodied in the passages relating to women. Here was the weakest spot in the prophet's nature, and just here lies the lowest plane of the Koran. Sensual in their tone and slavish in their appreciation of woman's position, these passages have done as much if not more than all the other portions of the Koran combined to keep back the civilization of the East nearly twelve centuries. A paradise whose chief attraction is to be dark-eyed nymphs of eternal and superhuman beauty, places the reward of holy living on the same level with the brutes of the field.

In comparison with the Bible, the Koran on every page discloses a startling contrast. The strength of the one lies in its variety, in its singleness of movement and conception, and in its liberality. The strength of the other rests in its unity, its intolerance and narrowness. For a confused mass of idolatrous superstitions, the Koran substituted a pure monotheistic faith, abolished vicious practices, raised the moral and improved the social condition of the people, and introduced a rational ceremonial in worship. But it lacked tolerance, purity and grandness of conception, and when it put forth in the name of the Almighty a new code of civil, political, police and criminal laws, it impressed on its author the stamp of human weakness, and exposed itself to certain defeat by the future inroads of Christian civilization.

James R. Sheffield.

CHOPIN'S G MINOR NOCTURNE.

Weary, forlorn and sad, as the sun sinks low
And casts scant beams thro' the darkling forest trees,
A lone wayfarer wanders ill at ease
Deep wrapped in thought, where sluggishly and slow
The waters of an idle streamlet flow ;
And lost in mazy, morbid reveries
'Neath the hemlock boughs and the poplars tall and grim,
He walks apart, till borne on the evening breeze
Come swelling strains of holy peace, as though
The sweet-voiced angels sang a vesper hymn
In the dusky shadows of the world below.
In their hillside chapel, bowed at evening prayer,
The nuns are chanting thro' the twilight dim.
Softly and sweet, in plaintive harmonies
Their song rings thro' the darkening vale, and there
He stands and listens awe struck till it dies.
The nuns' ethereal hymn has cleaved the air
And vanished with the day in Paradise.
Then once again, with tired step and slow
He treads thro' the gloomy woodland, full of care,
Weary, forlorn, and sad, as the sun sinks low.

—*William McCormick.*

GLIMPSES OF A CONVENTIONAL NEW ENGLAND COMMUNITY.

ABOUT a stout day's tramp on the old turnpike that dodges in and out along the coast on its course from New Haven eastward, and heroically surmounts every eminence, however forbidding, rather than add a furlong by skirting its base, you come upon a quiet Connecticut village dozing in the shade of a grove of elms in a state of chronic conservatism. You will recognize at a glance one of those typical communities that might be lifted bodily and dropped into a summer novel as the conventional "New England village." No very exhaustive search, I venture, would be required to bring to light all the

familiar features that have become inseparably associated with that somewhat trite background for additions to the department of fiction. It lies on either side of a spacious avenue, flanked by broad-chimneyed, gabled homesteads, and checquered here and there with the geometric, unattractive products of more modern times. An atmosphere of sleepy contentment pervades the place, and as you breathe it you are vividly reminded of certain communities that have figured in literature in which the good people, the inhabitants, for a century or more have jogged along a decade or two in the rear of civilization.

The sentiment of the community still shows traces of former partiality toward Puritanical tenets, especially in the regularity of attendance at divine service. We might make use of this custom, and from the vantage ground of the "meeting house" steps survey all the interesting celebrities of the place as the good people scatter homeward with the parson's last words of admonition echoing in their ears. Above and behind us, fashioned in the models of what is styled, I believe, "colonial" architecture, with the dignity of seventy years bearing down upon its massive, fluted pillars, and doubly respected from the long line of distinguished pastors that have ministered from its pulpit, and that of the older church before it, the building looks benignly out upon the village "green." There the youthful heirs of the place have their sporting ground, and in former years all vagrant domestic animals, whose owners lacked either the energy or the inclination to keep them at home, found a pasture. Eminently in keeping with the conservative policy of the town, the wooden works of the steeple clock long ago sank into a condition of inaction, so that now the passer reads perpetual noon—or midnight—from the worn faces.

After the service the members of the weaker sex in the congregation linger in the vestibule for gossip and mutual examination of costume, while the men gather in knots under the trees to discuss agricultural prospects and perhaps some mooted theological doctrine, which the sermon has promulgated in a manner not to their liking. There

are, here and there, specimens of that beribboned, ruddy type of femininity, the "simple village maid," and of the gossip-vending, tea-drinking spinster, while more than one sun-browned farmer, standing supremely uncomfortable in Sunday broadcloth, is "reck'nin'" and "cal'latin'" on crops, politics, or the latest country sensation. Strutting about from group to group with an air of possession, and with character written in every wrinkle of his grim countenance, goes a rheumatic fossil who plays the part of sexton. He is in search of the minister, one of whose announcements, that the church will be used for an extra temperance meeting during the following week, meets with his decided disapproval. He has discharged the duties of his office for so many years that he has grown to look upon the church as his personal property—and no doubt he considers that it is through his munificence alone that public worship is held there. The fact that he has been left almost undisturbed in his management, added to to an inborn conviction of his own superiority, has strengthened this belief. He is allowed to ring the bell at hours that suit his convenience, approximating however to the stated ones, and on more occasions than one has flatly refused to open the church for proposed exercises, that are outside the established routine, asserting that "my church shall not be used." The minister, indeed, is said to have often jestingly added as a proviso, when arranging for such occasions, "if the sexton be willing." He is besides immensely proud of his argumentative powers, and enjoys nothing better than to start a debate in the village store on some philosophical question, and after talking his opponents dumb by sheer flow of words, to pose on a barrel head and expound as long as a listener remains. He is well stocked with anecdotes of the place during the last century, and if meantime you scrupulously avoid all appearances of argument, so as not to divert his thoughts, he will retail them to you untiringly.

Two of these, that have to do with the meeting house and illustrate the independence of action that was a characteristic element among the older stock, I remember, but not

well enough to reproduce them in the quaint dialect that he spoke.

At a meeting of the church members, years before, for the purpose of calling a new minister to occupy the then vacant pulpit, a certain Mr. Dorr alone objected to the selection of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, and stubbornly held out against the whole body of the church. Discussion was growing somewhat heated, when a wag, who had been silent up to this moment, rose sedately, and said: "I have just had a dream, brethren, and in it I was conveyed to the nether realm. I saw the arch-fiend pose on his sable throne and listening to the reports that were made as his emissaries came from the various quarters of this world." "What is doing at L——?" asked his majesty of me, when I had been presented. "The good people are choosing a parson," I answered. "Indeed," said the quondam serpent, "bring me my boots, I must have a hand in that. But stop a moment; who is taking an active part in the proceedings?" "Mr. Dorr," I replied, "is bitterly opposing the calling of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons." His reply came instantly: "Oh, very good, very good; if my 'Sarvant' Dorr is there, it's all right, take back the boots." The speaker sat down, and from that day the name of "Sarvant Dorr" clung to his victim.

The scene of the other story was an older church, standing on the Meeting-house hills, a half mile to the east of the village. A certain former pastor, who ministered to the spiritual wants of his flock upon that spot, was an extremely nervous man, somewhat peevish, and inclined to be too exacting in regard to the deportment of his congregation during the service. On a certain Sunday he surprised his listeners by stopping abruptly in his sermon and refusing to proceed, because "Andrew Lummis has a wig on in church." That individual, scion of the Lummis family and aged fourteen summers, had appeared in church that day adorned with the head gear his deceased father had used to conceal his baldness. He occupied a conspicuous seat at the front of the gallery, and was at that moment engaged in somewhat irreverent pan-

tomime to the amusement of other frivolous minds in the congregation, wholly unconscious that he was rapidly arousing the choler of his venerated pastor. To restore order, one of the church officers immediately rose and requested that the objectionable article be removed. The offender, being somewhat stubborn by nature, and withal immensely proud of the sleek black curls that dangled caressingly about his ear, peremptorily replied: "I wont; my old man before me wore his'n in meetin' and I've as good a right to do the same." Either because he saw the hopelessness of his case, or because he deemed it best to defer reproving the refractory member of his audience until some less public occasion, the pastor restored peace by going on with his discourse. But before many minutes he halted again and sulkily sat down. Church officer, in astonishment: "What's the matter this time, Parson Colton?" The Parson: "That window is broken, and my throat is too weak to stand the draught." Andrew Lummis, from the gallery, seizing his wig and, after deliberate aim, launching it at the parson: "There ye be; take the durned old thing and stuff up the hole."

Besides its conventional features, contrary to what one might expect, the town has its quota of characters and budget of quaint historical anecdotes and of noteworthy achievements of its sons in the world, which, if ever they find a chronicler, will afford a foundation for a second Old Town Folks.

TWO MEN OF ITALY.

FEW of those who visit the Italy of the present day, bring away with them anything more than an idea of its past glories. Ask them what they have seen, and they will tell you of the old cathedrals, the ruined palaces and all the other noble relics of an age gone by; but should you question them in regard to its present inhabitants, their most vivid recollection would be, probably, the picturesque peasants of the Compagna or even the beggars on the Corso. As to the people's progress as a living, modern nation, they have only the vaguest ideas.

And yet Italy during the last half century has had a history well worth a closer study. From a land parcelled out into a dozen insignificant duchies, oppressed by as many petty despotisms, she has become a powerful nation, with even a promise of some of her ancient greatness. For her sake during these fifty years thousands of unknown heroes have sacrificed their fortunes and their lives, until their efforts at last have been successful, and their state is once more herself.

From these countless Italian patriots, three men have risen preëminent and taken their stand before the world as the real saviours of their country, Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi. Of these three men, however, the first two may be considered as the true leaders, for Garibaldi, in spite of his bravery and self-devotion, was, after all, but a rough old soldier, rushing hot-headed into every conflict, and just as apt to thwart the plans of his principals as to carry them out.

On turning then to Mazzini and Cavour, what differences and yet what similarity of purpose do we find! Now both working earnestly in the same direction, now each fighting bitterly against the other, they seem to have had but one common trait, a disinterested and absorbing love of country. And no wonder they differed, when we come to the character and education of each. It was natural for Count Cavour, a noble by birth and brought up at the

court of Sardinia, to have a leaning toward the King and a strong belief in the power of diplomacy to effect the rescue of Italy. On the other hand Mazzini, coming from democratic Genoa, felt with all his heart that any form of monarchy was but a compromise with evil, and voiced the sentiments of thousands, when he cried, "Down with all diplomacy! Italy can never be freed save by the *people*, and by the people alone."

The effect of this difference in temperament became very apparent in the life of each. Cavour by his high abilities quickly gained the favor and support of the Sardinian king. Thereafter, backed by this strong power, his wonderful statesmanship had free play, and he never was at a loss for men or means to carry out his plans. A judicious alliance with France drove out the oppressing Austrians from Lombardy; other states in time united with the conquerors, until, after years of incessant toil, the count could truly say, that through him Italy had become a nation.

But in the meanwhile what of Mazzini? His was the loftier, the truer patriotism. For him Italy must not only be united, but free; and to be free, in his mind, meant to be a republic. Moreover he could not conceive of a republic, worthy of the name, which owed its establishment to the efforts of a king. Kings were the natural enemies of liberty. Italy could never become the champion of democracy in Europe, while a foreign tyrant could point his finger at her and say, "I made that nation." No, her safety must be accomplished by Italians alone, and in their hands and for this purpose, Mazzini sanctioned all violent means, almost to assassination. Opinions as bold and radical as this could not be endured by an Austrian despotism still at its height. Mazzini fled, and for twenty years the Continent heard of him only as a mysterious conspirator, hunted about from place to place, yet ever appearing again at the head of some fruitless insurrection.

England, however, had the fortune to meet him in a different light. Driven from the various continental cities, one by one, he at last took refuge in London in 1837.

There he was safe; and how he charmed all who met him! Even now stolid Englishmen grow enthusiastic as they recall the broad patriotism and unswerving devotion of the quiet little man who lived so long among them. His kindness and charity were invariable. It was curious to see the dread "anarchist," at whose name every tyrant in Europe trembled, teaching a school of ragged children. But now and then he would disappear from among his English friends and then shortly would come the news of another revolt in Italy, followed on its suppression by measures harsher than ever against its leader, Mazzini. Yet in a few days he would always reappear in London and silently resume his work, showing only by a trifle sadder and more care-worn expression, the anxiety and disappointment he had just experienced. When word came of Cavour's great achievements, Mazzini did not share the general enthusiasm. He knew how far below his own ideal the greatest possible diplomatic success would fall, and hence when Louis Napoleon broke his great promises, to the Italians, Mazzini was not disappointed. On the contrary, so firm was he in upholding his old principles, that when Victor Emmanuel was crowned king of all Italy, he would not accept office under the new government. He had desired a republic; in its place they offered him his old abomination, royalty.

In judging of these two characters from their visible works, Cavour certainly had achieved the greatest success. He had seen that Italy in her helpless and ignorant condition needed some strong hand from without to raise her to independence; and his statesmanship secured for her the needed assistance. His mind was of an essentially practical turn. To him Mazzini's petty revolts seemed worse than useless. He did not appreciate their really great service in keeping the national spirit roused and expectant, but looked upon them merely as a waste of men and money. On the other hand Mazzini erred in not being able to distinguish fully the ideal and the practical. He was too far in advance of his times. His theories were as noble and perfect, perhaps, as have ever been con-

ceived of by the human mind, but in the state of existing affairs they were impracticable. Yet it must be said for him that he never was so engrossed by them as to neglect the daily opportunities of doing good about him. He was an exile and in the greatest poverty, yet he was always ready to share what little he had with some one poorer than himself. Harsh and unrelenting as he was toward all forms of tyranny, his feelings toward mankind in general were of the most benevolent character. His one dream was of all the nations of the world existing side by side in perfect harmony, rivalling each other only in liberty and justice.

The patriotism of Cavour, as far as it went, was strong and deep, but it was limited to his king and his country: Mazzini's philanthropy embraced the whole earth. To Cavour Italy owes her present freedom; the world is Mazzini's debtor.

Henry Stimson.



NOTABILIA.

THE unpleasant result of the recent examination in the Freshman base ball optional, brings a lesson with it which may well be pointed out and emphasized to future classes. It is rather too late to find fault with the fact that the poorest class nine which Harvard ever turned out has been met by one from Yale so much worse that even the advantages of home soil and multifarious yelling on the part of the class were not sufficient to obtain victory. If we examine into the causes we will find them in the self-complacent arrogance and blind trust in past victories, added to a lack of fidelity in training which ought to have disqualified a large part of the team. In the management of Freshman teams there is a great room for improvement. As soon as the nine is selected there is apt to be a feeling of aristocracy and ownership of the class springing

up among its members. Whatever they may do they imagine to be their responsibility alone. If they overstep the limits of training they seldom lose their places, and the fact that they bear the college name and have the honor of the college to support, seems to weigh lightly with them. Such are apt to be the worse features of the Freshman nines which, perhaps, an impressive start in the right direction might correct. It should be duly brought before the next Freshman class that, besides the struggle for the Freshman fence, they are upholding Yale colors, and that unless they show a tendency to improve on the shiftless course of the present Freshman class, we would strongly advise that they should be disowned by the college.

A CERTAIN article in the May number of the *New Englander* is interesting as showing how naked of all hypocritical cloak of kindness and right feeling the conservative mind may be and be not ashamed. Its subject is, as usual, the Alumni interest in college government. Compelled as the writer is to be exceeding brief, he occasionally fails to fortify his vehement convictions by the soundest logic. An Alumnus, for instance, is defined as "merely one who has received the bounty of the college." A strenuous effort on St. Elihu's part to take the author at his word led him into an unaccustomed field of mathematical research, from which he culled the startling fact, that from each and every recitation of the year each and every undergraduate comes away enriched by at least thirty cents worth of such bounty. In view of this discovery Elihu was obliged to confess that gratitude was largely swallowed up in astonishment which was in no wise lessened as he read on. "The Alumni," he finds, "have no *rights* whatever, in any proper sense of the word, in the selection of members of the corporation." Elihu was again somewhat puzzled; the reasoning did not flash upon him in all its lucidness till he reflected that the word "rights" may have a legal as well as a moral significance. The easy application of the argument to slavery or any

moral evil that has had a legal sanction disturbed him slightly, but he again read on. "More business enterprise . . . leading possibly to greater interest and pecuniary benefactions on the part of the *rich* Alumni might well be desired." Unhappily there was but little more to read, and in concluding Elihu was forced with sorrow to the reflection that, if these statements are to stand as the expression of Yale's most enlightened sentiment, perhaps the unworldliness so often attributed to the college government is not so deeply to be deplored as a lack of perfect saintliness.

AMONG the manifold projects for improvement and innovation in college affairs that are constantly being planned and discussed on the campus, only a minute percentage are worthy to become realities. The majority are utterly worthless; many are impracticable; while some that really merit careful and impartial consideration droop and disappear from a lack of energetic support. Certain that attained the prominence of being eulogized as the subject of some editorial "boom" are ordinarily weighed with care, and have just sentence passed upon them. As to the proposition, commented upon by the *News*, that the time of recreation during the fall term, instead of continuing as heretofore, be changed to the earlier half of the afternoon, every college man will see at once that it is eminently one deserving his support. To resume the present arrangement during the autumn would practically allow the college but one hour for outdoor recreation; for the diminishing length of daylight would soon render the last hour of the afternoon of no value for this purpose. To the foot-ball interests especially the present allotment of time would prove fatal. Their practice after the middle of October would be limited to a half hour of twilight, or else would have to be held earlier with whatever scanty force could be mustered each day. For them the necessity of some change is absolute; for the impossibility of practising advantageously with half a team has been thoroughly demonstrated, and next year the number of

men whom recitations will bind down during the early afternoon will be even greater than heretofore. To the college at large also the hour of darkness would fail to accomplish the end for which recreation time has been granted by the faculty. That the proposed arrangement is desirable must be patent to all who appreciate and favor athletics in any branch. This seems moreover the simplest method of obviating the difficulty, for it involves merely the transference of certain recitations from three o'clock to five. As an arrangement, beneficial as well as feasible, and one that has the approval apparently of the majority of the college, St. Elihu heartily favors its adoption.



PORTFOLIO.

— In the strange conglomeration of characters which the first wave of civilization carried beyond the Mississippi, a literary opportunity was afforded such as may never again exist. One man alone was able to take advantage of it, and he is now famous. This man was Bret Harte. By his keen yet sympathetic description of life in the Far West he has given to the world a unique gift. True to the daily existence of those places where life was held cheap his stories are principally tragedies. Powerfully as they interest and chain us, we almost rebel against this when we consider calmly the characters in whose fate we are so concerned. We condone a gambler, and for a moment feel a kind of sympathy for the man who shot down his enemy without the faintest twinge of conscience. Take, for example, the story of "How Old Man Plunkett went Home." It is only the life of a shiftless, good-for-nothing drunkard which we are reading, yet we are deeply moved by the intense pathos of his helplessness. His deplorable lack of self-confidence, of self-respect, in fact of all strong, healthy traits of character, appeals to us irresistibly for pity. It is the soul of a drunkard laid bare, in which the moral nature is dead. His rambling yet persistent talk of "going home" is

but the vague yearning in his degraded soul for something better and higher. Perhaps he has a dim notion that by "going home" he can begin life again, with all past errors repented and effaced. But it is too late now. For when, by an odd contradiction of Fate, his family return to him, and he falls tottering, trembling, dead before them, we can but admit that it is simply the last act of a tardy but unfailing justice.

R. M. H.

— The position of a cathedral bell two centuries ago was no sinecure. From its conception it was under the protection of the Church, and when once the caster's hammer had proved its tone, offices were required of it that we may never hope to exact from our bells to-day. The event of casting was attended with minute and tedious calculations, anxious, sleepless nights, and the most detailed preparation; and for weeks beforehand the whole neighborhood went about muttering aves and paters to insure the new-comer a successful entrance into the world. It was anointed with holy water, had more sponsors than ordinarily falls to the lot of mortals, and was christened the name of some saint, with an elaborate ceremonial. It was decorated and inscribed with affectionate care by the smith, who in those days looked upon his bell as a true work of art, not as a mere product of mechanical cunning. With much the same feelings as Stradivarius regarded his exquisite violins. On one of the bells in Strasburg Cathedral this couplet has been discovered:

"Vox ego sum vitæ:
Voco vos—orate—venite."

Their pride in their work is well illustrated by the following. We see too that grammar was a subject wholly beneath the attention of those old bell-casters, else the personage whose name appears below might be open to the charge of gross illiteracy:

"John Martin of Worcester he made wee:
Be it known to all that do we see."

When once the first peal of the new chime had rolled down from the height of the cathedral tower, its duties commenced. The populace expected it to exercise a curative influence upon the ailments of the community. More than one bell in those days could scatter a headache by the magic of its note! Over

nervous affections also it was supposed to exert a soothing power. The more ignorant venerated their bells so sincerely that in case of any great calamity they supposed a hearty clanging, if only sufficiently prolonged, enough to insure protection or relief. At St. Paul's Church in London they made common custom of "ringing the hallowed belle in great tempestes." In later years when the same bell tolled, the good people believed that it turned all the beer in the neighborhood sour. Fortunately for thirsty souls, however, its tolling was heard only on the decease of one of the royal family. Again, when a citizen lay at death's door, the "passing bell" was rung to render the soul's journey to another world safe from the machinations of the Arch-fiend. Such a burden of obligations, despite the careful handling those bells received in infancy and the auspicious start they were given in life, hastened the infirmities of age, and we hear of more than one that yielded to the strain and cracked long before its appointed time.

— A little less than a century and a half ago, all New Haven was standing agape at a new structure rising in its midst. South Middle was just building. How carefully the old Connecticut farmers, fresh from the influence of the Blue Laws, watched the laying of each venerable brick, the shaping of each timeworn capstone; how they must have criticized its daring architecture and the general audacity of the men who could devote to the use of boys an edifice rivalling in its proportions the honored meeting-house! For in those days boys composed a very inferior part of humanity; on their shoulders fell much of the hard work and very few of the pleasures of life; and so, to the fathers of that stern old regime, such a waste of money and material was quite inexplicable. It is likely, then, that these sober old martinets would be astonished could they but visit now their old college "yard" and listen to the volleys of criticisms and suggestions which greet the appearance of our new dormitory. With what deep and thorough disgust would they be filled at the arrogance of the American youth, no longer meek and humble, but waxed fat, and clamoring for open hearths, fire-escapes and bath-tubs! Bath-tubs! The very name brought to their mind visions of Oriental luxury. And fire-escapes! That boy must have fallen low, indeed, who needed the assistance of a ladder to

save his worthless skin ; and so, with a deep sigh for the degenerate present, our old grumblers would probably have been seen turning slowly back to a wiser past. H. L. S.

— Practical joking is certainly in disrepute with the present generation. At the bare mention of the name you can see men pursing their brows, and in other ways manifesting their disapproval ; perhaps because the suggestion calls up some distasteful recollection of an occasion when they personally figured ignominiously as the victim. Indeed society is comparatively united in decrying the custom in all but its most harmless phases, and though it may condone a transgressor once on the score of first offence, it is ready to ostracise him, if he continues to overstep its law. Still, despite the sentiment arrayed against it, we are continually getting into the company of men who will defy unpopularity and all laws of courtesy, and take puerile delight in drawing our chair away when we are about to sit down, and in decorating our coat-tails on the first of April. We exclaim loudly and with justice when this propensity crops out in our immediate neighborhood, but none the less are we diverted when we read of such gigantic and novel instances as the London public were treated to a half-century ago by the coterie of which Theodore Hook, and the actors, Matthews and Terry, were members. To them surely belong the honor, somewhat of a doubtful one I fancy, of lifting practical joking to its acme. Not their own associates nor even men in their own rank in society were alone victimized. No man in the city, the chief magistrate not excepted, was too high, no man too humble, to be compelled to pose as the butt of the schemes, as unseemly as they were daring and original, that Hook and his rollicking associates originated and carried through. Their very impudence seemed to paralyze justice, and the perpetrators, whose joke though a merry one was rarely harmless, in every case went unpunished. Has the great Berner's street hoax for boldness and novelty ever been equalled ? And when we think that every class in the London populace, from the poorest sweeps to the Lord Mayor in powdered magnificence, was taken in, we are forced to admire the rascally impudence of the man who engineered it. Then there was Hook's "Gastromme Sans Argent." I doubt if the most stoical could repress a smile at the thought of it. Indeed, I venture to say he would even pardon it, if played upon himself, and com-

placently endure an uneven company at his table and the opening of a bottle more from his favorite vault on account of its very nerve and for the sake of Hook's society for a few hours. Just picture it for yourself, and then try to imagine its being perpetrated in New York to-day. Think of any man, be he the very incarnation of devil-may-care audacity, on a wager entering a totally strange house, from the basement windows of which the odor of elaborate dinner preparation is wafted over the sidewalk, and when ushered among a company of guests in the drawing-room, launching at once into a volley of brilliant bon-mots that give the host no opportunity to address him. — This was the manner in which the imperturbable Hook set about to win his wager from his friend Terry. — At the first pause then in his conversation the puzzled host breaks in : " Pardon me, sir, I failed to catch your name, and for the instant am unable to place your face." " Smith, sir ; pray don't apologize ; my name is Smith, sir. Servants are so unpardonably careless." Then a succession of amusing anecdotes about carelessness in domestics. To the astonished protests of the host that follow, he explains : " Why, is not your name Jones, sir, great friend of my father's in India, at whose house I was to meet a few friends to-night — small and early, sir, — come in boots ?" etc. He is assured there must be some mistake, for the host answers to the name of Brown. Intense confusion on the part of Hook, and profuse explanations about the paternal Indian acquaintance, are the next steps in the comedy, and then a move to go. Brown won't hear of this, however, and after some show of demur the stranger sits down at the thirteenth place at table, exerts his wonderful power to the utmost to promote merriment, and when at ten o'clock, as agreed, the street bell sounds, and Terry is ushered into the parlor, Hook, who has been singing improvised rhymes on the names and peculiarities of the company to his own piano accompaniment, introduces the newcomer and himself thus :

" I'm very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as good as your cook ;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs Concert

At Waterbury, May 18th, to aid the Navy in paying for the new boat-house at Lake Saltonstall, was very successful, both financially and socially. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Chase gave a reception to both Clubs, at their residence, after the concert.

Columbia vs. Yale.

Though not a championship game, great interest was manifested in the result of our contest with the fine team that Columbia has put in the field this year. Though Yale made the fewest errors and the most hits, Columbia won the game by the appended score.

COLUMBIA.								YALE.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Finley, c.	4	1	1	2	7	3	0	Bremner, c. f. .	5	0	1	0	0	1	0
Edwards, 2 b. .	4	2	2	4	4	0	0	Stagg, p.	4	0	1	1	0	19	1
Cooper, s. s. .	4	0	0	0	0	5	1	Noyer, s. s. . .	4	0	1	2	0	2	0
Lamarche, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	Stewart, 2 b. .	4	1	1	2	1	1	0
McElwain, l. f.	4	0	0	0	4	1	0	Marsh, 1 b. . .	4	0	1	1	10	0	0
W. Lyon, c. f. .	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	Brigham, l. f. .	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
M. Lyon, 3 b. .	2	0	0	0	2	0	2	Sheppard, r. f. .	4	0	2	2	1	0	0
Ayrault, p. . .	2	0	0	0	0	8	0	Dann, c.	3	0	1	1	14	0	0
Wheeler, 1 b. .	3	0	0	0	8	0	0	Cross, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total, 30	3	3	6	27	18	3		Total, 36	1	9	10	27	23	1	

Score by Innings.

Columbia ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	3
Yale	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Earned runs: Columbia, 1; Yale, 1. Base on balls: Columbia, 1; Yale, 1. Passed balls: Dann, 1. Wild pitches: Ayrault, 1; Stagg, 1. Struck out; Columbia, 14; Yale, 8. Left on bases: Columbia, 2; Yale, 8. Two base hits: Finley, Stewart. Three base hit: Edwards. Time of game, 2:30. Umpire: J. S. Dutcher, '86.

Yale's New President.

At a meeting of the Corporation, May 20th, Professor Timothy Dwight, of the Theological School, was elected to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of President Porter. Professor Dwight was born in Norwich, Ct., November 16th, 1828, and graduated from Yale in 1849.

The Spring Games

of the Yale Athletic Association were signally successful this year. Six records were broken and one tied, out of thirteen events. Two of these, namely, throwing the hammer and the 120 yards hurdle race, were Intercollegiate records. *100 yards dash* was won by Sherrill, in 10½ sec.; Ludington, second. *Putting the shot* was won by Coxe, by a put of 39 ft. 10½ in. *One mile run*, by Bond, in 4 min. 53½ sec. *One mile walk*, by Davidson, in 7 m. 45 sec. *120 yards hurdle race*, by W. H. Ludington, in 17½ sec. *440 yards dash*, by Coit, in 55½ sec. *2 mile bicycle race*, by Kulp, in 7 m. 1½ sec. *Throwing the hammer*, Coxe made a throw of 94 ft. 3½ in. *Running broad jump* was won by Goodwin, by jumping 19 ft. 5 in. *220 yards dash* was won by Sherrill, in 23½ sec. *Pole vault*, Shearman made a vault of 8 ft. 5 in. *Running high jump*, won by Goodwin, by jumping 5 ft. 2½ in. The officers of the day were: *Referee*, H. S. Brooks, Jr., '86. *Judges*, L. B. Hamilton, '86, N. M. Goodlett, '86, and S. J. Walker, '88. *Timers*, W. R. Crawford, '86, A. B. Coxe, '87, and C. N. Codding, '86. *Clerks of the Course*, A. Leeds, '87, and J. McElroy, Jr., '88. *Starter*, R. Winston.

Amherst vs. Yale.

For the first time in many years, we are compelled to chronicle our defeat at the hands of Amherst.

AMHERST.								YALE.							
	A. B.	R.	B. H.	T. H.	P. O.	A.	E.		A. B.	R.	B. H.	T. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Stearns, 2 b.	4	0	1	1	2	1	0	Bremner, c. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Storrs, l. f.	4	1	1	3	3	0	0	Stagg, p.	4	1	2	2	0	12	0
Stuart, p.	4	1	1	1	0	6	0	Noyes, s. s.	4	1	1	1	1	0	1
Marble, 3 b.	4	1	2	2	1	3	0	Marsh, l. b.	4	1	3	5	6	0	1
Coates, s. s.	3	1	1	1	1	5	0	Brigham, l. f.	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Belcher, r. f.	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	Shep'rd, r. f., l. f.	4	0	1	1	3	0	1
Alvord, c.	4	0	0	0	3	2	1	Dann, c.	3	0	0	0	11	3	3
Davidson, l. b.	2	0	0	0	14	0	0	Winston, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	4	2	0
Keating, c. f.	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	Cross, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Kellogg, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Total,	31	5	6	8	27	18	2	Total,	33	4	7	0	27	19	7

Score by Innings.

Amherst	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	5
Yale	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	4

Earned runs: Yale, 1. Struck out: by Stagg, 10; by Stuart, 4. Left on bases: Yale, 4; Amherst, 3. Three base hits: Marsh, 1; Storrs, 1. Base on balls: Amherst, 4; Yale, 2. Passed balls: Dann, 2; Alvord, 2. Wild pitches: Stagg, 1; Stuart, 1. Time of game, 2:05. Umpire: Mr. Dutton.

Senior Society Elections

were given out Thursday, May 27th.

SKULL AND BONES.		SCROLL AND KEY.	
Name	Given by	Name	Given by
O. G. Jennings,	P. B. Stewart.	R. I. Jenks,	F. R. Cooley.
C. L. Hare,	F. G. Peters.	H. F. Perkins,	H. D. Shelden.
W. R. Douglass,	T. M. Day.	C. T. Morse,	C. L. Bailey.
A. B. Coxé,	Sheffield Phelps.	F. S. Chase,	W. B. Anderson.
G. G. Haven, Jr.,	J. C. Schwab.	J. M. Gillespie,	Thomas Darling.
Samuel Knight,	B. H. Anthony.	G. S. Woodward,	G. R. Mosle.
John Rogers, Jr.,	W. P. Knapp.	Fred Sprague,	F. J. Winston.
William Kent,	C. M. Lewis.	W. S. Brigham,	Bartlett Arkell.
J. N. Pomeroy,	A. L. Shipman.	A. R. Pritchard,	Rob't Appleton.
John Bennetto,	W. P. Knapp.	G. H. Young,	H. S. Ames.
W. P. Sheppard,	Alfred Cowles,	C. H. Ludington, Jr.,	W. A. Brown.
W. H. Cowles,	S. K. Bremner.	J. R. Sheffield,	H. T. Nason.
W. L. Thacher,	S. T. Crapo.	C. P. Anderson,	Austen Colgate.
W. B. Kendall, Jr.,	E. J. Phelps.	W. B. Chambers,	G. E. Eliot.
R. N. Corwin,	C. W. Pierson.	C. M. Hinkle,	W. B. Anderson.

Intercollegiate Games

were held at Mott Haven, May 29th. Through a manifestly erroneous decision, Yale did not get the cup which she fairly won. Ludington won the 120 yards hurdle. Coxé won both the throwing of the hammer and the putting of the shot; in the former he broke the record by a throw of 95 ft. 11 in. Smith won the half-mile run in 2 m. 4½ sec. Coit got second in the 440 yards dash; Kulp in the two mile bicycle race.

Williams vs. Yale,

at the Yale Field, Monday, May 31st.

WILLIAMS.								YALE.							
	A. B.	R.	B. H.	T. H.	F. O.	A.	E.		A. B.	R.	B. H.	T. H.	F. O.	A.	E.
Eastman, c.	4	0	1	1	3	1	1	Stagg, p., r. f.	4	1	2	2	1	6	0
Tuck, p.	3	0	1	1	0	4	0	Noyes, s. s.	4	2	2	3	4	5	0
Perry, l. f.	3	0	1	1	2	0	0	Bremner, c. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	0
Burden, c. f.	3	1	0	0	2	0	0	Marsh, l. b.	4	1	2	2	11	1	0
P. Blackmer, rb. 3	2	2	2	9	0	1		Winston, 2 b.	4	1	1	1	0	2	2
Wallace, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	6	1	Cross, 3 b.	4	3	2	4	1	1	0
E. Blackmer, r. f. 3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Sheppard, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Blackinton, 3 b. 3	0	1	1	1	0	2		Dann, p.	4	1	1	3	4	1	0
Campbell, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	2	3	2	Osborn, r. f., c.	3	0	1	1	0	1	1
Total,	28	3	6	6	20	14	7	Total,	35	10	14	19	21	17	3

Time of game: 2 hours, 5 minutes. Struck out: Williams, 4; Yale, 3. Left on bases: Williams, 4; Yale, 4. Passed balls: Williams, 3; Yale, 1. Sacrifice hits: Wallace, Sheppard, Osborn and Marsh. Runs earned: Yale 4. Double play: Eastman and P. Blackmer. Wild pitches: Williams, 1; Yale, 2.

Wolf's Head Elections

were given to the following '87 men on Tuesday, June 1st : Charles Adams, James Archbald, Jr., Ernest LeRoy Caldwell, Francis Cameron Clarke, Robert Forbes Hawkes, Frederick Trevor Hill, Henry Ivison, Jr., John Bassett Keep, Alfred Leeds, William Howard Ludington, William McCormick, Robert Maxwell, Lewis Seymour, Frank Day Tuttle, James Johnston Waring, Jr.

Princeton vs. Yale.

Our first game of this season with Princeton was played on their grounds, and was very closely contested. Our team, though weakened by the inability of Stewart and Brigham to play, won by their superior fielding and battery work. The score was as follows :

YALE.							PRINCETON.						
	A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.	5	1	2	0	16	0	Duffield, 1 b.	5	2	2	9	0	1
Bremner, c. f.	3	2	0	1	0	1	Blossom, s. s.	3	2	1	2	1	1
Marsh, 1 b.	5	3	4	8	0	0	Bickham, p.	3	1	2	2	4	1
Cross, 3 b.	3	1	1	1	0	0	Reynolds, l. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Noyes, s. s.	4	1	1	2	2	0	Shaw, c.	4	0	0	4	1	1
Sheppard, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Harris, 2 b.	4	1	1	4	2	0
Osborne, 2 b.	4	0	1	0	0	1	Taylor, 3 b.	4	1	1	0	5	0
Winston, r. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0	Hutchinson, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	2
Dann, c.	4	1	1	13	7	0	King, r. f.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Total,	36	9	11	27	26	2	Total,	34	8	8	24	14	6

Score by Innings.

Yale,	4	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	9
Princeton, ..	2	0	1	2	0	0	3	0	0	8

Time of game: 2 hours, 20 minutes. Earned runs: Yale, 1; Princeton, 3. Struck out: Yale, 4; Princeton, 14. Wild pitches: Yale, 1; Princeton, 2. Passed balls: Yale, 0; Princeton, 5. Base on balls: Yale, 5; Princeton, 3. Home runs: Duffield, 2. Left on bases: Yale, 5; Princeton, 2.

The second game with Princeton was played here, June 5th, and resulted in an easy victory for Yale.

YALE.								PRINCETON.							
	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.	5	3	3	5	0	14	1	Duffield, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	1	0
Bremner, c. f.	3	2	1	1	2	0	0	Blossom, s. s.	4	1	2	3	1	1	1
Marsh, 1 b.	5	3	1	1	5	0	1	Bickham, p., r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	4	0
Cross, 3 b.	4	2	1	1	1	0	2	Hutchinson, c. f.	4	0	1	1	2	1	2
Noyes, s. s.	5	0	1	1	3	2	0	Shaw, r. f., c.	4	0	0	0	5	1	1
Stewart, 2 b.	5	0	1	1	4	0	0	Harris, 2 b.	3	0	1	1	3	2	0
Osborn, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	Taylor, 3 b.	4	1	1	1	1	4	3
Sheppard, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	Larkin, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	7	0	1
Dann, c.	3	1	1	2	12	2	0	Brownlee, c.	1	0	0	0	6	1	1
Total,	39	12	10	13	27	18	5	Mercer, c.	3	0	0	0	1	6	0
								Total,	35	2	6	8	27	21	9

Earned runs: Yale, 2. Passed balls: Brownlee, 2; Shaw, 3. Wild pitches: Bickham, 1; Mercer, 1; Stagg, 2. Struck out: by Bickham, 5; by Mercer, 4; by Stagg, 12. Three base hit: Stagg. Two base hits: Duffield, Blossom, Dann. Left on bases: Princeton, 7; Yale, 5. Time of game, 2:45. Umpire: Mr. Grant.

'86 Commencement Speakers.

The following are the Commencement speakers, with the subjects chosen: Williams Adams Brown, New York City, "Lucretius as a Moral Teacher." Wilson Lee Cannon, Dover, Del., "Horace Mann." Benjamin Joseph Davis, New Haven, Conn., "Socialism." Judson Shultz Dutcher, Ellenville, N. Y., "The Mathematical Schools of Alexandria." George Edwin Eliot, Jr., Clinton, Conn., "Renaissance Italy in the Elizabethan Drama." Arthur Goebel, Covington, Ky., "Wordsworth's View of Nature and of Man." Charles Albert Moore, Columbus, O., "The Early Greek Humanists." William Ebenezer Nichols, East Haddam, Conn., "Goethe's 'Sorrows of Werther.'" John Christopher Schwab, New York City, "Modern Pessimism." Arthur Leffingwell Shipman, Hartford, Conn., "The Eastern Question." Washington Irving Hunt, Columbus, Mich., "Latin Salutatory Oration." Charles Wheeler Pierson, Florida, N. Y., "Oration, with the Valedictory."

Amherst vs. Yale.

AMHERST.								YALE.							
A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stuart, p., c. f.	4	1	2	2	1	3	1	Stagg, p.	4	0	1	1	0	10	0
Marble, 3 b.	4	1	0	0	1	2	0	Bremner, c. f.	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Coates, s. s.	4	0	1	1	0	1	1	Stewart, } 1 b.	4	1	1	2	6	0	1
Belcher, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	Marsh, }							
Keating, c. f., p.	3	1	0	0	0	3	1	Cross, 3 b.	4	2	3	5	2	1	1
Davidson, 1 b.	3	0	1	2	8	1	0	Noyes, s. s.	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Alvord, c.	3	1	1	2	4	2	1	Sheppard, 1. f.	4	2	0	0	1	0	0
Stearns, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	4	2	1	Winston, 2 b.	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Storrs, 1. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	Dann, c.	3	1	0	0	8	3	0
Total	31	5	6	8	20	14	5	Kellogg, r. f.	3	1	1	3	3	1	0
								Total	34	9	8	13	21	16	3

Score by Innings.

Amherst	1	1	3	0	0	0	5
Yale	0	1	1	1	1	4	0

Time of game, 2:40. First base on balls: Amherst, 1; Yale, 6. Struck out: Amherst, 9; Yale, 3. Left on bases: Amherst, 5; Yale, 4. Two base hits: Davidson, Alvord. Three base hits: Cross, Kellogg. Passed balls: Amherst, 4; Yale, 4. Wild pitches: Amherst, 1; Yale, 1. Umpire: Grant.

Harvard '89 vs. Yale '89.

The class of '89 is the first which has ever been denied the privilege of sitting on the Freshman fence. Through overconfidence, lack of training, and poor management, they have succeeded in being defeated in both the games with Harvard. We shall miss the Freshman's warble on the fence, and he must wander, friendless and homeless, without a place to rest his tired, disappointed self. The following score is not proportionate to the Freshmen's grief and Harvard's joy :

HARVARD '89.										YALE '89.									
A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.			A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.		
Litchfield, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0			Osborne, c.	5	1	1	2	8	6	4		
Bingham, p.	4	1	1	3	0	13	1			Watkinson, p.	5	2	2	2	0	15	1		
Henshaw, c.	4	1	1	1	12	3	2			Davol, 2 b.	5	1	0	0	0	2	0		
Morgan, 2 b.	4	1	0	0	4	4	0			Smith, 1 b.	3	1	1	3	13	0	0		
McClellan, 3 b.	4	1	2	2	0	1	1			Fitzgerald, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	2		
Downer, l. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0			Bull, l. f.	3	1	0	0	3	0	1		
Clark, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	3	0			Greer, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	1	1		
McPherson, c. f.	3	3	1	1	0	0	0			Mason, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0		
Trafford, 1 b.	4	0	1	1	10	0	4			Francke, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0		
Total	34	8	6	8	27	23	8			Total	38	7	5	7	24	25	9		

Winning run made with no one out.

Score by Innings.

Harvard	0	0	1	1	0	5	0	0	1	8
Yale	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	7

Earned runs: Yale '89, 1; Harvard '89, 1. Base on balls: Yale, 3; Harvard, 2. Struck out: Yale, 9; Harvard, 13. Three base hits: Bingham and Smith. Double play: Morgan, Clark and Trafford. Left on bases: Yale, 8; Harvard, 2. Passed balls: Osborne, 7; Henshaw, 2. Wild pitches: Watkinson, 2. Time of game: 3 hours, 10 minutes. Umpire: Grant.

Brown vs. Yale.

Yale defeated Brown at Providence, June 12th, by the appended score :

YALE.										BROWN.									
A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.			A.	B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.		
Stagg, p.	5	1	1	1	0	17	0			Hunter, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Bremner, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	0			Brownell, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	9	0	1		
Cross, 3 b.	5	1	0	0	1	0	0			Clark, s. s.	4	0	0	0	5	6	1		
Noyes, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1			Gunderson, p.	4	0	1	1	0	5	1		
Stewart, 1 b.	2	1	1	1	4	1	1			Warren, l. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0		
Sheppard, l. f.	4	2	3	4	1	0	0			Blaisdell, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1	2		
Kellogg, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0			Spencer, s. s.	3	0	0	0	4	4	1		
Winston, 2 b.	4	1	0	0	1	4	2			Cooke, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	3	4	1		
Dann, c.	2	1	0	0	18	2	0			Grime, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	0	1	2		
Total	35	7	6	7	27	24	4			Total	30	0	1	1	27	20	8		

Score by Innings.

Yale	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	4	7
Brown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Items.

Columbia won four games to Yale two, and two drawn, in this year's championship chess games.—Officers of the Lacrosse organization are: Howe, '87, president; Pinchot, '89, vice president; Wood, '87 S., secretary; Hubbard, '88, treasurer.—The speakers for the Townsend Prize offered to the Senior class of the Law School are Boltwood, Pavey and Thacher.—Phi Beta Kappa Society has elected Cornish, chairman; Pettee, secretary; Hand, assistant treasurer; Archbald and Bennetto, executive committee.—The Berkeley Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: president, J. N. Pomeroy, '87; secretary and treasurer, F. J. Paradise, '88; organist, E. F. Berkele, '87.—Setchell, '87, is president of the Natural History Society, and Brady, '87, treasurer.—At a meeting of the University Glee Club, held June 8th, G. S. Woodward, '87, was elected president, and F. F. Georger, '87 S., business manager.

BOOK NOTICES.

Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. From the days of David Garrick to the present time. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Vol. I.—Garrick and his Contemporaries. Vol. II.—The Kembles and their Contemporaries. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, \$1.50 per volume. For sale by Judd.

This excellent series is to be completed in five volumes, and will be not only an authority on the subject, but the only work of its kind of any lasting value. It is a common saying that the name of an actor dies with his work, and the truth of the remark is evident when we consider how little we positively know of the great actors of the past. Their fame and popularity are great in their day and generation, but why should they be so soon forgotten, and their teachings be kept in no permanent form? The aim of these volumes is to supply this deficiency, and to give authentic records of the private and public life of the great men and women of the stage. This is accomplished in the best manner possible. A short biographical sketch of the actor is contributed by a distinguished writer, who is especially acquainted with his subject, and with the age of which he writes. Then numerous brief extracts are given, which are fascinating reading. These extracts are taken from contemporary writers, newspapers and letters, so that a clear picture is given both of the actor and of his time. These clippings are often witty and amusing, and, as in some cases, they give views

which are totally different from the judgment at present prevailing, they will be found to be curious reading. Austin Dobson is one of the most frequent contributors to these volumes, and his biographical sketches are of course charming. His lives of Garrick and the famous "Peg" Woffington are especially interesting; and the various comments given on the latter, embracing the most diverse opinions, are extremely entertaining. In the second volume, the greatest names are John Philip Kemble, Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. The sketches of these are written by Brander Matthews, in his customary brilliant style. The series as thus far published excites the highest expectation for what is to follow.

California. From the conquest in 1846 to the second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco; a study of American character. By Josiah Royce, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. In "American Commonwealth" series. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

This is a book which, partly because of the high merit of its predecessors in the series, chiefly because of the intense interest attaching to its subject, will be widely read. The story of those early Californian days, of that strange development of American character and that intermingling of all its oddest phases, till then kept separate by the limitations of place and station, of that wonderful new life and its excitements, so prosaically withal, and so entirely out of keeping with the almost classic beauty of its surroundings, can never lose its charm by much repetition. To be sure, the reading world has grown somewhat tired of that peculiar type of narrative known as the California fiction. Distrustful as it is of new revelations from that quarter, it has hardly dreamed of the essential soberness of the Californian people and the pathos of their manful struggle against almost hopeless odds for justice and good order. In the vindication of this phase of their character lies the strength of the work before us. But Mr. Royce has gone farther than this, and has written us a history of the philosophic type. In this his book impresses us as far from satisfactory. Surely, the time is not yet ripe for a work which, in view of the complicated nature of the material, must be of such enormous difficulty. In thus attempting more than his preparation entitled him to undertake, Mr. Royce has missed the opportunity of presenting, in a popular way, a vivid, yet sober picture of a portion of our country's history, the average American's interest in which is only matched by the depth of his ignorance. The book is further marred by many brutalities of style. In trying, for instance, to convey an idea of a fair amount of shiftlessness in a new settlement, he exclaims, "The little community rotted until its rottenness could no longer be endured." This is not grand nor vigorous, nor Carlylesque, as the author must have imagined; it is simply vulgar. Repeated violations of good taste like this go far to ruin our respect for a work which, in the main, is scholarly and thoughtful.

The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

Those who read Mr. Hardy's novel, "But Yet a Woman," which gained so much celebrity, will be interested in seeing another work from his pen. No

one who takes up this book with the intention of dipping into it here and there will be satisfied until he has read it all carefully. It is well worth a close reading. It is so thoroughly interesting, it reveals so deep an insight into human character, and the poetic style is so full of earnestness and feeling, that almost any one would place it far above the ordinary run of modern novels. Mr. Hardy is fond of the philosophical reflections which occur so often in the German novel, but here they are so sincere and sympathetic, and at times so striking, that one can find no fault with him on that score. There is a thread of gloom and sadness running through the book, which appears plainly in passages like these, which voice familiar truths in an original and forceful way. "In the laboratory of life each new-comer repeats the old experiments, and laughs and weeps for himself." "Poverty is not so poor as that happiness which has before it the unseen certainty of collapse." "The Wind of Destiny" may appropriately be called a psychological novel; not in the sense in which the realistic school use the word, for it is not a reflection of society life or of especial types of humanity; but psychological in a deeper sense, in that it is a study of motives and passions. The power exhibited in showing the terrible force of passions slowly re-awakened, and the suddenness with which they leap into full mastery, is very great, and reminds one of some parts of Goethe's "Elective Affinities." Mr. Hardy's work is of a high order, and he is already recognized as in the front rank of writers of modern fiction.

The King's Treasure House. A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Wilhelm Walloth. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Peck.

This book is avowedly a historical romance, but what little history it contains has an uncertain sound. It is really a "flash" novel. The author apologizes in advance to those who may think it unnatural or exaggerated, stating that his object is to make it as dramatic and poetic as possible. The object is certainly not unworthy, but few readers will think it attained. The best thing that can be said for the book is, that it has no dryness or tediousness, but is written with power and vivacity combined. The moral tone is not especially high. As a blunt critic once remarked about Swinburne's poetry, there are altogether too many bare limbs floating around. In fact there is considerable difference between a historical or dramatic romance and a novel like this, full of sensation and sensuality.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

Marion's Faith. A Sequel to the Colonel's Daughter. By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

Scruples. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. Cassell's Rainbow Series. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

A Moral Sinner. By Myrtila N. Daly. Cassell's Rainbow Series. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Peck.

Lives of the English Poets. Waller, Milton, Cowley. By Samuel Johnson. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Thoughts on the Present Discontents, and Speeches. By Edmund Burke. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

- Up the Rhine.* By Thomas Hood. With the Author's Original Illustrations on Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 50 cents. For sale by Judd.
- The Battle of the Books.* By Jonathan Swift. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 10 cents. For sale by Peck.
- The Vision of Gold,* and other Poems. By Lillian Rozell Messenger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Judd.
- The Story of Norway.* By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Judd.
- The Story of Germany.* By Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. With the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Judd.
- Canoeing in Kanuckia.* Recorded by the Commodore and the Cook. (Chas. L. Norton and J. Habberton.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Perhaps our Exchanges might expect us to give away to some poetical inspiration, and to say that they drop gently in upon us as gratefully as summer raindrops upon a dusty road. We would like to say something pretty in a nice poetical vein, but as we sit at our desk and mop our brow and looking out under the elm trees see our college mates lying in a tangled snarl of somnolent enjoyment and drowsy good nature, we think of that hot walk to the post office and that bale of printed matter which almost filled a valise. Then again we would like to rest our editorial coat tails against the college fence and watch the little vanity fair of the after supper hour; we love to cast our editorial optics upon the Senior who strives to look pensive and apparently tries to appreciate the vast lonsomeness which he imagines his graduation will bring upon him. He is not the great one he was in the Autumn and Winter terms. His ownership of the Campus has been slipping away little by little, and gone as a sort of ante-mortem inheritance to the Junior who treats him in a spirit of kindly equality, and vainly tries to smother his greatness as the "coming man" beneath an almost indecently low cut waistcoat.

Then we would like to gaze upon the Sophomore, who has throughout the year been filling a sphere of useless boistrousness so full that the ends stick out. He, too, is gathering a faint idea of the weight and gravity expected of an upper classman, but does not exactly understand where to begin. We like to sit on the worn and polished rails and, looking across the street, it pleases us to ignore the fenceless and dispirited Freshman, who is the first in the memory of man to have no roost which he may call his own. The "mucker" has never been aught but an eyesore, but when with ready wit he remarks to our college youngest, "Say, mister, ye dropped something," our minds revert to the performance of the two worst nines we ever saw in a college contest, and we feel that if the poor child were only washed, combed, ripped up, the seams cut bias, and made over, we might love him. This has been a considerable digression toward the things, which we would like to see, but as our wishes cannot be gratified, we will turn our eyes toward duty and the rising suns of literary genius of our country, which reminds us that there was once a would be Freshman who was not quite literary enough, who used illicit means to obtain entrance, and being detected with a *crib*, he was requested to take up his *bed* and walk, and he woke.

Our shears would encircle an anomaly in light literature, a tolerable nay, rather neat spring poem from the *Advocate*. And when speaking of Harvard we are reminded of that new monthly which is so entirely different to the rest of college journals, and in our opinion gains nothing by its oddity. With its historical essays on "John Harvard" and similar topics, it is superior to the Patent Office Reports, but not such pleasant reading as the "Statistics of the Connecticut Labor Bureau."

SPRING TIME.

Come, let us sing; the world is fair,
The sea-waves murmur on the strand,
A loving sky bends o'er the land,
Spring flowers are blooming everywhere.

What place for thought of gloom or care
With songs of birds on every hand?
Come, let us sing!

All things show by the guise they wear
What joy it is that spring has fanned
To life with words they understand.
Shall we find life so hard to bear?
Come, let us sing!

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A WINTER TWILIGHT.

The sun has set, the early-coming night
Deadens the landscape to a chilly grey,
The naked trees against the mountain's white
Loom black and gaunt. The slowly dying day
Leaves on yon mountain-top a warmer glow,
A faint, red tinge upon its cap of snow.

Cloudless and cold arches the winter sky;
Upon the rolling fields that to the sight
Stretch far along, the evening shadows lie,
Save where, amid the quickly-gath'ring night,
From a lone farm-house window faintly shines
A light, amid a grove of sombre pines.

Faster the shadows fall on hill and dale,
A star, and then another, in the sky
Gleams out. The night-fog in its clinging veil
Enwraps the earth. The flush begins to die
Upon the mountain. Shrill and cold and drear
The chill wind whistles by. The night is here.

G. L. RICHARDSON,

